

This Nigga Die

B.G.

Ain't this a bitch

If this nigga die, then a lot of niggas gon' die
If my momma cry, then a lot of mommas gon' cry

[?] fuck it
Someone gotta handle that
Checkmate, nigga

Nigga done crept down and pretend he my dog
He the only son, so you know his mom's goin' off
I wouldn't be a true nigga if I let this slide
Gotta saddle up - I gotta strap up and ride
My nigga momma gon' cry, then your momma gon' cry
One less in my clique, one in your clique gon' die
It's the game - you forgot it's eye for a eye
Body for body, so you gon' respect my mind
You done started somethin' I'ma take real far
Everyday is shootouts - you done started guerrilla war
It got me hurtin' to see my dog people in grief
So it's law I bring the same pain to your peeps
I'm dressed to kill: black-hoody, black souljas and 'Bauds
When I spot ya I'ma let the stop on the SK unfold
When you hear that: chukah-blauw!! chukah-blauw!!
I'm tellin' you it's too late to run now

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If this nigga die, there's gon' be consequences and repercussions - believe
that

In the streets I gotta have that mind frame "fuck it"
Gotta keep my nuts dropped - can't be fearin' nothin'
When you're thuggin', nigga always into somethin'
When you're hustlin', never know when nigga gon' say, "Up it."
My dog had a deal planned with some new connect
Barely knew 'em, and trust 'em - ain't wear his vest
He got there thinkin' the deal was gon' go sweet
They already had it planned to keep the money and key's
They hit him up: two to the head, two to the chest, two to the neck
And left him there to meet his death
I feel guilty lettin' him go solo
Even though he told me, "Chill", I still should've rolled
So now I'm in some beef with niggas I barely know
I met 'em once, but I use to fuck one of they ho
I hit her up for some info and broke her off proper
Go to they hideout and release that chopper

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consequences and repercussions

This stank bitch that I grew up with in the hood
My nigga jocked her - I warned him that she was no good
But fuck me - he heard the pussy was the shit
He went, got caught up, got pussy-whipped
Every night he sleepin' by this stank bitch
And I told him she threw crosses and she'll set him up for shit
But he ain't listen, he tell me mind my biz
Now some niggas went there, took him out there and split his wig
I ain't know that's where he start to stash his yay
He knew better to keep work where his head gon' lay
But fuck that, I gotta put some iron on her
Gotta release all seventeen out the nine on her
One of my hoes saw her shakin' ass in the club
She hurried up, went to the phone and hit me up
I spunned 'round, saw her, and straight cut loose
Jive ho, this from him through me straight to you

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it's gon' be a eye for an eye
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