

## On A Mission

Fiend

You know you done fucked up?  
You know you done fucked up, don't ya?  
Nigga you really fucked up.  
We on a muthafuckin mission.  
I'm ridin dirty with my tru muthafuckas.  
Fiend, steady mobbin', see-murder in this bitch.  
Retaliation is a must.  
Dumpin rounds on my muthafuckin adversaries.  
Nigga, nigga ridin dirty for revenge  
With my friends, I'm on a caper  
Ready to kill 'em, if I see 'em  
Fuck alarm, hold my paper  
I'm a rider, so I leave 'em where I left 'em  
When I creep, niggas sleep  
And they ain't restin til they deep up in the concrete  
Jungle with them slangers, with them bangers and them hustlers  
With them killers, smokin woo and makin deals with my tru niggas  
Fiend had some yay, so we flipped it on the block  
Steady mobbin' flew from cali so we put 'em up on the spot  
Servin dub sacks and flippers, fifty shots and quarter bags  
Raisin riches no matter week, servin keys out paper bags  
And hustlin hard, countin money by the sack  
Watch my back, niggas jack  
Sweet revenge, counter attack up in my 'lac  
Sippin hennesy and chronic, I'm the tweak for some magic  
Rollin the window, nigga, it's him so pistol playin bout to have it  
Fuckin bullets gots no name nigga you name is on this one  
Ridin dirty with my tru bitches so nigga on a mission  
(lines echo in background) x 4  
In on a mission, ridin dirty with my tru thugs  
Retaliation, dumpin rounds, with no love  
Fiend, my reason to gunplay  
Loadin my chopper right up the one way  
Wishin we facin a dead end  
So I could show how this gun spray  
Just one damn word, that's all I desire  
So I could bend these niggas back like chicken wire  
Spittin fire, mobbin, s'on when them bullets get to pourin  
(..? ..) get my adrenalin goin  
I ain't ignorin, no problems, no worries baby  
I severed the crusher, and buried my (..? ..)  
Over the dresser, fiend the trigga my lesser  
Gon test ya, with a season to kill  
And catch me celebratin across the battlefield  
Loco, this is the deal, let's put the gun  
To the small of his neck, we got caught up and blast  
Until there's nothing left, boy  
I thought some more niggas kept, what? what?  
Cause I ain't facin prison  
Exercising my right to exorcism  
Completed my mission, huh?  
By lettin the land just listen  
Cause they the reason my lil homie ain't livin  
So, we on a mission  
Chorus x 4  
(..? ..) the cleaner, alias saddam, nigga  
(what's up there? ) cold cop killers

Now it's really on (what's up fool? )  
Being crooked, we do it dirty, (we doing it!)  
See-murder and fiend (there they go!)  
We dump the fifty round magazine  
Locin and mobbin, til it's clean (make sure it's clean)  
Hooked up with the colonel, and the billy, cause I need cream  
Fifteen five, made twenty five, six hummer size (nigga!)  
Muthafuckas died, (nigga!) all in one night (they die!)  
(a lot of these lines are overlapped by screams,  
Gunshots, etc. hard to understand...)  
Pulled the trigga on my nigga (not my nigga, damn!)  
As the forty caliber shell, blew up in the neck  
Twice in the head, he was dead 'fore his body hit the ground  
(damn dog, don't go nigga!)  
Bitches scream, nigga (...? ..)  
Pull up next to the bodies, I was runnin  
My dog's head was blew off  
I'm bustin hella (? ) (buck, buck, buck)  
Hit the driver's side window, as they crash into a pole  
(...? ..), with a few left in the clip  
Some for the driver, the passenger  
And the rest of the trigger men