

Trial By Fury

X-Raided

Next song "Trial by Fury"
Yeah, Aye man what's up with these...
Bitch ass tellin' ass niggaz, man
(Damn, niggaz gettin' all that water, cuz)
Nigga you aint on the fifth amendment, nigga
(Niggaz need to to get it right though,
You and you punk ass bitches)
Need to keep your mouth closed, bitch

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
But y'all call the cops when it gets hectic
Snitchin' on a homie when he suspected
Tellin' everything you know
Now your marked for death, anywhere you go
It ain't safe to show your face in the ghetto
Cause if it got around, everybody knowin' you 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 it's to the death
You can't slip
Cause if you do, your through
Another unsolved mystery for homicide to pursue

They find bodies butt naked on the south side
On his back full of holes with his mouth wide
Fuck 911, don't run when the cops come
Get ya 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 prosecuter, judge and jury
Let me have a trial by fury
Cause I done had it up to here 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

You can say what you want to say
But every dog has his day, so you gonna pay
You can't run, can't hide, ain't nowhere to go
And if it ain't a bald head, then I got a fro'
That's on the four
Niggaz know I gives a fuck what they speakin' on
I take flight late at night
Smash on in a brougham, mask on, my dome blast on your home
If you the homie
Then you know we mash on you when you wrong
Stand strong when it gets rough
Fuck breakin' 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 actin' funny style
Now tell me this, where you learn the game from?

And which cartoon did you get your name from?
Cause you a character like Robin Givens
Like Eastwood in the neighborhood, you "Unforgiven"
In 95' you was on one, puttin it down
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

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I heard you said fuck X-Raided
Cause I rolled on ya hood and you niggaz hate it
You took one of mine, so I took one of yours
What y'all fools come to court testifyin' for?
We was supposed to hold court in them street blocks
But when it got hard, niggaz called the ceeznops
Instead of ridin' you provided all the info
To put it simple nigga you's a heeznoe
When I first hit the yard, you had a mean mug
It was me, T-Tone and D-Dubb
It throwed down, so you tried to say it was cool
But it aint never gonna be cool, fuck y'all fools
Baby I'm set trippin cause you made me
It's the game of life, you don't wanna play me
You aint crazy, but maybe you a little slow
Play now, pay later nigga, now you know
Muthafucka...

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