

# This Nigga Die

B.G.

Ain't this a bitch

(2x)

If this nigga die, then a lot of niggas gon' die  
If my momma cry, then a lot of mommas gon' cry

fuck it  
Someone gotta handle that  
Checkmate, nigga

Nigga done crept down and pretend he my dog  
He the only son, so you know his mom's goin' off  
I wouldn't be a true nigga if I let this slide  
Gotta saddle up - I gotta strap up and ride  
My nigga momma gon' cry, then your momma gon' cry  
One less in my clique, one in your clique gon' die  
It's the game - you forgot it's eye for a eye  
Body for body, so you gon' respect my mind  
You done started somethin' I'ma take real far  
Everyday is shootouts - you done started guerrilla war  
It got me hurtin' to see my dog people in grief  
So it's law I bring the same pain to your peeps  
I'm dressed to kill: black-hoody, black souljas and 'Bauds  
When I spot ya I'ma let the stop on the SK unfold  
When you hear that: chukah-blauw!! chukah-blauw!!  
I'm tellin' you it's too late to run now

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If this nigga die, there's gon' be consequences and repercussions - believe that

In the streets I gotta have that mind frame "fuck it"  
Gotta keep my nuts dropped - can't be fearin' nothin'  
When you're thuggin', nigga always into somethin'  
When you're hustlin', never know when nigga gon' say, "Up it."  
My dog had a deal planned with some new connect  
Barely knew 'em, and trust 'em - ain't wear his vest  
He got there thinkin' the deal was gon' go sweet  
They already had it planned to keep the money and key's  
They hit him up: two to the head, two to the chest, two to the neck  
And left him there to meet his death  
I feel guilty lettin' him go solo  
Even though he told me, "Chill", I still should've rolled  
So now I'm in some beef with niggas I barely know  
I met 'em once, but I use to fuck one of they ho  
I hit her up for some info and broke her off proper  
Go to they hideout and release that chopper

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This stank bitch that I grew up with in the hood  
My nigga jocked her - I warned him that she was no good  
But fuck me - he heard the pussy was the shit  
He went, got caught up, got pussy-whipped  
Every night he sleepin' by this stank bitch  
And I told him she threw crosses and she'll set him up for shit  
But he ain't listen, he tell me mind my biz  
Now some niggas went there, took him out there and split his wig  
I ain't know that's where he start to stash his yay  
He knew better to keep work where his head gon' lay  
But fuck that, I gotta put some iron on her  
Gotta release all seventeen out the nine on her  
One of my hoes saw her shakin' ass in the club  
She hurried up, went to the phone and hit me up  
I spunned 'round, saw her, and straight cut loose  
Jive ho, this from him through me straight to you

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it's gon' be a eye for an eye  
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