

## **Destiny's Child F/ Timbaland**

### **"Bring 'Em Out Dead"**

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[Intro: Sticky Fingaz]

Where my wolves at? Yeah  
Put your hoodies on, keep your face down low  
Anything shining, take that shit  
Give a fuck, we in the bar  
Niggas, bitches, let's go!

[Fredro Starr]

Aiyyo, set it off, let it off, get it off  
Get this shit wild like thugs from up north  
Fights in the crowd, the shots'll jump off  
Body's on the floor, blood on the dance floor  
Get stuck at the bar, get robbed at the door  
Dropped off at the coat tag door, take it off  
Get down, face down to the ground  
Kill 'em for their doe like Po from uptown  
Cut your finger off, send it to your moms house  
Never testify no matter how it goes down  
When I bark shots you niggas'll duck down  
Run up on your block, you niggas get shut down  
Give it up, you don't want to try to resist  
Before I hit you off, you don't wanna die for this  
Un-unh, so we gon load our guns to this  
Black mask, face down, motherfuckers gettin robbed  
to this

[Chorus 2x]

Take 'em out, bring 'em out dead  
Take 'em out, bring 'em out dead  
Take 'em out, bring 'em out dead  
One gun, two gun, three to the head

[Sonsee]

Shots'll spill, niggas think it's not for real  
Make your body disappear like Copperfield  
At the funeral's, don't waste no doctor bills  
A lot of niggas ain't kickin shit I can feel  
We gettin it down real big, that's what we doin  
Give 'em the most raw, that's what we doin  
The game don't understand, the world don't  
understand

These niggas is gun in hand, you die for these grand  
Shot's from the magnum, killin the gats, smack 'em  
You got it back, stab ya, with your own dagger  
My sons take your 6, rope you in the closet (Hot one's!)  
The one's that probably even pump the cops up  
We got 'em strung with the drugs that we dealing  
Or peeling, some loud niggas, thugs can feel us  
And my Brooklyn killers, and my project niggas  
And my brother's locked down in the jails can feel it

[Chorus]

[Sticky Fingaz]

If I don't eat, fuck that everybody starve  
Takin your plate like it's food time in Oz  
Motherfucker, I kidnap all your kids  
Before I had a record deal, what you thought I did?  
Last job I had I was punching a clock  
Last nigga that I tied up was up at Koch  
I ain't even need a mask, I ain't bust one shot  
Made 'em wire me my money right there in the spot  
That's a Coneay watch, nigga take that off  
That's a iced out cross, boy take that off  
Know what'd happen to your daughter if I don't make  
that call?  
Better take me to the bank and get your face plucked  
off  
Hottest nigga in the club cause I got the heat  
So run boy, run boy, one gun box with me?  
So step up young'n, show me you gon do  
We got big guns nigga that go "boom boom boom!"

[Chorus 4x]

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