

Dave Bing "Somebody Gonna Die Tonight"

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Dave Bing f/ Lil' Mo---Somebody Gonna Die Tonight

[Lil' Mo]

Some gangsta s***, hit me
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah (Murder Inc)
Yeah yeah yeah (Blackground)
Yeah yeah yeah (Dave Bing)

1 - [Lil' Mo]

Somebody gon' ride tonight
Somebody gon' die tonight
Somebody's momma gon' cry tonight

Cuz it's murda, murda
Somebody gon' bleed tonight
My n***** gon' eat tonight
Somebody's goin' six feet tonight
Cuz it's murda, murda

[Dave]

Ya better bring your vest, when you f***** wit Bing
You can try to be smooth in between, or you can
scream
Sound wack, the crowd won't bounce to that
And you'll be f***** up the crew, changin' the mood
And that's rude, and my thugs wanna eat ya food
Drink ya milkshake, after that, s***faced
And let ya n***** know you been a cornball from the
get-go
The day you blow Shaq, make all his free throws
Let 'em go, bring the f*** fast or slow
Even put it in ya ass if you tell me so
Toe to toe, you can lose your deal and your h*
Now it's hard to pay your car note and buy you some
smoke
And send ya man some commonsary, now he's startin'
to worry
Sayin' "Stay away from Bing and
They really put it down, really put n***** in the ground"
And ya really lucky if ya only gotta be down

Repeat 1

[Dave]

Yeah

Confidence, ya need a whole lot of it
To bang with Bing, in 2 bars, I could spoil ya dream
Gettin' mean, that could lead to things
Like me comin' for ya in the middle of the night
With all black on, all ya could see is the red light
The 4-4 special, got'cha hopin' God'll bless you
Girl wants to get you, once the bullets start to catch you
Game's over soldier, don't ya see the f***** Range
Rover
With Bing in it, more trucks with in it
I started rappin' cuz there's cream in it
But I still keep a crack house with 5 or 6 fiends in it
A ring with the bling bling in it
And my brand new truck, like the way I laid in it
Stop at the store, leave the keys in it
Dare you to leave in it
Bing'll make you believe in it
You've got a ?, put some trees in it

Repeat 1

[Dave]

We the hard rock between ya'll legs
I see the red spot, thug not
All it takes is one shot to make your head rot
Take you out your spot
While at 'em, Woodstock askin 'bout Bing on the block
The cops sell cracks in blue tops
Nickels the size of dimes
Y'all cowards must be out of your minds
Thinkin' that Dave Bing won't shine
This ain't the first time I cut ???
Grind the lactose slow, mix it in with the coke
Bought a quarter pound of weed and let the whole
block choke
Stuck the 9 out, stuck it down your g***** throat
When it was least expected, made 'em get butt naked

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

[Dave]

states, BJ
IG, Joe Mo, Barry Hinkleson
Murder Inc.,
Queens, states, get caked
C, C, C, C mothaf***** Gotti

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