

# Death Before Dishonor

## 2 Pistols

2 Pistols, Mr. Mercy to you bitch

Justice League, BMU, oh yeah

You already know what this is nigga

It's too easy, death before dishonor mothafucka

All this shit you niggas talking, haha, we survive for moneyThis to every nigga in the game, put your hands on heart

Make a pledge to the streets that you will never ever talk nigga

Death before dishonor nigga, death before dishonor nigga

Death before dishonor nigga, death before dishonor niggaThe jury and the judge, I put that on my life

That I will never take a stand even if I'm facing life

Death before dishonor nigga, death before dishonor nigga

Death before dishonor nigga, death before dishonor niggaYou see these pussy ass niggas got the game twisted

Tryna testify the stain, they call that dry snitching

Listen, real niggas stay solid but these Kanye West ass

Niggas speaking through the wireFire that boy hot, don't sell him nothing

He want an ounce now half a bird

Later them people coming with them indictment papers

When I was a jiddy blood they call 'em 'Now or laters'All money ain't good better know that

When I was 7, alphabet boys snatched back

Brah, is what I got for you cheese eaters

Rat niggas that be fuckin' with them fed peopleThat nigga got loose fouls at the mall

Solid niggas know the niggas that I'm talkin' 'bout

Yeah, it's blood money in this mothafucka

No need to ask me questions 'cause I ain't sayin' nuttin'This to every nigga in the game, put your hands on Heart

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Death before dishonor nigga, death before dishonor niggaWelcome to the Album, ha, ha, yeah

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