Somebody's Gotta Die

The Notorious B.I.G.

I'm sittin in the crib dreamin about Leer jets and coupes
The way Salt shoops and how they sell records like Snoop
Oops!
I'm interrupted by a doorbell

3:52, who the hell
Is this?
I gets up quick
Cocks my shit

Stop the dogs from barkin
Then proceed to walkin
Its a face that I seen before
My nigga Sing, we used to sling on the 16th floor

Check it
I look deeper
I see blood up on his sneakers
And his fist gripped a chrome four-fifth

So I dip
Nigga, is you creepin or speakin?
He tells me see-Rock just got hit up at the beacon
I opens up the door, pitiful

Is he in critical?
Retaliation for this one won't be minimal
'Cause I'm a criminal
Way before the rap shit

Bust the gat shit
Puff won't even know what happened,
If it's done smoothly
Silencers on the Uzi

Stash in the hooptie
My alibi, any cutie
With a booty that don't fuck the Pop
Head spinnin, reminiscin bout my man see-Rock

[Chorus: x 2]
Somebody's gotta die
If I got, you gotta go
Somebody's gotta die
Let the gunshots blow
Somebody's gotta die
Nobody gotta know
That I killed yo ass in the mist, kid

Fillin' clips he explained our situation
Precisely, so we know exactly what we facin
Some kid named Jason
In a highway station, raggin

Was braggin
About how much loot and crack he stackin
Rock had a grip so they formed up a clique
Small crew

'Round the time I was locked up with you
True indeed
But yo nigga let me proceed
Don't fill them clips too high

Give them bullets room to breathe
Damn where was I?
Yeah
One night in town

Blew the fuck up
D-Rock went home
And Jay got stuck the fuck up
Hit 'em twice

Got 'em right for the virgin white
Pistol whipped his kids
And taped up his wife
He said "Yo Rock, set em up", no question

Wet em up no less
Than 50 shots in his direction
How many shots?
Man nigga, I seen mad holes

What kinda gats?
Hitch links, Cocks, and Calicoles

But fuck that
I know where all them niggas rest at

In the buildin hustlin
And they don't be strapped
Supreme in black
Is downstairs, the engine runnin

Find a bag to put the guns in
And see'mon if yo comin

[Chorus]

Exchanged hugs and pounds before the throw down
How its gonna go down
Lay these niggas low-down
Slow down

Fuck all that plannin shit
Run up in they cribs
And make em catch the man n shit
See niggas like you do ten year bids

Miss the niggas they want
And murder innocent kids
Not I
One niggas in my eye

That's Jason
Ain't no slugs gonna be wasted
Revenge I'm tastin at the tip of my lips
I can't wait to feel my clip in his hips

Pass the chocolate
Thai
Sing ain't lie
There's Jason with his back to me

Talkin to his faculty
I start to get a funny feelins
Put the mask on in case his niggas start squealin
Scream his name out

Squeeze six knuckles shorter
Nigga turned around holdin his daughter

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