

East Flatbush Project "Tried By 12"

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Don't say sticks and stones
They might break your bones
But the nine millimeter, it'll bore your dome
I'm talkin about the toe-taggin
Huh, the body-baggin
Man, niggas are dyin, huh, mommas are cryin, casket
buyin
Who, me dyin, leave my family cryin?
Hell no, I cause, um, bloodbaths and showers
Send me commissary, motherfuck them flowers
Thoughts of slaughter, of leaving my daughters
Hours and hours of fears running through my mind
As I pick up the Zig 9
Beef starts with the shove and ends with the shovel
And niggas standing on your corner reminiscing of you
But your ass is out and you're dead and gone
So who'd you rather be?
The murdered, or the murderer?
Niggas got me stressed - I got my Tek and my vest
And I sing who Jah bless, let no man curse
Or one of us will leave here tonight in a hearse
For we'll be tried by 12
And fertilizing daisies
Crying mommas and cousins and crying babies
Due to the fact that death is a must
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
Niggas getting bust
For in God we trust
So if you're comin to my town and try to slow the dough
down
You must be casket-bound

Cause I'd rather be tried by 12 than carried by 6
Nigga
I sign my name on the book at your funeral
The Zig's on my hip with an extra clip
Cause I'd rather be tried by 12 than carried by 6

La-di-da-di
Saturday night and we like to party
The punks are fucking around so we might catch a
body

Early Sunday morning, don't really wanna hurt nobody
So what they tryin to get?
I already got it
Chump motherfuckers just a-schemin on my shit
But little do they know I got the Zig on my hip with an
extra clip
And I'd rather be tried by 12 than carried by 6
Aw shit - murder commit
And there goes another statistic runnin' through
ballistic
The witness say I'm wicked
But that's how I kick it
Cause I'll be the bastard who blasts and didn't get
blasted
Boy kiss dem casket
I cut your wig back kid
Sucker, look who died
Body will be identified
Momma and poppa will cry, bitch-ass man says he'll
testify
To see me tried, but here's I slide (?)
Upon the same corner that you did
And I'm still facing a bid

Cause I'd rather be tried by 12 than carried by 6
Nigga
I sign my name at the book at your funeral
The Zig's on my hip with an extra clip
Cause I'd rather be tried by 12 than carried by 6

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