

LL Cool J F/ The Lost Boyz

"Payback"

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An eye for an eye's how the fuck we feel
When they get one of us then we're out to kill
I don't care about shit when it goes down like that
The only thing on my mind is the big payback
They get one of us, we get three or four
If that ain't satisfaction then we're out to get more
Fuck a drive-by, puto we'll walk to your door
Kill you motherfuckers and we'll even the score
We wait for you putos to forget and slip
Then we'll catch you in the streets and unload the
fucking clip
Another puto dead from the other side
Now we wait for the funeral and watch your parents cry
Feeling no remorse for the shit we do
Those putos did it to us, so why not do it to them fools
The killing doesn't stop, it goes on and on
Ese smoking motherfuckers till these putos are gone
An eye for an eye's what this shit's all about
Rolling up on these levas taking these pendejos out
Doing it for the homies who ain't here today
Because as long as I live, in my heart they're gonna
stay
All I do now is think about them in my head
And it's a fucked up feeling now knowing that they're
dead
It's payback time and it's a do or die
I'm doing it for my homies, Rest In Peace above the sky

scratches

..payback payback..
..payback payback..
..payback payback..
..payback payback..
..payback payback..
..payback payback..

At the hood with the homies, getting loaded kicking
back
Thinking about the motherfucking crazy payback
It's time to get these motherfuckers for the shit they
shouldn't have done

Another homicide, another puto gone
Kill or be killed is the name of this game
Doing it for the hood, the homies, and the gang fame
This shit won't stop so fuck keeping the peace
From a loco motherfucker gang-banging from the East
(Eastside)
Rolling down the calle and I just smoked a dip
With a quette in my hand so now I'm ready to trip
Thinking about my homies who ain't here today
And I'm gonna get these putos cuz for this they gotta
pay

scratches
..payback payback..
..payback payback..
..payback payback..
..payback..

Creeping late at night through their neighborhood
Rolling with the lights off to catch a puto doing good
Not giving a fuck about the time it carries
Just flashes of my homies and when they got buried
With a knot in my throat and a tear in my eye
We come across this puto who's time it is to die
He's strolling down the street and doesn't even realize
We got a bullet for his ass to go right between his eyes
Got out the car cuz I knew I caught him slipping
He looked and tried to run when he seen my ass
creeping
Jumped at the puto, hit him up "Where you from?"
He said the wrong shit so he took one to the dome
Down the puto fell, I guess I'll meet the punk in Hell
Simon, he seen my face but a dead puto can't tell
Jumped in the ride, headed back to the Eastside
Kicked it with the homies then we all got high
Smoked a few wet ones and went home and hit the
sack
Fell asleep thinking about the fucking payback

scratches
..payback payback..
..payback payback..
..payback payback..
..payback payback..

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