

M.O.P. f/ Teflon

"Suicide"

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A lot of niggaz talkin reckless
But if you wasn't from the hood you wouldn't
understand what it is
Y'knahmsayin? We gon' clear it up right now
A lot of reckless talk out there
I'ma let y'all know my Family in tact
My whole Family in tact
My First Family in tact... for life (Marxmen!)

[Teflon]

Yo! You ever look into the eyes of the Grim Reaper?
Watch a man die when the shots fly and the shit heat
up?
You in deep but, it's too late to back out
And now it's like your whole life is under a black cloud
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide
And you always swore before you wasn't scared to die
But take a look in your eyes, and see the fear in 'em
You know them niggaz comin they came here to get
him
And they ain't playin with him, they aim and spittin
Give him a closed casket, they plain sicker than Ol'
Bastard
If only he can go backwards, to the days
and change when he used to throw those ratchets in
nigga's face
Stole packages, from nigga's place of business
When they was tryin to make a livin, they ain't forgive
him
And niggaz stay forgettin, so as soon as he came
home
from state prison niggaz came and hit him

[Chorus]

(Suicide, it's a suicide)
When you don't know who to try cause, even you could
die cause
(Suicide, it's a suicide)
Gotta rely on your wits, can't get caught up in the mix
kid
(Suicide) Right or left, choose a side

Life or death, you might be the next dude to die
(Marxmen, Marxmen)
What's your next step? I'll let you decide
(Suicide... Marxmen)

[Teflon]

Yo, it was a chick named Dawn, she used to get it on
Honey had niggaz slippin money up in her thong
At the strip club givin dubs, 20 a song
And if the price was right she might come with him
home
She was fuckin one of the customers, Asam Allah
Dude was a fool, used to walk with her under the arm
Used to take her to Jamaica, lay with her under the
palm
Treat her like a queen, really all he was was a pawn
She only seen him as John, he ain't mean nothin to her
She was just leadin him on, he just feedin into the con
All along, and he felt that that was real and nobody
could try it
She came home and gave homes the virus
She got nice, can't turn a ho to a housewife
And he stabbin it raw dog, gamblin without dice
Now he ready to snuff out her life
Cause the AIDS results back, they ain't come out right

[Chorus]

[Teflon]

They used to meet up every night, at the gamblin spot
After all the block business was finished of scramblin
rock
They'll meet up at the spot, get a couple of drinks
All the fly cars in Bronx pullin up in they mix
Lock the door, buy the bar out, this is our house
Everybody's laughin, there's cash in large amounts
They tappin glasses, toutin it's a family thing
Catch a case won't nobody in the family sing
That's what they think, all along they all was wrong
It was a dude with a device strapped to him recordin
every convo that they had, where they sellin, where
they scorin
Dude got knocked before but said he got off with a
warnin
And they ain't get the message 'til the next mornin
When detectives stormed in the door, arrest 'em and
took 'em all in
Now what they wanna know is who put the call in
Toss him off the bridge and turn his kids to orphans

(Marxmen!)

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