Throughout the city the gunfire lit up the street We ride for revenge honor and respect Death to all y'all homeboys, Catching niggas slipping, peeling there motherfucking caps back Yeah, the game, that's how we do it Everyday all day, straight riding Fuck all y'all homeboys (yo yo yo what's up) I'm back, banging on niggas after trying to murder me Caught in the middle of greed, witness to trickery Now I'm here, ready to die, remember me On a hunt for you bastards to put you out your misery Made a more ? they die with bullet holes 44 explode that's when the story was told My heart is as cold as the tundra Automatic weapons warring like thunder My final destiny is to put ya under Come on warring whenever, me die, nigga never Through the storm and the weather my dogs a go-getter Polish da chrome barretta catching you punk niggas That's the element of surprise you niggas won't regret us Like shooting birds with pellets, let the streets reveal it Do or die motherfuckers trying to kill it Yes you can, and ever since we won't have no peace Till one of us rest in peace, alive or deceased It's your choice, your move, show and prove yo hand Get it off yo chest let me know that you's a man Get your pistols and niggas 'cause it's about to get shitty No remorse, no pity, you hear it all through the city Trickery and scandalous bitches Niggas, that I fucked with Wasn't no good from the jump So now what we gone do We gone ride, We gone destroy, build, come anew You know how we do It's not over, till we say so Nigga! Word on the street is that you better have some heat By your side Caught your homie slippin', did he survive? One to the head left him dead off the words that he said Could have been avoided if he would have drove off instead Nigga shot at my crib where my momma and kids live No doubt, now it's time to take some more of you out Scan the block with an inferred dot, just for a victim There he go, there he was, there he go let's get him My motto is no remorse and that you'll never surrender none Only rely on your self and your gun Biage, as I get high and look at the stars Wish and wish and pray to God for our downfall 'Cause then it's back to the same thang, of this life I lead Bitches, money, and niggas, and weed Bust a left on one O feral with a double pump barrel Be careful, cause these streets could sometimes leave ya narrow With the faith of Moses, and the power of Pharoe With the bullets hotter than fire and as swift as an arrow

Death becomes your every wish you try to blast me and miss

Now me and my dogs commence to get in your shit

You say the lord is your shepherd and you shall not walk

It's time to gaffle up these niggas stick 'em dead in the trunk

Behold the last words spoken by a dead man

It seems to realize niggas 'll never understand

Yeah, it's not over

When I die my children will grow, and smoke your ass

Starting our history book, Gangstaology

Throughout the streets we shall survive and live