

B.G. F/ Bun B, Juvenile, Ms. Tee

"Stranded on Death Row"

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[Intro: Bushwick Bill]

Yes.. it is I says me..

And all who agree.. are more than three, cause they
we.. (*laughter*)

Yes.. yo! I'm in the house now for sure
Because I wanna talk about the hearts of men
who knows what evil lurks within them
But let's take a travel down the blindside
And see what we find on this... path... called...

[Verse One: Kurupt]

Stranded on Death Row, so duck when I swing my shit
I get rugged like Rawhead Rex with fat tracks that fits
The gangsta type, what I recite's kinda lethal
Niggaz know, the flow that I kick, there's no refill
I'm murderin niggaz, yo, and maybe because of the
tone
I kicks when I grip the mic and kick shit niggaz can't
fuck with
So remember I go hardcore, and slam
Nuff respect like a sensei, ba-bash like Van Damme
So any nigga that claim they bossin
What don't you bring your ass on over to Crenshaw and
Slausson
Take a walk through the hood, and we up to no good
Slangin on things like a real O.G. should
I'm stackin and mackin and packin a ten so
When you're slippin, I slip the clip in, but ain't no set-
trippin
Cause it's Death Row, rollin like the mafia
Think about whoopin some ass, but what the fuck
stoppin ya?
Ain't nathin but a buster
I'm "Stranded on Death Row" for pumpin slugs in
motherfuckers
Now you know you're outdone, feel the shotgun
Kurupt inmate cell block one

[Verse Two: RBX]

No prevention from this lynchin of sorts
Your're a victim, from my driveby of thoughts

No extensions, all attempts are to fail
Blinded by the light, it's time you learn braille
From the lunatic, I'm death like arsenic
When I kick a wicked raps, Dr. Dre will hit the scratch
With treachery, my literary form will blast
And totally surpass the norm
Not a storm, plural, make it, many storms
When I'm vexed, I fly leg necks and arms
In this dimension, I'm the presenter
And the inventor, and the tormentor
Deranged, like the Hillside Strangler
MC mangler, tough like Wrangler
I write a rhyme, hard as concrete
Step to the heat and get burned like mesquite!
So what you wanna do?
The narrator RBX, cell block two

[Verse Three: The Lady of Rage]
Rage, lyrical murderer; "Stranded on Death Row"
And now I'm servin a - lifetime sentence
There'll be no repentence
Since it's the life that I choose to lead I plead guilty
On all counts let the ball bounce where it may
It's just another clip into my AK
Buck 'em down with my underground tactics
Facts and stacks of clips on my mattress -
bed frame there's another dead, bang
Layin lame put to shame, who's to blame?
Me, the Lady of Rage, a woman comin
from the D-E-A-T-Hin, R-O-W takin, no shit
So flip and you're bound to get dropped
It's 187 on motherfuckers don't stop
Handcuffed as I bust there'll be no debate
It's Rage, from cell block eight

[Verse Four: Snoop Doggy Dogg]
Ayyyo steppin through the fog and creepin through the
smog
It's the number one nigga from the hood Doggy Dogg
Makin videos, now I stay in Hollywood
Bustin raps for my snaps now they call me Eastwood
Dre is the Dr. and my homey little nigga
Warren G is my hand and my hand's on the trigga
Shootin at the hoes with the game that I got
Sent to Death Row cause I wanted to make a grip from
servin my rocks
And I'm still, servin for mines, peace
to my motherfuckin homies doin time
In the pen and the county jail
Mobbin with your blues on, mad as hell
And you say yeah fuck the police

And all the homies on the streets is all about peace
And it's drivin the cops crazy
But ain't nuttin but a black thing bay-bee, uh
{*Snoop starts singing*}
Uhh I'm not flaggin, but I'm just saggin
I betcha don't wanna see the D-O double G
And you can't see, the D-R to the E
Or my motherfuckin homey D.O.C.
You know you can't fuck with my motherfuckin DJ
That's my homey and we call him Warren G
{*Snoop stops singing*}
Yeah, and you don't stop
Doggy Dogg break 'em down with the motherfuckin
Dogg Pound
That's the only way we'll beat 'em man
We gotta smoke 'em, then choke 'em like the
motherfuckin peter man
It's like three and to the two and two and to the one
Cell block four peace Doggy Dogg's done

[Outro: Bushwick Bill]

Yo, now you know the path I'm on
You think you're strong, see if you can travel on
Cause only the weak, will try to speak
Those who are quiet, will always cause riots
There's three types of people in the world
Those who don't know what happened
Those who wonder what happened
And people like us from the streets that MAKE things
happen!

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