Dead Man Walking

Cormega

He got the slip on you, this how it went downI had to undergo therapy, not surgery
The nigga wetted me but he didn't murder me
Dun, I survived, he thought that I died
Now it's time to throw the nine clip in, mission revengeOnce was friends, now that shit's dead
That stupid muthafucka shoulda shot me in the head
So I went to Brooklyn and met with Dread
And told Dread, I want the pussy clot shot deadThat nigga started a war fuckin' with me yo
Hit me with a four-four and jetted with a kilo
He hit me in the chest, lucky I was wearing a vest
But the impact hurt my fuckin' fleshRight after he left, I noticed I was bleeding by my neck
And I was type-scared to death, yo I blacked out
I woke up, my man had the mac out
Said, "We gonna get the nigga back no doubt"He told me to rest
I seen my nigga standing at the door with a tec
In case a muthafucker flex
I told him how the muthafuckin' kid co-flippedAnd he said parlay son, pay back's a bitch
Yo, shit is real, I feel better
Word out on the street is that a four-four can't stop Mega
The nigga musta heard I didn't die, son he hidin'I snatched up his man inside a van and started drivin'
His man started dymin'
Said the nigga drivin' in 735 and he knows where to find him
Cool, tell my man to drop the kid offSoon as we hit the next darn block, blew his fuckin' wig off
Now that's one down, one nigga to go
Just drive slow so we don't have to worry 'bout five-o
Now it's time to get evenWe in, five jeeps deep with the mad heat and steamin'
Oh shit, I see him, he gettin' out the seven
My man started wetting at the nigga with a mac-11
I specialize in war, now it's time to blow himI'ma show him how to use a fuckin' four-four
I said, "Yo son, ya games over"
I let off and yo, my shit was spittin' fire like a flamethrower
He started wettin' back, I caught him in his fuckin' backWhen he flung, I think his lungs collapsed
He just a dead man walking
Aiyyo, fuck that shit, I'm through talking

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