

South Circle

"Final Call"

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(Check yourself) (You gotta snatch some collars and gotta let them motherfuckers know you there to take THEM out anytime you feel like it You gotta get the ground beneath yo feet, partner get the wind behind your back and go out in a blaze if you got to Otherwise you ain't shit) --> Tupac Shakur Thorough? (Yes Mike) Are you ready? (Yes Mike) Are you strapped? (Yes Mike) (?) (Yes Mike) [VERSE 1: Thorough] Alright, it's me and Mike late night mobbin up the strip Now (?) up your squad and we gon' see can we handle this Misfortune in the man or the men who intrude my vicinity Fool, where's yo enemy? Dead - d-e-a-d Now what could you do for me to pull a gun on you? Well let's see, any form of trickery Disrespectin me is somethin that you seldom see I look at Mike, he looks at me I hit the swisher sweet, wipe the sweat from my goatee (Damn) Only one block left and it's showtime Stress on my mind got me wantin to kill my own kind There they go, do or die, die or do If you don't get him, him gonna get you Leave the Park Avenue at the end of the street Cause the rest of the creep will be done on feet Keep yo head down low, we headed for the front do' He's strapped with a nine, I got the .44 So ding-dong, sing a song of some suckers Gettin served like busters by them SC hustlers Rushed the fool to the ground, asked him what's up now Do you recall who was the first nigga to tell you lay it down? Heard the sounds of a gat, it came from the back The scene went slow-mo, like (?) - Ahh... - Stay with me Hold it baby, don't die on me Don't die on me, baby - I can't... - Stay up nigga Stay calm nigga, stay calm nigga - I can't breathe - Chill nigga I ain't goin nowhere nigga Nigga I'm here I ain't goin nowhere I'm with you, fool A-ah, fuck that - Ah-ahh..... [VERSE 2: Mr. Mike] A vigilante, speaks my mind No one to set trip, everything has been dealt with, I'm left behind These niggas didn't know me from a can of paint I wipe the blood off my face, catch me when I faint The OG that I am, that I was, push the panic button (Damn, where the fuck is...) and I can hear 'em cussin Waitin on me to revive From the slugs that was shoved in my back - will I die? Is it

too late to retaliate? Why couldn't they drag me
Commence to tie my hands up and gag me? As a result
I'm bleedin life or death As a result I'm seein strife and
stress and I can't rest The peace that was granted me
Could you give it, cause hell ain't no place for a man to
be I'm startin to miss my kinfolks So let them know that
you know I was down from the get-go I left a daughter
to be raised by another man The black marks on my
hands got me where I am Is there really life after
death? Or did you mean one life to life like I seen on
the screen? A different ghetto walks behind me I'm
tryin to find my homies but my homies can't find me
And as I leave don't you dare cry Just play the game
harder, get smarter, ain't no sorrow as your boy dies
Say hi (hi) to my little friend (to my little friend) It's 187
(187) when we murder them (when we murder them)
Say hi (hi) to my little friend (to my little friend) It's 187
(187) when we murder them (when we murder them)

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