Somebody's Gotta Die

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
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'
It's 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 upon his sneakers
And his fist gripped a chrome four-fifth, so I dip
Nigga, is you creepin' or speakin'?
He tells me, C-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 done fuck they Pop
Head spinnin', reminiscin' 'bout my man, C-Rock
Somebody's got to die, if I got, you got to go
Somebody's got to die, let the gunshots blow
Somebody's got to die, nobody got to know
That I killed your ass in the mist, kid
Somebody's got to die, if I got, you got to go
Somebody's got to die, let the gunshots blow
Somebody's got to die, nobody got to know
That I killed your 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 Honda station
Wagon was braggin' about how much loot and crack he stackin'
Rock had a grip, so they formed up a clique
The 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 Calicoes
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 c'mon if yo comin'
Somebody's got to die, if I got, you got to go
Somebody's got to die, let the gunshots blow
Somebody's got to die, nobody got to know
That I killed your ass in the mist, kid
Somebody's got to die, if I got, you got to go
Somebody's got to die, let the gunshots blow
Somebody's got to die, nobody got to know
That I killed your ass in the mist, kid
Exchanged hugs and pounds before the throw down
How it's 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 and shit
See, niggas like you do ten year bids
Miss the niggas they want and murder innocent kids
Not I, one nigga's 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
Take that
Take that
Take that

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/