

## Whitney Houston F/ Brandy

### "Mortal Kombat"

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[Chorus]

We got a price on ya head  
Baller Niggaz wanna see ya dead  
It's a fifty g contract  
I don't know what you did  
But they wanna kill you ya wife  
And ya kids on contact

We got a price on ya head  
Baller Niggaz wanna see ya dead  
It's a fifty g contract  
I don't know what you did  
But they wanna kill you ya wife  
And ya kids Mortal Kombat

[Verse One]

Close ya eyes and envision what the scene was  
Hit a nigga with an AR-15 slug  
And then I grab the loot  
Absolute  
We had to shoot  
Cause he was lookin at a nigga with a mean mug  
And the theme was we was in kahoots  
He played games shot his ass dead in the brain  
Had the liquor red fluid  
Was a bitch and I knew it  
When it came down to it he was scared to bang  
that nigga dared the game  
to get his ass with his actions  
Been through it many times before  
He was down to side  
But how many of them niggaz  
really gonna be down to ride when it's time to roll  
Ain't got no time for distractions  
Money over bitches  
cause them hoe's ain't nuthion but some agravators  
Unnessary temptations  
Instagatin' situations  
by makein hoes swell up like activator  
My nigga jumped out the lincoln Navigator  
packin more heat it's the Cash And Tango

Dot-Dog hit the corner with the infared  
on you in the blue 99 dodge durango  
you don't wanna test this  
Fuck around and get stranggled  
till they leave you breathless busted  
ya must have a death wish  
ya got heart  
but don't get it cardiac arrested  
It's to late for retractin ya'll statements  
ya'll mutha fuckas done wore out my patients  
On my momma I'm a make sure ya hood gets rolled on  
More than some triple-gold-daytons  
Nigga you don't know what you facein  
Up and tied in the ups  
take a dance on the x-side  
With mad men and they medalions  
even all funny style niggas with a trail  
get they neck tied

[Chorus]

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[Verse Two]

Take you outta the game  
cause you a rookie makin mastakes  
you'll fumble the ball 4th quarter down seven  
infiltrated ya game  
workin for the state  
lookin for dirt  
But all ya shookin ass found was seven  
desintergrated ya brain  
Me and Dot-Dog crumpled them all  
Like a 6 pointer earth quake  
bent you outta shape  
stapped a fifty pound weight to his chest plate  
dumpped his fake ass in the lake  
Sleepin with the fishes  
Cause me and my niggas get vicious  
and hittin it with us

is impliable to bullets and bitches  
impossible  
Have ya momma visitin the hospital  
trama center where ya delayin-ma fittles  
I'm soon to be layin in bed  
body bruised green purple to red  
like a bag of skittles  
and i'ma pack a little 380  
creep into the room  
infa beam circle on ya head  
boy now ya dead  
time to creamate em  
seen photo  
I'ma blow up ya stomach for nine months  
Rosemary baby stab but up out ya guts  
hear his mom screamin  
mia fyral gave birth to my demon  
I was ment to be a fyrl screamin  
callin all mad men  
if we deeper than the pack 10  
packin mack 10's  
x-raided for life  
and nigga ya life is in danger  
based on a true story  
niggaz wanna hang your wife  
feds find a corpse in a two story building  
no head no hands  
ain't no checkin dental records  
or the the finger prints  
as for Identifyin the body there ain't no chance  
got the cops shot  
leavin niggas propped up  
in fucked up positions  
like dean koonts hide away  
I'm a psycho and my motto is  
all of ya bitch niggaz gotta die today  
I'm takin off wherever I go  
If you in the car with me  
then you'd betta have a gat and a mask  
ain't no tellin when we have to blast  
homicide at the crime scene pickin up the aftermath  
i'ma forever gonna be after cash  
thats why i'm at that ass  
you wanted dead or alive  
first man with ya head get the prize  
if we kick down the door and catch you in the bed  
don't be surprised  
we gotta price on the head  
baller niggaz wanna see ya dead  
it's a contract worth fifty g's  
every killa in the town lookin for ya

with murder on they mind  
a nine milla and a fifty to squeezee  
niggaz wanna gun ya down  
I don't know what ya done but it was major  
my nigga hit me on the pager  
you been indited  
every single body in the town know about it

Chorus: repeat to end

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