

Death Before Dishonor

2 Pistols

Let Your Pistols Play it out

To every real nigga in the game put your hand on heart make a p
ledge to the streets you will never ever talk

Death Before Dishonor nigga Jury and the judge I put that on my
life I'll never take a stand even if I'm facing life

Death Before Dishonor nigga

See these pussy ass niggas got the game twisted

Try to justify this thing they call dry snitching

Listen real niggas stay solid but these kanye west ass nigga tr
ying speakin through the wire

Fire that boy hot don't sell him nothing

He want an ounce now half a bird later

Them people coming

With them indictment papers

When I was a titty boy than call them hour later

Our money ain't good better know that

When I was 7 alphabet boys snatched back

Phat!

It's what I got for you cheese eaters

Rat niggas that be fuckin with them fed people

Dat nigga got loose vowels at the mouth

Solid niggas know the niggas that I'm talking bout

Ya it's blood money in this mother fucker

No need to ask questions cause I ain't sayin nothing

Welcome to the Album haha