

Eric Benet F/ Faith Evans

"White Chalk"

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Chorus hooks:

[Method Man]

I got more glocks and tecks than you

[Biggie Smalls]

Still seein bodies wit da muthafuckin chalk around 'em
(REPEAT 2X)

[Trife]

I thought I told you
Never to trust, nobody but us
Now the gats must bust
Malicious black viper venomous
There's gonna be a lotta white chalk and brains on the
sidewalk
I know you hear me
Nigga talk

[Larceny]

Nigga I'm weak-in, can't move my mouth to speak-in
They caught me creepin
Deep in the hood peepin
Larce was sneakin they took me off my feet-in
But fucked up because my heart's still beatin
I can't sleep, thinkin how I'mma creep
Burners to squeeze but can't get up to help my
ememies

[Trife]

Psychopath, when the days of wrath
Resolve the conflict, I'mma lick who did it
And who da fuck was wit it
Till they dead covered blood red
Pumpin lead till them bastards ain't got no head
The raw deal, bad era switched to terror

You could pray all day but still gone die anyway

Chorus
(REPEAT 4X)

[Larceny]

When I come, I'm comin right
Fuck tip toe in the night
I tear'em up in broad daylight
Snakes too crudoo for you
Nigga catch deja vu
When I'm aimin my gat at you

[Trife]

It's time ta make it happen
Fuck the yappin
I'mma, step the fuck up and start clappin
Double action
Two fo' fo', we robbers for satisfaction
Clickin off reaction

[Larceny]

All those robberies we breezed
Backed down DTs
Feelin the murder disease
Thou shall die when I catch you
And lick you in your eye
Nigga, nice try

[Trife]

Our whole life, and thinkin
Centered in drugs
Twin mack loaded slugs and buckin at them other
thugs
Engraved, with the mark of the beast
The shots I released increased aimin for dey head
piece

Chorus
(REPEAT 4X)

[Larceny, Trife]

Murder's the death penalty
Don't need nobody
Helpin me but the other half of snake and me
Us two combined, shots ta lick

[Junior M.A.F.I.A. clique]
Now who goes the road against it

[Trife]

Niggaz got drama
I'ma kill his {baby} first
And then his {momma}
Ain't no time for bitchin
Callin police and snitchin
You live by the gun, you die by the gun
Don't do this killin shit for real, why do the shit for fun?
Try ta murder my blood, can't let it slide
Family pride committin grisly homicide
Blunted, lame niggaz get hunted
Autopsy shows he felt the black rhinos
Fuckin witta pro
I hit, I don't miss
Niggaz spit clips disappear in the mist, check it
I showed you rugged put you fools in dirt
Tryin ta put in work
But only gettin ya fuckin self hurt

Chorus
(REPEAT 4X)

Outro:
[Trife]

For my niggaz; Nino Brown, Lil' Ceaser,
B.I.G., Buggy, Capone, Cheek Del Vek, Lil' Kim,
Kleptomaniac...
Motherfucker

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