

Whitney Houston F/ Brandy

"Dead on Arrival"

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Verse 1:

Im have visions like Frank Lack the milleniums dead
Wakin up in this cell thinkin why am I here
Can you tell me how many times can one man die
Mr. Kavorkian, please give me one more try
I'd rather rest in peace than live my life in this living
hell
Real niggas living bad while them fake niggas livin well
Bustas is picking on me, what can I do about it
Im gonna ride and you rhyme and when I spit it I shout
it
No doubt about it its misery but these niggas aint
knowin
Got me in this penitentiary tryin to keep me from flowin
So I'm going 51-50 local bitchmade busters
By all means necessary nigga
? motherfucker
I heard that if I die it's a casualty to war
I know you niggas is dissapointed but I'm back once
more
The disciple will judge what the fairness is
Playa haters wanna bury the snitch

Chorus:

Had me dead on arrival
No chance for survival
I know everybody gotta die
But when it's my turn to go I wanna go out with a BANG
Fuck pain and suffering, shoot me in the brain

Verse 2:

Now there aint no way up out the game when you in to
deep
Bullet holes through the brain put me in to sleep
Put you out your misery like you the Lazy Duff
If I get to heaven first I'm gonna wait for ya
When you with 25 like the only way to escape
Is to run for the gates and let em hit you with eight

Right in the middle of the door I blow my brains to
pieces
And send me straight to gangstas paradise with the
trigga releases
I rest in peace and at last lord thats all I ask
Throw me in a casket and throw some dirt on my ass
Lets get it on but no more pain and no more
expectations
I know my dead homies up there waitin

Chorus: x2

Verse 3:

Dead on arrival no chance for survival
I know everybody gotta die
But can you tell me why I'm having visions of slugs
My head penetrated
Them niggas murdered X-Raided
Guess who retaliated
You risk the game to the broad
It was your decision
My designated assassin got infared vision
He did it quiet no mention the murder on the news
Game over you knew the rules
Callin all soldiers
Load up the clips and your holdsters
50,000 dollars reward on wanted posters
Ride til you die puttin it down like you supposed to
Its the beginning of the ending
Game over can you feel it
Tension is in the air
Scaring niggas to death producing heart attacks
A black spread with green dots your pulse is fading
Flatline cuz your ass is hating

Chorus: x4 til fade

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