

Show Gone Wrong

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It was a Saturday night and I had a show
I'm in my dressing room with Bocco and some cats from the (?)
And they was blazing up the weed to the lord Sher Khan
It was a knock at the door "Are you ready god?"
I'm on the side of the stage man the place is packed
With dealas, feelas, niggaz, women, yea drugs and macks
I hit the mike like a bottle of Courvoisier
And just when I was about to play man it went this way
A gun was shot up in the place man bu-buck buck buck
I seen this cat by the bar gettin' stuck stuck stuck
And other cats by the bar man pulled out their glocks
And that's when the whole place had got like piping hot
Man bitches screaming
Niggaz screaming
Bullets flying
Bitches crying
Niggaz fighting
Bitches fighting
It's kinda frightening
And all this at a show
Motherfuckers falling by the exit though
Gotta let 'em go
Gotta let them go
Niggaz in here with a black four-four
Fuck this damn rapping show
Now its 'bout to pop
Cause after that I think I heard like four shots
And all I remember after that was seeing the light
Insecurity singing Nicky you goin' be all right
I'm hella numb and getting cold cause there is no pain
The bullets caught me as I was trying to get off the stage
I think about my mommayea you know the lord Sher Khan
And in the back of my mind I wish I had some (?)
But yea homey macaroni-o this is it
I think this is the last rap I'm bout to spit
Kings of kings, lords of lords, gods of gods, sons of sons