Ya know what we doin here Young, H-O-V From the number one, R-O-C We got another one Yo its a big payback Revenge at the tip of my lips Grip on my fifth and brought my big K back Y'all don't understand some of the pain I go through Half of y'all can't even dig it Y'all can't even picture A motherfucker killin someone you close to And they say its over someone you close to And they family approach you And you dealin wit his family emotions And these motherfuckers say you ain't focused at the same time But they wasn't on the same vibe I remain calm This aim mine when its game time Though you gone dog you spirit still wit us For the clueless we just clearin the picture And we airin them niggaz Ridin hard 'til we bury them wit'cha Show you how much we care for you niggaz And I'm ready to pop My crew to 'for they let me get popped Rest in piece A-L, O-reddy, and Hop (They'll Neva Take Me Alive!!!) Its Young Neef, Y-G From the number one, R-O-C We got another one (They'll Never Take Me Alive!!!) Its Young Neef, Y-G From the motherfuckin, R-O-C We got another one (They'll Never Take Me Alive!!!) The commission was our vision We ain't it see it come to fruition We ran outta time dam You think I'm just a fan you out your mind That was my motherfuckin man and my partner in crime Big you had the Mafia Me, I got the Property Got a lot of these fake families out here copyin But nigga trust Ima flush all this bullshit All this fake Tupac and fake Suge shit We ain't the first to make hood shit We ain't invent the wheel But we made the Goodrich tire And Now we hood rich And I rhyme like my momma still in the hood shit But my momma got V12 under the hood She got C-L on back of the 6 Now my only job is to help little Chris Get his momma out this bitch Avoid the drama out this bitch

(They'll Never Take Me Alive!!!)
Young, H-O-V
From the number one, R-O-C
We got another one
(They'll Never Take Me Alive!!!)
Young, H-O-V
From the number one, R-O-C
I got another one

Just lost another one We'll always love you dog Just like my mother son My second brother dog They say we go to hell When he die we ain't lose 'em But Hov say "throw it up" so we gotta keep it movin So me I maintain But its stress on my brain But your death ain't in vain Lost my breath when it came and uh They say we joyce in death but the pain Best believe my first boy gon' be blessed wit your name All that's left is your face on the picture On my dresser in the frame And it just ain't the same I'm like Dam man, how my another homey missin Not to mention big homey stressin Where do I go for advice Man its shows every week But its bodies every night Men is cold on these streets and uh Niggaz know the police And the drama its still there And my momma she still there (They'll Never Take Me Alive!!!) Its Young Chris, Y-G From the number one, R-O-C We got another one (They'll Never Take Me Alive!!!)

Its Young Chris, Y-G From the motherfuckin, R-O-C We got another one (They'll Never Take Me Alive!!!)

Now its no turnin back, its like a gat Once you pull it dog you never put it back 'til you clap Tell the hood I'm back this ain't rap This is shit I'm just tellin you on a track, I relax Niggaz fell into the trap You like a puppet wit no strings We hella good at that, in fact Exactly where you at is where we wanted you for months So we could come thru wit Mack and hrrrraatt This is war my niggaz Y'all niggaz is drawn like cartoon figures, its a fact We pour out a little liquor cause we lost a couple niggaz But we bout to get y'all back, we sat We plotted y'all demise Got a box wit yo' size and your name attached How you lu'dat Its only right B-I in L-A

God bless your life
(They'll Never Take Me Alive!!!)
Young, H-O-V
From the number one, R-O-C
I got another one
(They'll Never Take Me Alive!!!)
Young, H-O-V
From the motherfuckin, R-O-C
We got another one