

Junior M.A.F.I.A. F/ Lil' Ceasar, Notorious B.I.G. "Gory Days"

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Check it

(Hook x1)

Gory Days

You might get stabbed in your heart

Gory Days

Get the butcher knife and tear you apart

Gory Days

You better finish what you start

Gory Daaaaaays

When we bludgeon you'll get your brain laced

You're bein hands on erased

We'll punch you in the same place

Til we break our hands on your face

You crack your head first

Whatever I get - you get worse

I got a busted lip

You got stitches in a hospital bed hearse

This ain't a playfight

You'll get beaten in broad daylight

People watchin me kid but I ain't got no stage fright

No cops in sight

You're gettin cracked through the side

And if there's more beef

We'll find you and put bombs under your eyes

The struggle to live - corrupt

Because too many kicks will pummel your ribs

When you're outnumbered by six

And no ones jumpin in to dead it

Wit me and my peeps swingin hatchets and axes

You think they wanna get hit?

All OGs know the code of the street

Mind your own biz, never go to police - that's how it is

I live Scarface scenes

I live Pulp Fiction scenes

Life is one big movie on the screen

(2 Hooks with variation)

Gory Days

You might get stabbed in your heart

Gory Days
Get a butcher knife and tear you apart
Gory Days
You better finish what you start
Gory Daaaaaays
(Bitches)
Gory Days
You might get stabbed in your heart
Gory Days
Get a machete and tear you apart
Gory Days
You better finish what you start
Gory Daaaaaays
(I hope you die)

You made my fuckin day sour
I'll still display power while up for 48 hours
The blood still sprayed like showers
Boxes get knocked out
Jab me I'll jab you
What you put out you get back
It might be worse - we'll blast you
Cops are searchin for me for crimes I committed last
year
But haven't caught me yet so I'll drop it in rhymes
I know you want me dead
Put stitches in your forehead
Look kid I want you more dead
Hope you bled in your bed
Fifteen hours in the hospital
Waiting for a doctor to sew you up and a possible
operation
You press charges you're less than a carcass
In the streets - no respect
You'll get tricked and stuffed in a coat regardless
Don't judge a book by a cover
Cause a cat could be a crook undercover
And snap and jux up your blubber
From happiness to anarchist
From pacifist to blasphemous
Kid that's how fast it flips

(Hook x2 variation)

(Bitch)

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