

Already Dead

Bushwick Bill

And um
Look, listen and observe
As we all pay close attention um

Look into my eyes
Or should I say my eye
And nigga ya see just why
This can afraid to die
Ever since birth I've been givin' the short hand
It didn't hurt but it made me a smart man
And I kept my guards up, my head tight, my shit
cocked, my heart stoned
The red light, my lips locked
Talking ain't squashin', nigga where I'm from
Nigga if you want some grab your gatt please
And I'ma handle all your petty shit
Before you ever get to make it to your pump, you already lit
I spit round after round after round
Everybody hit the ground
Lookin' at death 'till my last slug

I show ya hoes what this drama is
Bring your family round this killa
And I'm peelin' all ya mama's kids
The more love, the more blood
Bitches rat-a-tat-tat on that hat 'till there's no slugs
That they nothin' but a five letter word to me
And it's gonna be like that 'till somebody grab their
Gatt and try to murder me
Nigga, I don't give a fuck
If anybody killa in here, nigga where ya nuts?
It's the land of the lost
Slip one time, and ya bound to pay the cause
Nigga

Now as I walk through the alley, I feel the shadow of death
My mind's on murder, my hand's on the tech
Whether Black, White, Asian, or Latin
Puerta Rican, never matter once I'm creepin' you know
what's hapnin', fool
Kill or get killed, peel or get peeled
Either way those slugs gonna spill
Buck me in my chest, buck me in my head
But you can't kill VonBushman motherfuckas
I'm already dead

(Murder him) Nigga I don't give a fuck
If anybody killa in here, nigga where ya nuts?
(Murder him) Fool I don't give a fuck
If anybody killa in here, nigga where ya nuts?
(Can we murder him) Bitch I don't give a fuck
If anybody killa in here, nigga where ya nuts?
(Straight murder him) Yo I don't give a fuck
If anybody killa in here, nigga where ya nuts?

I wake up every day to the agony, sufferin' and sorrow
Tragedies be havin' me too sad to see tomorrows

But I just say "Fuck it", take a deep breath
Get my heat set, and make the streets sweat
I get my kicks off the dodgin' and duckin'
That they do when they see mob through robbin' and buckin'
Once again I'm on a killing spree
I willingly load it and lock it and put them out they misery
If you don't know you better ax' somebody
How I blast these bitches like a black Jon Gotti
Now we find out that your not so slick
As the clock goes
And the glock goes
I show ya pussies what ya thinkin'
As your body becomes numb from the bullets that I'm blastin'
I ain't scared to get the red in these dreads
Meet me at the crossroads, muthafucka
I'm already dead

(Murder him) Nigga I don't give a fuck
If anybody killa in here, nigga where ya nuts?
(Shall we murder him) Fool I don't give a fuck
If anybody killa in here, nigga where ya nuts?
(Can we murder him) Bitch I don't give a fuck
If anybody killa in here, nigga where ya nuts?
(Straight murder him) Yo I don't give a fuck
If anybody killa in here, nigga where ya nuts?
(Straight murder him) I don't give a fuck
If anybody killa in here, fool where ya nuts?
(Straight murder him) I don't give a fuck
If anybody killa in here, nigga where ya nuts?
(Straight murder him) I don't give a fuck
If anybody killa in here, nigga where ya nuts?
(Straight murder him) Fool I don't give a fuck
If anybody killa in here, bitches where ya nuts?

Yeah, muthafuckas better watch out
Wolfgang VonBushwicken the Barbarian Bill