

"Aye you want some of this shit"  
"Naw, I don't want that shit"  
"I don't give a fuck, I don't play dat shit"  
"And I'm fin'nin to buss a cap in a nigga"  
"Man SHUT the fuck up"  
"Whoa slow down, slow down, slow down"  
"You see that brick house right there"  
"That's the nigga crib when he come out you gotta tighten his ass up"  
"I'ma get in the other car"  
"Aight"

If there's beef, cock it and dump it, the drama really means nothin  
To me I'll ride by and blow ya brains out (brains out)  
There's no time to cock it, no way you can stop it  
When niggas run up on you wit them thangs out (thangs out)  
I do what I gotta do I don't care I if get caught  
The DA can play this motherfuckin tape in court  
I'll kill you - I ain't playin, hear what I'm sayin, homie I ain't playin  
Catch you slippin, I'ma kill you - I ain't playin, hear what I'm sayin,  
homie I ain't playin

Keep thinkin I'm candy till ya fuckin skull get popped  
And ya brain jump out the top like Jack-in-da-box  
In the hood summer time is the killing season  
It's hot out this bitch that's a good 'nuff reason  
I've seen gangsta's get religious when they start bleedin  
Sayin "Lord, Jesus Help Me" cause they ass leakin  
When they window roll down and that A.K. come out  
You can squeeze ya lil handgun until you run out  
And you can run for ya back-up  
But them machine gun shells gone tear ya back up  
God's on ya side, shit I'm aight wit that  
We reload them clips and come right back  
It's a fact homie, you go against me ya fucked  
I get the drop, if you can duck, ya luckier then Lady Luck  
Look nigga, don't think you safe cause you moved out the hood  
Cuz ya momma still around dog, and that ain't good  
If you was smart you'd be shook of me  
Cuz I'd get tired of lookin for ya, spray ya momma crib, and let ya ass look  
for me

My heart bleeds for you nigga, I can't wait to get to you  
Behind that twinkle in ya eyes, I can see the bitch in you  
Nigga you know the streets talk  
So they'll be no white flags and no peace talks  
I got my back against the wind, I'm down to ride till the sun burn out  
If I die today, I'm happy how my life turned out  
See the shootouts that I've been in I'm by myself  
Locked up I was in a box by myself  
I done made myself a millionaire by myself  
Now, shit changed motherfucker I can hire some help  
I done heard about the 50 grand you put in the hood  
But ya shooter fin'nin to get get shot it won't do 'em no good  
With a pistol I define the definition of pain  
If you survive ya bones'll still fuckin hurt when it rain  
Oh you a pro at playin battleship well this ain't the same

Lil homie this is a whole different type of war game  
See the losers and up in shackles of motherfuckin chains  
Or laid out in the streets leakin out they brains

After the fist fights it's gunfire boy you get the best of me (best of me)  
If you don't wanna get shot I suggest you don't go testin me (testin me)  
All the wrong I've done the Lord still keep on blessin me (blessin me)  
Fin'nin to run rap cuz Dr. Dre got the recipe (the recipe, recipe)

Yeah, uh ha, aye Dre  
You got me feelin real bulletproof up in this motherfucker  
Cuz my windows on my motherfuckin Benz is bulletproof nigga  
Cuz my motherfuckin vest is bulletproof nigga  
Cuz my motherfuckin hat is bulletproof nigga  
But the Doc said if I get hit I might get a fuckin concussion  
Better that then a hole in the head right nigga, heh heh ha ha