## Somebody's Gotta Die

## The Notorious B.I.G.

I'm sitting in the crib dreaming about Leer jets and coupes The way Salt shoops and how they sell records like Snoop Oops! I'm interrupted by a doorbell 3:52, who the hell Is this? I gets up quick Cocks my shit Stop the dogs from barking Then proceed to walking Its a face that I seen before My nigga Sing, we used to sling on the 16th floor Check it I look deeper I see blood up on his sneakers And his fist gripped a chrome four-fifth Nigga, is you creeping or speaking? He tells me C-Rock just got hit up at the beacon I opens up the door, pitiful Is he in critical? Retaliation for this one won't be minimal Cuz I'm a criminal Way before the rap shit Bust the gat shit Puff won't even know what happened, If it's done smoothly Silencers on the Uzi Stash in the hooptie My alibi, any cutie With a booty that don't fuck the Pop Head spinning, reminiscing bout my man C-Rock Somebody's gotta die If I got, you gotta go Somebody's gotta die Let the gunshots blow Somebody's gotta die Nobody gotta know That I killed yo ass in the mist, kid (2x) Filling clips he explained our situation Precisely, so we know exactly what we facing Some kid named Jason In a Honda station waggon Was bragging About how much loot and crack he stacking Rock had a grip so they formed up a clique Small crew 'Round the time I was locked up with you True indeed But yo nigga let me proceed Don't fill them clips too high Give them bullets room to breathe Damn where was I? Yeah

One night in town Blew the fuck up D-Rock went home And Jay got stuck the fuck up Hit 'em twice Got 'em right for the virgin white Pistol whipped his kids And taped up his wife He said "Yo Rock, set em up", no question Wet em up no less Than 50 shots in his direction How many shots? Man nigga, I seen mad holes What kinda gats? Hitch links, Cocks, and Calicoles But fuck that I know where all them niggas rest at In the building hustling And they don't be strapped Supreme in black Is downstairs, the engine running Find a bag to put the guns in And c'mon if yo coming

Somebody's gotta die
If I got, you gotta go
Somebody's gotta die
Let the gunshots blow
Somebody's gotta die
Nobody gotta know
That I killed yo ass in the mist, kid

Exchanged hugs and pounds before the throw down How its gonna go down Lay these niggas low-down Slow down Fuck all that planning shit Run up in they cribs And make them cats abandon shit See niggas like you do ten year bids Miss the niggas they want And murder innocent kids Not I One niggas in my eye That's Jason Ain't no slugs gonna be wasted Revenge I'm tasting at the tip of my lips I can't wait to feel my clip in his hips Pass the chocolate Thai Sing ain't lie There's Jason with his back to me Talking to his faculty I start to get a funny feelings Put the mask on in case his niggas start squealing Scream his name out Squeeze six knuckles shorter

Nigga turned around holding his daughter