

If It Was Me

I Love You But I've Chosen Darkness

crikey!
So solid
Oxide, G-man, Lisa Maffia, MAC
crikey!

-whispers-
(Why ya want to know, if it was me?
What ya gonna do, if it was me?)

To my niggaz, kinda figures
With their fingers, on the triggers
To my niggaz, kinda figures
With their fingers, on the triggers
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To my niggaz, kinda figures
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-whispers end-
Yo I'm spittin', if it ain't said then it's written
I fight my mother for the flows that I'm givin'
Never give in, bust shows never missin'
Mad shots to ya chest, learn a lesson
Your mother's at home and she's sweatin' and she's frettin'
Talk to the Feds, then she's missin'
Say my name, then she's missin'
Spoil my game, then she's missin'
I'm gonna get 'er when she cookin' in the kitchen
At night, in her bed when she kippin'
My gun's rippin', yo there's no slippin'
My gun's rippin', yo there's no slippin'
When I'm blazin' I'm grazin'
Burnin' bodies like raisins
Puttin' bodies in basements
And your crew is erasin'
Well white domination
So solid amazin'

I know what's comin' though, it's more dough
Flossin' my clique, spittin' my flows

This is my dough, my flow's
Keepin' niggaz on their knees and tha bitches on their toes
You see my dough, uh no no
First lady lettin' all'v her chicks dem know
Dem know, dem know
Keepin' niggaz on their knees and tha bitches on their toes

Why ya want to know, if it was me?
What ya gonna do, if it was me?
Now I'm

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