

Lil' Blacky

"Somebody Please"

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Yeah, we gon send this one out to all them busters out there

The muthafucking fools that straight be smoking fools

For no apparent reason know what I mean, yeah

Time to get down

[Verse 1]

My cells ringing off the hook about ten o'clock

To break me off the news my lil homie got shot

They said he got caught slipping in the hood

He caught 3 to the chest and he wasnt doing good

He lasted 8 hours till he passed on

In the waiting room at general just before dawn

I'm feeling for his baby, his sister and his mom

A son, a daddy, a soldier now gone

The homies get together and we feeling all this pain

The screaming, the crying making us go insane

An eye for an eye is all thats on my mind

And mercy is the last thing in my heart that I can find

Just thinking about God and the power and the will

But forgive me lord see now I must kill

And when I catch 'em slipping the trigger I will squeeze

Bring him to his knees and yell..

[Chorus]

Somebody please give me just a minute

To explain my misery

[Verse 2]

I'm 17 now I'm trying to leave the game

And banging ain't the same since the taste of fame

I know that I should leave it in the hands of God

But making them fools pay is my only job

They took my homies life for all the wrong reasons

Now reasons for me is enemigas hunting season

Revenge is the only way to ease the pain

And the pain that I ease is with the bala to your brain

I lost my lil homie to the calles

And all they got coming is puro desmadre

Remembering the days when it was all good

Two lil mocosos terrorizing the hood

Flossing our bikes to cruising our rides

But now your gone homie and your killer can't hide

They can only run but there souls I own

And in eternal flames all them bitches will roam

[Chorus]

Somebody please give me just a minute

To explain my misery

[Verse 3]

Two weeks passed now my homies long gone

We had the last meeting and the mission is on
I get a four door g ride with balls
Beanies, brownies and cuetes for the cause
Angels riding shotgun with a Mausberg of course
And Chavo with an AK and no remorse
Roll up to the hood with the worst intentions
None of them fools is even paying attention
Kill the lights down the block just for tradition
We get out the car in the shotgun position
Flash lights blasting fools dropping and running
Hoes is screaming me and my dogg straight gunning
Extra clips in the pockets hoes in my path
I'm killing everybody there gonna feel my wrath
Fools shulda never tried to fuck with real G's
Somebody please, somebody please
[Chorus]
Somebody please give me just a minute
To explain my misery
Somebody please give me just a minute
To explain my misery
Somebody please

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