Every year the same shit happens
More fuckin' funerals, dead homies
Niggas out here killin' each other
I don't know why
And when it happens to you
just can't turn the other fuckin' cheek
Gotta get back for your dead niggas
Yeah I'm caught up to

Sometimes I sit and wonder how many motherfuckers gonna die this summer Gunshots from the hummer Now the sawed-off riot pumps lead across your beds They said: "Mama, less you wouldn't strike back" mack ten, eleven, twelve, hit us and then puts us to hell They started it, there's no way to mend it, we'll end it My crew'll hit the matresses, G.O.D. Father style - all prepared to get buckwild Half my niggas ball, other half ain't got it all They stay up at nights waitin' on a combat call Drinkin' hard liquor, smokin' mad loop and shit So high, sometimes I even gotta load they clips I ain't mad at them though, they dumps the ammo in you, suspend you in here, hell yeah It's the time that the real niggas live for retaliation Move on 'em, show, improve on 'em All you punk bitches just stand back and watch Me, I'm oilin' up the Heckler & Gotch I gots no love, for them busters, who put the work in I can still see my fuckin' boys' body jerkin' I ran over to him, put my hand on his chest Hole like an apple in the side of his neck His eyes glanced up, his body jerked once more There's nothin' else to do but to go to war Slide the hollow-tips in the chrome four-four Roll down the windows, hang the heat out the door Catch all the fuckin' bodies that I can tonight Double-back on your bitch crew, broad daylight

There's no innocence allowed in these ghetto streets
Grab your guns, buck 'em off, when ya hit your leak
Tell me what would you do if they killed your best friend?
Could you keep your cool, would the wounds mend?
If I said "peace", I'll be a motherfuckin' liar
"I'm lettin' off until my arms tired"
Retaliation

Been packin' straps so long I gots some permanent bruise in my leg
Better that than dead
Now it's time to show you what I'm trained for in this
Rally up the wolfpack-attack relentless
Make ya understand it was the wrong crew ya fuck with
Now it's on bitches, guys are darker than shit
You musta not a known when you fuckin' hit that day
Or maybe you di, you're dyin' anyway
And not just you, some of your family
To tell you the truth any fuckin' body we see

You might just wanna turn yourself into me To save your hood pain of my crews' treachery You fucked up, we know who you are, where ya live We got your place ran up to a cop on the tick We'll hit your block so hard, you'll swear it was an earthquake Squeeze off the fully-auto, make your whole crib shake I know you're breathin' hard, livin' on your last day Or maybe, you're laughin', thinkin' that you got away I don't give a fuck, I won't sleep Till one of us lays me and my nigga That's the fear of these triggers If ya smart, ya probably make a break out of state We'll just snatch your kid, grab your fuckin' bitch and wait I'll catch ya down South, lay your ass out straight There's no where to run, it's time to meet your make You got one chance, arm your whole damn crew I couldn't stop my fuckin' niggas if I wanted to

There's no innocence allowed in these ghetto streets
Grab your guns, buck 'em off, when ya hit your leak
Tell me what would you do if they killed your best friend?
Could you keep your cool, would the wounds mend?
If I said "peace", I'll be a motherfuckin' liar
"I'm lettin' off until my arms tired"
Retaliation

"Lettin' off until my arms tired"