

## DMX f/ Funkmaster Flex

### "Tell Me"

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(\*talking\*)

504 i solemnly swear that I'll snitch  
Or testify on any of my homies  
That's the code to the streets, ya heard me  
What's up Krazy, we in here  
The New No Limit, code to the streets baby

[Chorus]

Could you tell me where my niggas at  
In the pen, or the grave I'd never figure that  
Could you tell me Lord what triggered that  
I guess these project bricks got a nigga trapped

[Krazy]

As I inhale the weed, tears dropping as I leave the  
cemetery  
My nigga's in the ground now, damn this life is scary  
Try to hold in my pain, I drink till I'm buried  
This henessey got me gone, my eyes are blurry  
Face to face with reality, my dog is gone  
For them bitch niggas that did it, I finger fuck my  
chrome  
And my dogs in the penn, doing fifty to life  
I'm a soldier till I die, mutherfuck 3 strikes  
I remember b-balling with my niggas for fun  
If I bust then you bust, I gave you my gun  
Telly, dog you know I miss you, I still got love  
Just to be the man you was, I'd probably drink your  
blood

[Chorus - 2x]

[Master P]

Kevin Miller you gone, but you always missed  
C and Mac locked up, but we still a click  
Received letters from the penn, homies feel my pain  
25 caught ten, man it's just a game  
When DEA and the persecutors know my lawyer  
See our skin tone is black, so our time is borrowed  
I'm in a cell with three killas, so unleash the beast  
And the judge send a word about cop a plea

They say we angry cause we can't breathe, uneducated  
Facing life so it's strike three, independent  
Slanging records call us coke dealers  
C-Murder innocent trapped, and we gon fight it so the  
world gon feel us

[Chorus - 2x]

[Krazy]

Lord please accept my nigga mail  
Did my homie sell his soul to get out of jail  
I heard my nigga Mac finally gon make bail  
We bouncing hot boy, thugging trying to make mail,  
the drought is hell  
For my dogs still slang for livings  
Thank God Black Jesus is forgiven  
I try to tell my little homies, ain't no love on the streets  
But my niggas don't hear shit, when it's time to eat  
And these soldiers, will bust your head if you slipping  
I feel like my dog P, nigga I ain't tripping  
A dopefiend at 14, look what the game done did him  
I can hear his mama scream as the chopper hit him

[Chorus - 2x]

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