The 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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