Ill Connect

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

(Blaze)
I'ma G like the 7th letter in the alphabet
My shirt's wet all over a new connect
Caught a bullet in my neck and it's spillin' just like a sive
Clentch the Glock wonderin' how long I'm gonna live
But before I get ahead the story let's start with,
The kid we was introduced through a kinda friend
My man Ill Money would never lead me astray
Real playa he don't fuck with nothing but big weight
Put me up on game said the players in town
Hold nothing but Afghan twelve hundred a pound
At that price I could flip three or maybe four
In less than a week through the front and out the back door
He says here the numbers and I called the new cat
Told 'im Money said them L-B-S's lookin' fat
I'm lookin' to cop two or thirdies on front
Had intents on flippin' two and baggin' the third up
And layin' the dude down, and skirtin' with all them pounds
And dumpin' a couple rounds, and skippin' a couple towns over
When my boy Loc celled to the smoked out
Over an inner sight front of the crack house
I said I was plannin' the attack,
I need a gun man and a Ryda watch my muthafuckin' back
Cause if shit went wack niggas smoke up on me
What's up R.O.C. it's ya muthafuckin' homie

(R.O.C.)
Seen the thing was I had to roll dude
Grab the first burner I'm bout to fall through
And bodies gon' go I swear right with me
Blaze and R.O.C. make situations sticky
Let out whoever's there babies are included
We leavin' nothin' breathin' no discussions movin'
I won't be seen, cause all they see is the flash from my barrel
Fuck a penitentary, hand steady 160 cock me
Cops can't stop me, fuck I'm gettin' sloppy
Break a lil' bit cross the front of the bitch
Start gunnin' when I pass 'em no aces ditched
While the silencer's silencin' all that's involved

We about to get paid ain't no time to stall
Attempts to catch the bead of sweat drippin' down my face
Burns my eye a lil' bit but my aim is straight

(hook)
(R.O.C.) I can see it goin' down
ILL CONNECT
(Blaze) It's bout to happen right now
ILL CONNECT
(R.O.C.) Rob that boy for them pounds
ILL CONNECT
(Blaze) I like the way that sounds
ILL CONNECT
(R.O.C.) It might come back around
ILL CONNECT
(Blaze) I want the muthafuckin' crown
ILL CONNECT
(R.O.C.) Them bodies bound to be found
ILL CONNECT
(Blaze) I put 'em deep in the ground
ILL CONNECT

(Blaze)
Shit went bad, there was undercover cops
I shot, he shot, and R.O.C. popped
One of his boys in the neck and it got worse
Overhead was the sirens and the sounds of the ghetto bird
I had a coupla holes in my chest like a golf course
And I'm reloadin' the rounds for the I-4 task force
And canine units that tried to subdue us
Plenty of ammunition I'm lookin' to get ruthless
Takin' shelter behind the side door
Amidst the gun battle I drop a few more
So many shells hit the ground and mixed with my blood
It's dust clouds and gun powder and heat above
Time ticks and the second hand fly pass
The streets is riddled with blood and gun blasts
And the final shot that fatally struck me
An who the fuck are they kidding ain't no killin' Ya Dead Homie

(Hook)
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Lyrics submitted by Randi.

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