

Philmore

"Dead Man Can't Rap"

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[Lil' 1/2 Dead]

It's half dead so an nigga got see death twice
Realize that this good ain't nothing nice
The price you pay today might be your last
Because on this Eastside niggas move fast
I spend to many years on the street surveying
Struggle and striving on the Sunday ground conniving
I got broads that can bust a brake
With half dead spank that ass with this game
You can say that I'm a dead man walking because I'm
stalking
Half of my body is in the coffin
I'm serving thirty-thirty years to life
I hope my might when I rolled mother fuckers like dice
The gin and juice gets me loose
I'm fly like Spruce Bluece
Every now and then I have to drink an duce, duce
To maintain my composure, light up the dojora
Mack and kick back will I peel some caps

[Lil' 1/2 Dead Hook]

The moon and sky, the concrete and dirt
Work is pretend and body's begin to jerk
He's looking like he's frozen
He's body decomposing, but that's the life he's chosen

[Lil' 1/2 Dead chorus 4x]

Who the hell say dead man can't man rap (Who, What)

[Lil' 1/2 Dead]

I rosed to through the spot
At night I got this AK 47, black folks thinking heaven
(Damn)
I much love depressed death, I step, but one time ride
around vest
Know check it, they wont to cuff me trying to scuff me
up
I'm like Rocky they cant stop me
Because it feels like October 30th Halloween eve,
niggas get relieved
Start doing dirt and putting much work and really gives

an mad fuck about
getting hurt
So run up in my face, if you dare, I got my gun in the air
and I don't care
I put you flat on your back, your face would crack
With an nine millimeter go smack and yea now how
really like that
And who the hell say dead man cant rap

[Lil' 1/2 Dead Hook]

The moon and sky, the concrete and dirt
Work is pretend and body's begin to jerk
He's looking like he's frozen
He's body decomposing, but that's the life he's chosen

[Lil' 1/2 Dead chorus 4x]

[Lil' 1/2 Dead]

As I return from the graveyard I'm bruised, battled and
scared
But hard times giving props to hip hop
Another psycho dedicating g funk era, Pause and
terror
Grab your seats as I pre-prepare the execution my solution
to older men
Praised the duty to stay in mind that I'm in as I been
The corner sipping juice and gin
Roll down the windows let the indo smoke blow in the
wind
It's me the H.E.L.D.A.N to the d
I'm straight coming from the LBC
I pocket all my dough in 94'and all yall buster ass
niggas can't hear me
though
I gots to make a grip and have an extra clip
So every time me and homies rolling to dip
We can get an nigga flat on his back
Now who the hell say dead man cant rap

[Lil' 1/2 Dead Hook 2x]

The moon and sky, the concrete and dirt
Work is pretend and body's begin to jerk
He's looking like he's frozen
He's body decomposing, but that's the life he's chosen

[Lil' 1/2 Dead chorus 8x]

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