

Trial By Fury (Remix)

X-Raided

You live by the sword, and you die by it
The streets got a code of silence, and we survive by it
But some of y'all got the game crossed
We got our own set of laws in the land of the lost
Fools call the cops when it gets hec-tic
Snitchin on a homie when he suspected
Telling everything you know
Know your marked for death, anywhere you go
It ain't safe to show your face in the ghetto
Cause it done got around, everybody knowin yous a hoe
Don't be actin down now
Your days are numbered like a calendar
Cause we gonna blow your ass up like the challenger
We hold court like the wild west, Gun-fights
May the best man win, and its to the death
You can't slip cause if you do you thru
Another unsolved mystery for homicide to persue
They find bodies butt naked in the south side
On his back full of holes with his mouth wide
Fuck 9-1-1 don't run when the cops come...
Get a gun and drop one
I'd rather be carried by six, then judged by twelve
White folks trying to put me in a cell
Let the streets be the prosacuter, judge, and jury
Let me have a trial by fury
Cause I done had it up to hear with these man-made laws
America ain't ever gave a fuck about y'all
Let the streets be the prosecuter, judge, and jury
Let me have a trial by fury
Now you can say what you want to say
But every dog has his day, so you gonna pay
Can't run , can't hide ain't nowhere to go
And if it ain't a bald head, then I got a fro
Thats on the four, and niggaz know I gives a fuck what they speakin on
I take flight late at night
Smash on in a broughm, mask on, my dome blast on your home
If you the homie than you know we mash on you when you wrong
Stand strong when it gets rough
Fuck breaking down, Niggaz catch rounds when they switch up
You weak belly bitch, softer than a jelly fish
Half heart, half money now, don't be acting funny style
Tell me this, where you learn the game from?
And which cartoon did you get your name from?
Cause you a character like Robin Gibbons
Like eastwood in the neighborhood, you unforgiven
In ninety-five you were "set trippin blocc style"
But I heard you be kickin it with cops now
What you did in the dark came to day
You can play now, but later on you gotta pay nigga
They find bodies butt naked on the south side
On his back full of holes with his mouth wide
And fuck 9-1-1, don't run when the cops come...
Get a gun and drop one
I'd rather be carried by six, then judged by twelve
White folks trying to put me in a cell
Let the streets be the prosacuter, judge, and jury
Let me have a trial by fury

Cause I done had it up to hear with these man-made laws
America ain't ever gave a fuck about y'all
Let the streets be the prosecuter, judge, and jury
Let me have a trial by fury
Young niggaz hate to see a brother blow up
Immature kindergarden students need to grow up
Make me want to throw up when I hear a homie speakin on the nutts
Mind your own business motherfucka...buster
Now several of you evidently find it difficult to do that
The homie told me fellas is jealous
I gotta true that
Now who's that lookin in my window
Standing there just giving up the info
I let him have it to the temple
To put it simpley, ain't no way i'ma let a playa hater cripple me
You gotta pay when you cross game
Never say the homie's name, if you do we bring the pain
It's the same on all others
Tryin to send me to the devil, bring yourselves
Tryin to put you six feet closer to your maker
To kill all the Paul Bearers and the Undertaker
It's just a demo, and the memo says murder in the first
Them garden blocc niggaz break em' off the worst
Fuck a hearse, speed first and then incriminate them
Yeah, you play now, you pay later nigga
They find bodies butt naked on the south side
On his back full of holes with his mouth wide
And fuck 9-1-1, don't run when the cops come...
Get a gun and drop one
I'd rather be carried by six, then judged by twelve
White folks trying to put me in a cell
So let the streets be the prosacuter, judge, and jury
Let me have a trial by fury
Cause I done had it up to hear with these man-made laws
America ain't ever gave a fuck about y'all
Let the streets be the prosecuter, judge, and jury
Let me have a trial by fury