

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, ayyo 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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