

Murderers

"Somebody's Gonna Die Tonight"

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Some gangsta shit, hit me
Queens, nigga, Murder Inc. shit
Black ground, nigga, Dave Bing shit

Somebody's gonna die tonight
Somebody's gonna die tonight
Somebody's mamma gonna cry tonight
'Coz it's murda, murda

Somebody's gonna bleed tonight
My nigga's gonna to eat tonight
Somebody's goin' six feet tonight
'Coz it's murda, murda

You better bring the best 16 when you fuckin' with Bing
You could try to be smooth in between an' you can
scream
Sound whack, the crowd won't bounce to that
An' you be fuckin' up the groove
Changin' the mood an' that's rude

An' my thugs wanna eat your food
Drink your milk shake, after that shit in your face
An' let your bitch know you been a bomb from the git
go
The day you blow, Shaq make all his free throws

Let him throw a finger fuckin', fast or slow
Even put it in your ass if you tell me so
Toe to toe, you can lose your deal an' your hoe
Now it's hard to pay your carton note an' buy you some
smoke

Seen your man is convensary now, he startin' to worry
Sayin', "Stay away from Bing an' 118
They really put it down, really put niggas in the ground
An' your really lucky if you only got a beat down"

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Confidential, you need a whole lot of it
To bang with Bing in two bars, I can spoil your dream
Get mean? That could lead to things
Like me comin' for you in the middle of the night

With all black on, all you can see is the red light
The fo'-fo' special got you hopin', God bless you
Girl, won't forget you, once the bullets start the catch
you
Games over, soldier, don't you see the fuckin' Range
Rover?

With Bing in it, 10 more, 12th an' 118 in it
I started rappin' 'coz there's cream in it
But I still keep the crack, how for 5 or 6 fiends in it
A ring with the bling, bling in it

An' my brand new truck, bitches like the way I lean in it
Stop at the Stome, leave the keys in it
Dare you to leave in it, Bing'll make you believe in it
You've got a gut, put some trees in it

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Need a hard rock between your legs, I see the red spot
Thug knot, all it takes is one shot to make your head
rock
Take you out your spot
While in the Woodstock, ask about Bing on the block

Fuck the cop, sell crack in blue top
Niggaz the size of dimes, y'all cowards must be outta
ya mind
Thinkin' that Dave Bing won't shine
This ain't the first time I cut head wrong with
[Incomprehensible]

Find the lactose slope, mix it in with the coke
Bought a quarter pound of weed an' let the whole block
choke
Stuck the nine out, stuck it down the bitch nigga throat
When it was least expected, made him get buck naked
on the floor

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Take it to the states, nigga
BJ, IG, Joe Mo', [Incomprehensible]
Murder Inc. shit, 118 shit
Queens shit, nigga, 52 state
See, see, see, see motherfucker, see Gotti, nigga

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