I guess its bout time for me to pay my dues Just got shot got blood on my shoes Two bullets in my chest that I cannot feel Left the bulletproof vest in the Coup De'ville I'm steadily getting weaker I don't know what to do Picked up the mobil phone dialed T-R-U Drove myself to the clinic with revenge on my mind Had to stash all my dope and I hid my nine Killa killa killa I'll pull your card Just got out of jail beat a murder charge Nigget niggaz in the hood don't take no crap Quick to get the gat and peel your cap Release from the clinic and now I'm looking for a body Strapped to the matt like a black John Gotti Ruthless as fuck and my eyes is red I wanna put a hollow tip in a motherfuckers head I got word on the street I got funk with the southside I'm a show 'em how to do a fucking drive-by Riggety rolled on them slow in the Cadillac Silkk behind the wheel, me and King in the pack Master P in the passenger seat getting ready Taking out the tech nine putting up the machette Got close to them fools told Silkk to cut the lights off Grabbed my sawed off and blew the nigga arm off Rat-tat-tat tat-tat-tat then we bailed out Got away clean smoking blunts in the house I can't trip cause you reap what you saw man Cause murder is an everythang thang

Its an everyday thang

I couldn't find a job so I started slanging crack Ten motherfuckers in a one room shack Chopping up ?? 20's and 50's to get my cash up ?? this fucking bitch to hold my mothafucking stash homie 72 oz's that will be two keys Cook it up with some cut and turn it into three Open up shop and start serving double ups 5 days later watch a nigga fucking bubble up Bitches on my dick cause they know I'm living fat And get the Lexus painted everytime it gets a scratch But I ain't even tripping cause I know these hoes don't like me And every fucking day the feds out to indict me But I ain't going out on know motherfucking bullshit case I'd rather slang tapes across the world state to state Look for distributions start up my own company So the major motherfucking labels they could hump me No Limit came up quick just like a bullet But Master P ?? we pull it And all them playa hating suckes still talking shit Better check Billboard the number one hit Still on the hood on the under ?? Cause selling dope is an everyday thang