

## Faith Hill F/ Brandy

### "Church Bell Toll"

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[Diamond Shell]

I'm a rock 'em sock 'em trooper, a tough one they call  
Shell

I walk the streets of New York like I'm walkin through  
hell

Well, I'm on my block just to see what's up yo  
I'm never alone my posse's with me though

Three blocks from the crib it was some action  
It was a featured attraction, all the brothers was  
packed in

Music was loud, and of course it was hip-hop so  
my boys said, this place is the next stop

We went inside and all the fellas was hawkin  
All the girls was talkin, cause Shell just walked in

My boys broke up, cause no need for no violence  
cause in this instance, peace is the preference

I asked a young lady to dance with a slight grin  
Her body was def, pretty face to light skin

She said yes, so we stepped to the dancefloor

I hope there's a chance for exotic romance or  
somethin quite the same like a one night stand

But once I asked her yo, up came her man so  
he tapped me on the shoulder and I turned real slowly

Thinkin the whole time, this brother don't know me

I looked in his face, he was mad, but I didn't fret

He wanted someone to wreck, but this one he couldn't  
get

Up with his hands, but what'd he do that for

I hit him square in the jaw, and then he hit the floor

I shoulda thought about what I was doin then

Cause a bunch of his boys was schemin on doin me in

His boy to the door, they rolled in single file

Me and my crew yo we was doin it mob style

Once outside, things got kind of hectic

Some brothers surrounded us, it felt like a deathwish

A brother stepped up, and tried to play cool

within three feet of me that's when I pulled my tool

I told him step back, yo quicker than that black

He tried to rush me so I dusted his cap back

Others was comin up, damn what a pity

Gun smokes and gun shots made it just like Dodge City

One after another, suckers was droppin  
but I kept on poppin cause they just wasn't stoppin  
I finished with my clip, and reached for the next one  
Finished with that one and then got the next one  
The noise of gunshots faded from the area  
There was no hysteria, that made it scarier  
The only sound, was the voice of silence  
and all the sights, were results of violence  
And after the gunsmoke cleared from the scene  
I gave a body count - the number was nineteen  
There was no survivors, the less remorse  
We counted our own heads, the posse's in full force  
Ready to roll so we stepped like a staircase  
One more look back just for my own sake  
The sight ain't a pretty one, results of a rumble  
But yo, that's how it goes in the jungle  
So tonight around midnight when you're out for a stroll  
Listen real careful for that church bell toll.. {\*echoes\*}

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