

Lama Serge

"When Them Killaz Call"

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- opening interlude: C-Murder, (Crooked Eye)

{*phone rings*}
Hello, hello
Yo, Crook (Sup?)
(What's up nigga?)
Bavgate nigga, I need ya
(What's happenin' nigga?)
There's war on my team, you heard me?
Come ride wit' me nigga, these muthafuckaz playin'
wit' us, dog
(Where they at nigga?)
Fuck all that dumb shit nigga
(Man where they at?)
You gon' ride wit' me or what?
(Man you know this nigga)

Bavgate:
Writin' letters from my jail cell
I'm gettin' pictures in my mail,
I'm burnin' fools like the flames in hell
Dear God, please forgive me for my sins
I'm tryin' to have my own,
although he know it's hard for his ghetto kids
I'm gettin' luchie every day before the shift change
(shift change)
After the prison got me trapped up in the street game
My bullet holes turned you boy into a scytso
When my real niggaz call, I'ma roll
Still somikn' my weed, fillin' my drink I'm the king of the
O
Ready to die for the Tank nigga
So, pick up your phone and dial, I'm your muthafuckin'
thug pal
When them muthafuckin' killaz call

Chorus: Crooked Eye (C-Murder) 4x
(When the killaz call)
Would you ride, would you die for me
(Come runnin' when them killaz call)
With my back against the wall and them killaz come call

for me

C-Murder (Crooked Eye):

When them killaz call they always seem to call me first
Cause I'm know, for puttin' niggaz up in the black hurse
Strech limos in the convo with the lights on
And at the grave pourin' liquor on your tombstone
Ready to ride at the drop of a dime and tote 9's
Concealed weapons on my muthafuckin' wasteline
My beeper beep 187 so I know it's real
My niggaz love me for my muthafuckin' murder skills
I dressed in black, in a 'Lac, woth two Macks, and it's a
pity
'Bout to turn your whjole set, into chopper city
I bring the drama like you spit on my momma
You can't hide when I ride nigga, cause I'ma find ya
(Now tell me)

Chorus: Crooked Eye (C-Murder) 4x

Crooked Eye:

Would you ride for me, step in front a bullet, if it fly for
me
Lie for me, buck the world, nigga die for me
I'm livin' fast, so any day could be my last
I'm a soldier, runnin' from the rollers, huh
I'm ghetto livin', tryin' to survive escapin' prison
Bein' a hawk in heaven, paper was my only mission
So if I fall, promise you gon' murder 'em all
Pour some liqour for your nigga,
spray my name on the wall (On the wall)
To all the soldiers, I ask would you ride for me
When my back's against the wall and them killaz come
call for me
See every nigga with a pistol ain't gon' pull it
And every nigga that say they down ain't gon' step, in
front no bullet
Now tell me nigga...

Chorus: Crooked Eye (C-Murder) 4x

Would you ride?
Would you ride?

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