

## Dieter & Dino

### "Trilogy"

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[Beretta 9]

Eh yo

Dead smacked, the middle of war

One gun, one clip, one man and fan of some shit

Eh yo, it's deep, mad slugs comin at me

Should I say, "Fuck it"?

Kick the bucket, get out this duck shit

Knowin in my mind that it's not my time

I live 3 sides back, coward? Nah, I got 9

Should I flip the clip? Should I run for the whip?

Should I go for the kill? Should I make it a skit?

I took a breather, caught my wind

Bust 2 shots, spend dough, damn, lost one Timb, man,  
fuck it!

Shot once more and again, 5 left, shit's real

I fell out, bustin my 10

Shook it off, jumped up, kid, just my luck

Another gum mister posted up right by the truck

Where the snitchin? I gave him all 5 then I grabbed his  
gun

This cat forgot about the safety (How could you look to  
be that dumb?)

Laughin, ready for blastin, hype click chess llam' man

One nigga left and I'm ready to ask him

"What did you think? What the fuck did you drink?"

Shot touchin him slow, than I made an escape

[Chorus: Beretta 9]

It's like, for real kid, livin the life, it's like trilogy

Part 1, part 2, 3, I guess it's meant to be

Cuz that's the way it be, forever will I be

Wise to the fact that it's all real

[Prodical]

I used to chill with Shaquille and Talil, ill out in  
Brownsville

Robbin everythin walkin and breathin up in Cypress Hill

Skillful criminals kept automatics and gadgets

And any tragic, day and night, they ran havoc

Caught up in the wombs of Brooklyn

It's dusty, cold blooded, the block flooded

Jay robbin niggas for their budget  
Him and his son, on the run, sellin jums and guns  
Havin fun, becomin well known for packin chrome  
In '86, shackin up with this bitch  
Him and his click, 1 and 6, stackin cheddar like bricks  
But as time flew, they caught a soldier on the Avenue  
Eternal revenues lead Jakes to Langston Hughes  
Raped his moms lab, they got the tab and where's that  
crab  
nigga Jab? Send a scab to wrath there, he ate a  
bloodbath  
They found his corpse up in B-Boy Projects  
No objects, no suspects, broken neck with a holey vest  
Another case of homicide, unsolved  
He should've known to never get involved with the  
brawl  
He lost it all

[Chorus]

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