Dead or Alive

BrownBear

Wanted dead or alive
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I don't know which way to go
Fuck it might as well go both
Because these niggas want my soul
Get these mother fuckers trying to reload
Got my index on the trigger
Screaming why am I selling figure
Introduce you to your digger
Put your ass beside the vicar
See I know where you hang
Got some killers in your gang
Plus I'mma' be the blame
For leaving the mother fucker unrestrained
Piper shots to the brain bitch, say my name
And watch me get the five shots shooting nine lots
Give me props, I shoot a cop
Then I watch his body drop
That'll make this crooked cop, stop it if I go
To the pen watch my back and we can all break out
I'm screaming free me
Until we get parole I'm shaking D P
Believe me I'm a kill them on TV with the glock on the repeat
Putting all their souls deep you're watered down and so weak
Dead or alive so recognize that I got shots for my guys
Between your eyes mother fucker rapalot for life
Wanted dead or alive
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Don't want to hang out
Want to grab this tek and blow my brains out
Niggas you got some problems
I got my own don't call my name out
If the bullets rang out
For the fuck why they wanna see me
Who the fuck gon' wanna be me

Lay down and know that you're free
Kill the bullshit 'cos a nigga gon' bullshit
Smoke weed and worry
Separate keys get dirty
I'm calling on God he's worth it, he's worth it
My daddy left me lonely
My friend that I call my homey
Who got me just like only
Keeping the dark trying to ride this pony
My nigga Mo is locked up
My brother Twans locked up
Plant the grass on es and rock up
Three of my brothers and no mo
No jealous slays no fo fo
In the hand where you put that po po
Free all my niggas, for the rules this world free 'em
All that figures, now take this nigga
Face down mother fucker and gon' meet your digger
Get up stand up don't give up get paid and live up
Mother fucker made up break all this bullshit
I'm gunning with the full clip and still most wanted
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See I'm stressed with pain
My grandmama told me that I was blessed with the game
I took it and I sold my whole life to the game
So everything I thought my whole heart I gave
From G-packs to weed packs
It's giving me problems, I really don't need that
See I got a boy on my back
That I been running since them ways back
Tell Uncle Sam
That I'm gon' stay black
And fuck those silly cars stirring my shit
Up under this six flat
And tell them hoes who be diamond kissers
Trying to take control of a niggas riches
They can get they nose out a niggas business for it
Down here trying to set the wife off the fix and
I don't play that praying for my downfall I'm making
Dome shots on all y'all
Got us retaliating like outlaws
Dead or alive mother fucker I'm black bro

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