

Bone Thugs N Harmony F/ Big B

"Why They Wanna See Me Dead"

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[Lil' Gotti]

Now why dey wanna see me dead niggas put prices on
my head

Now I got two Rottweilers by my bed

Niggas afraid to see a Gambino nigga get paid
so my life be filled with blood shed
late nights mommas cryin on the bed visulizin me in
the grave

now why the fuck it gots to be dis way
these projects got a nigga fucked up in the head
gotta stay high to survive

I ain't gone lie these streets be havin a nigga wanna
die

bein a breeder gots to stay alive keep close to my 4-5
keep my eyes on the prize can't be victimized by bitch
niggas in disguise

pretendin to be my thug nigga but all the while my
designated killah

my whole life is a thrillah

Everything is on the realah nigga I'm all about my
skrilla

fucked up and I kill ya

I know you feel the pressure dat a thug goin through

I wanna change but its hard to do

when all my life I been true 2 da game

pushin cane to represent my family name

ain't a damn thang gone change its the same old same
everytime I walk out my house these playa haters
approach

these niggas get smoked

cause lord knows I ain't ready to go

but when my time comes (but when my time comes)

and my blood runs

just blaze the blunt and watch over my son

make sure dat his days okay dry the tears from his eye

when dis nigga here die tell em I went to a place high
next to a lot

tell em dat I live my life as a wise guy

and floss my ride and bust bitches eyes

maybe dat's why dey wanna see me dead

and put prices over my motherfuckin head

[Lil' Gotti]

Now why dey wanna see me dead niggas put prices on
my head

Now I got two Rottweilers by my bed

[P'Heno]

I think dey after me dey wanna see me dead

100 G's for the slugs dat enter my head

but I ain't scared though we leavin niggas stank

no limit niggas commin bustin in the fuckin tank

dem niggas jealous cause my tape in demand

we on the paper chase and I just can't understand

how these niggas infiltraton findin out about my where
abouts

thought you did something kickin in my baby momma
house

I know your blood flowin with these evil thoughts of
killin me

but I'm like P always think somebodys watchin me

other jealous folk got me under survielence

wanna murder me and make me number 187

but I tell em if dey come dem niggas best come
prepared

puttin lead between yo heads and I'm leavin it dead

cause dis 4th Ward soul ain't got no time for fools

(I guess dat what he sayin but he ain't pronouncin it
right)

12 gauge unload now your brain exposed

gotta get up out dis game because its gettin to drastic

dodgin bullets cause dey wanna make my child a
bastard

will I last it or will a nigga just perish instead

the N.O.P.D. the Feds dey all wanna see me dead

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