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