Dead or Alive

Jimmy Johnson

(Chorus 5x)
Bring 'em Dead or Alive
Ah-oh no, bring 'em Dead or Alive(Cam'Ron talking over the chorus)
Uh... killa... Dip Set... Santana... Freaky... Jim Jones
[Verse 1]
Yo, yo, yo, the way I been treated in this industry? Not nicely
Little faggot motherfucker like (*Mike Lightly*)
Tried to get someone to pop my chain
Getting robbed dog, is not my game
My nigga hopped out the van real quick, cocked that thang
Reversed the situation, popped his chain
Be happy we ain't pop his brain
Aiyoo, I treat that show money, Mike...
Like it's coke money, aight?
So you better have it, consequence could be a casket
I'm beyond forensic, a menace wit' a matic
I'ma leave 'em in the streets just splattered
Beat and battered, fuck cops, police don't matter
Bring 'em to me(Chorus 5x)
Bring 'em Dead or Alive
Ah-oh no, bring 'em Dead or Alive
(Jim Jones talking over chorus)
Triple noooooo, Come on, Bs Up, Dip Set, uh[Verse 2]
Yo, aiyyo I pop to my name
With not a dollar, not a cent, not a rock to my name
Yo I'ma keep it funky dog to hop my chain
For a block and cocaine, now it's back to my block and cocaine
You know, re-in up, and fillin' up them pots with cocaine
Then you chop it up, and bottle up and top the cocaine
Got watch for the cops and dey chains
For them diplomatic affairs, automatic'll flare
I whips everything from automatics to gears
Yeah, you know sticks I clutch 'em
Shots with 6 I bust em, cop kicks to scuff 'em
Fuck 'em, hop out the 6 and crush 'em
Hop in the 6 and dust 'em, BOOM(Chorus 5x)
Bring 'em Dead or Alive
Ah-oh no, bring c
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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