Toni Braxton F/ Foxy Brown "Martyr"

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[Talking]

shit, sometimes man, a nigga be contemplating, yo, living in fuckin' hell, nigga die, might be better.

[Verse 1]

walk through the shadow of death, my dick out pissing rebel, laughing at the devil, homicidal threats only if he knew, I wanna lie a coal, who the fuck wanna die old on this miserable earth, forever, put me in dirt it's better then living searchin treasure that only brings atrocity, and treachery, baby mothers stressing me ain't no hope left in me live everyday like it's my last waitin' to meet my niggaz that passed at last I could meet Christ, ask him why the fuck you died on the cross here these stupid motherfuckers, they still lost I'll ask Malcolm, see what it was like to fight for civil rights and nights he thought he would die, what did he do did he grab his gun and a bust shot? get on my knees praise Big and go fuck with Pac find out did he really take 5 shots ask him, who shot ya, was it the Feds? couldn't of been Big Poppa, Brooklyn niggaz ain't braille like that, ask Martin, why the fuck you ain't fight back

CHORUS(3X)

if you had a choice,life or death what would you choose

if you had a choice

[Verse 2] life ain't real its a dream we see tomorrow reality, shit that's pain and sorrow reality, disaster beat breaks, a little girl up in the projects gettin raped reality's a nigga gettin rock shot 41 times and you askin why I run from one time I don't even get justice, nigga sometimes, no times, oh I'm bout to lose my mind reality's fucked up, like a hard workin mother, losing her job the battle of good and evil like the devil, ain't losing for god, we on lucifer's squad not knowing what the fuck it all mean I can't even, get a can of sardines niggaz driving bentley's, burning money, I'm yearnin money taking your shit, I'm earning money yet you call me a thief I call me a broke nigga trying to eat on this earth suffering, why its like that guess we the punished, blame Adam and Eve

CHORUS (3X) if you had a choice

[Verse 3] hold your latex, from nuns I take sex, play chess, with the devil from the sky like rain shells drop immune to this cold world's sorrow beyond shell shock, can't you tell pop, I need some help ox see them meadow officers watchin' myself rot ice pick and cell blocks hope the 12 stop on the highway to hell, switchin lanes niggaz that know, what I mean to suffer and struggle in the gutter slice birthday cakes with box cutters I did not stutter, you heard me this is utter, reality observe me, on a journey puttin niggaz on gurneys till I meet my maker and I need my ama ? fuck Guiliani and Howard Seiffler

CHORUS (3X) if you had a choice

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