Eazy E F/ B.G. Knocc Out, Gangsta Dresta, Sylk "Murderer"

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Chorus (Mystikal & Insane): repeat 2X

[Insane] Guns murder niggas at night....[Mystikal] Man, niggas even kill niggas at night[Insane] Cops murder niggas at night...[Mystikal] I'll be fucked if I'm gonna let them bitches murder mine!!!

[Mystikal] Motherfuckin murderer....shot my fuckin brother But when I find him, I'm gone GET THAT MOTHERFUCKER! He playin the role of one them niggas that's always talkin noise Runnin INSIDE, talkin that shit, front of his fuckin boys Fuck that, I'm lockin that bolt back Loadin that gat, here that glock come, [gunshot] Out'cha fuckin' head... standin on the corner I'm peepin on ya, so I CAN CREEP UP ON YA!!!! Calmin my nerves, get rid of these punks and stick em in my mind You want it? Fine, I DONE REACHED FOR THAT NINE I'm gone do you in I'm tellin ya bitch you gone have to get up quick And hit the bricks before I do you in Two of your boys spied me comin Them coward-hearted niggas started runnin But not you though, you gots to play the hard role Stop playin it up like a bone, BITCH I KNOW YOU ARE Talkin head gonna put you on your deathbed Just cuz you got a gat, that's just why you actin brave Got a gat I got a GLOCK, what cha gone do? Handle your business, DON'T LET YOUR BUSINESS HANDLE YOU!

Chorus

[Mystikal] Pull your shirt down bitch I know you got a gat, but I ain't scared bout that bullshit It don't matter how many fuckin guns you got

The only thing that MATTER, is a nigga, to get the first shot Cuz if I peep, that ass is fallin to the street Bitch retreat or that ass is deeeeeead meat Smack your teeth, but I'ma knock you off your fuckin feet They gone pick you up, piece-by-piece off that concrete street When N.O. meet, who gives a fuck about a poor neat scene? We got beef, so I'ma shoot'cha like a FAKE BITCH Let you know just who you fuckin' with But I ain't that type of nigga that's liable to shoot you over no DUMB SHIT! If I'ma pop ya, I'ma pop ya for just cause you talk too much shit PLUS, you popped one of my boys Gankin niggas I'm gettin downright SCANDOLOUS!!!! [gunfire] YOU CAN'T HANDLE THIS!!!! So when you're out bitch, move or I won't step Cuz if I catch'cha I'ma drill ya in your fuckin chest I ain't gone gone ride by and pop, cause I might miss I'ma walk up to your FACE, Pop POINT BLANK BITCH!!! That's what you get, from out there tryin to go act bad Not even BRUCE LEE, could whoop a bullet ass Got'cha, come, get this ass whoopin If you bringing them niggas with ya, that's nothin I'm poppin' the clip in Nigga fetcher, satisfied when you're on the stretcher You might run but I'ma CATCH 'EM!!!!

Chorus

[Mystikal] (Yo nigga you caught that bitch yet?) FUCK NO! I ain't caught that bitch yet I done been through every scandalous sight, and every project But I bet'cha, when I stop, runnin behind em Get up, pack my shit and I'll STOP, and then I'll fuckin find him Yo dumb ass in the street Fuck that shit, cuz I'ma catch your ass this week Monday, a one day when you go play [alot of gunfire], goes the A.K. Sprayin on his ass like a roach, and if I approach, too late to duck hoe Drop, run, fall, kick, scream, now curse How in the fuck you gone duck a twelve round burst? Hammin at that ass on Tuesday, put up the nine Go get the A.K.

Bitch if I catch you in the mall Wednesday That's the day that ass fall Then it might be Thursday, three round burst day The day I'm blood thirsty Fuck that, wait til FRIDAY, PAYDAY!!!! Shoot'cha in your face and take your money, J Now wait til the weekend, heh, yeah Saturday, that's the day you go CREEPIN But you better be watchin your back cuz I'm sneakin [door noise] Waitin for my chance to do your ass in I don't give a fuck if it's on Sunday God gone have to forgive me, cuz I'ma shoot'cha in your head nigga

Chorus

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