

# You Should Be Dead

50 Cent

I rock a nigga to sleep,  
roc-roc-roc-a-bye baby  
roc-roc-roc-a-bye baby

You should be dead by now  
Smile but wait until my shooters come round  
With the talids and hollow tip rounds  
In my hood they know how I be down (when I say dead, you dead)

Nigga I show you my teeth all through the beef  
Paint the sidewalk red with the back of your head  
Shootouts in my hood like a daily routine  
D's think Im involved with a nigga hit hard  
So when I empty the shell and the hollow tips fly  
Nigga You can cross your heart and hope not to die  
Come through squash the drama send niggas with llamas  
They'll eat your ass up fuck being masked up  
I was given the gift of life  
first Sabrinas since then Ive been jammed up  
and fucked with the nina  
Nana raised nine kids I turned out the meanest  
I mean a menace  
fuck with me and your finished

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Homie I dont always pay my debts when I owe a nigga bullets  
Got an arsenal of infiltry and niggas to pull it  
Go head stay out on me, dump weight its nothing  
I chase a nigga down, and touch him, catch him and buss him  
Bitch get out the way, baby while I spray it  
I wet a nigga like a hydrant on a hot summer day  
But you can catch me in May riding down with the K  
Better watch what you say, we get it popping today  
Yeah me I make it hot round here, I call the shots round here  
I have a nigga tearing off your top round here  
This is a land of broken hearts, where bullets shatter dreams  
And everything a nigga want is only triple beams  
southside

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