Kill or Be Killed

Esham

in 1989 i was pushin dimes out the crack houses
tryin to get my meal on
i got my cell on
i murdered 2 baseheads coz they tried to tell on
the nigga with the 3-5-7 chrome, my mind was gone
when i did dirt, i was alone
got on
got strong
i put my homie down, and we was down
in the summer time we made it snow all over town
200 Gs made money still coming in
gotta connect with the ill columbian
no matter who u trust u simply cannot win
it's always fun in the beginning but it's pain in the end
my homie got shot, murdered on 7-mile
in broad daylight
at night
i squeeze the AK tight
and fear i might be next in line
for the body chalk outline
its going down...chorus: (x4)
Kill or be killed nigga
u ain't real nigga
feel my steel niggait seems niggaz wanna test me
police out to arrest me
coz the streets scream child molest me
i emptied out the full clip
now police got they hands full of bullshit
its drug related
so they hate it
i figure it was that nigga who i last sold the perokee
murdered my homie in his cherokee
i saw that nigga at the mcdonalds drive through, so i pulled up to his bumper
and unloaded my dumper
he had, his bitch and his baby in the car
but i didn't give a fuck, automatically unloaded, all of they asses got struck
187 on my pistol bullets to throw away
cop cars pull into the mcdonalds as i try to get away
they say we got the car surrounded, come out with your hands up

at this point i didn't give a fuck!
it's going down...chorus (x4)murder weapon in my hands, dead bodies i blast
havin the whole city's souls just a thing of the past
they wanna negotiate my surrender, no way i ain't goin out like that
i looked at him, and cocked the gat
flashbacks of bloody bodies and cemeteries
so i did what was nessacary
and what was nessacary was...
(cops yelling out stuff and Esham running)

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