

## D.O.A

Twista

Dead on arrival  
Swear to God I'ma kill him as if I done put my hands on the Bible  
Get him cause I'm liable  
to rock a motherfucker off especially if I get my hands on the rifle  
Do the damn thang  
Nothin that can stop a nigga, pop a nigga off as if you are champagne  
Put him in the ambulance but ain't no resuscitation  
cause he done got knocked off point blank range  
It's a crisis the way niggaz'll pull up or shoot  
Last week, the streets just put him in a coupe  
This week, the streets just put him in a suit  
Six feet under with dirt on top of the roof  
Put him in the grave  
People standin over your body and they wonderin if his soul'll be saved  
Or if it has risen or if it will be forbidden  
by the way you was doin shit that could've put you in prison  
Now you ain't with the livin, cause you wasn't the shooter or didn't know how to shoot  
Either way feel the fury or I'll make the block cripple  
Come in like a mosh pit'll  
be the nigga knowin if he bust the Glocks it'll put you up in the hospital  
And when you on the way  
And they get a look at the way that the bullets spray  
Everybody about to know that we don't play  
Makin sure that your body arrive D.O.A.

Or dead on arrival (dead on arrival)...  
Dead on arrival...

Dead on arrival  
Saw him roll up on the block and put some shots up in the head of a rival  
Then up on the passanger side of the vehicle  
he hit you with the artillery simply cause he didn't like you  
Shoulda knew not to piss him off  
[cough] Catch a disease of a gun cause it'll cough  
Better watch your mouth  
If you see some grown folks of a higher pedigree especially if it be your boss  
These lil' niggaz ain't playin  
Soon as you come up and start talkin shit then they sprayin  
Want you to ride in the whip then they stand  
Soon as they see the nigga hit then they ran  
Straight got jokes  
They don't want no part of a nigga that's comin at 'em ambitiously with the toast  
Point blank range if you let 'em too close  
Send up for homicide, body was lookin gross  
Probably off wit'cha head  
If him in the scene was comin to the war Christ off, lights off  
And this ain't no "Walking Dead"  
They get rid of you, if they throw the body in the white chalk might cough  
No talkin to the Feds, they hit 'em fast  
Try to retaliate, but they gon' get his ass  
And they ain't gon' be able to revive him in the ambulance  
They just gon' pick him up and zip him in the bag

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