

# Somebody's Gonna Die Tonight

## The Murderers

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Some gangsta shit, hit me  
Queens, nigga, Murder Inc. shit  
Black ground, nigga, Dave Bing shit  
Somebody's gonna die tonight  
Somebody's gonna die tonight  
Somebody's mamma gonna cry tonight  
'Coz it's murda, murda  
Somebody's gonna bleed tonight  
My nigga's gonna to eat tonight  
Somebody's goin' six feet tonight  
'Coz it's murda, murda  
You better bring the best 16 when you fuckin' with Bing  
You could try to be smooth in between an' you can scream  
Sound whack, the crowd won't bounce to that  
An' you be fuckin' up the groove  
Changin' the mood an' that's rude  
An' my thugs wanna eat your food  
Drink your milk shake, after that shit in your face  
An' let your bitch know you been a bomb from the git go  
The day you blow, Shaq make all his free throws  
Let him throw a finger fuckin', fast or slow  
Even put it in your ass if you tell me so  
Toe to toe, you can lose your deal an' your hoe  
Now it's hard to pay your carton note an' buy you some smoke  
Seen your man is convensary now, he startin' to  
worry  
Sayin', Stay away from Bing an' 118  
They really put it down, really put niggas in the ground  
An' your really lucky if you only got a beat down  
Somebody's gonna die tonight  
Somebody's gonna die tonight  
Somebody's mamma gonna cry tonight  
'Coz it's murda, murda  
Somebody's gonna bleed tonight  
My nigga's gonna to eat tonight  
Somebody's goin' six feet tonight  
'Coz it's murda, murda, motherfuckers  
Confidential, you need a whole lot of it  
To bang with Bing in two bars, I can spoil your dream  
Get mean? That could lead to things  
Like me comin' for you in the middle of the night  
With all black on, all you can see is the red light

The fo'-fo' special got you hopin', God bless you  
Girl, won't forget you, once the bullets start the catch you  
Games over, soldier, don't you see the fuckin' Range Rover? With Bing in it, 10 more, 12th an' 118 in it  
I started rappin' 'coz there's cream in it  
But I still keep the crack, how for 5 or 6 fiends in it  
A ring with the bling, bling in it An' my brand new truck, bitches like the way I lean in it  
Stop at the Stome, leave the keys in it  
Dare you to leave in it, Bing'll make you believe in it  
You've got a gut, put some trees in it Somebody's gonna die tonight  
Somebody's gonna die tonight  
Somebody's mamma gonna cry tonight  
'Coz it's murda, murda Somebody's gonna bleed tonight  
My nigga's gonna to eat tonight  
Somebody's goin' six feet tonight  
'Coz it's murda, murda, motherfuckers Need a hard rock between your legs, I see the red spot  
Thug knot, all it takes is one shot to make your head rock  
Take you out your spot  
While in the Woodstock, ask about Bing on the block Fuck the cop, sell crack in blue top  
Niggaz the size of dimes, y'all cowards must be outta ya mind  
Thinkin' that Dave Bing won't shine  
This ain't the first time I cut head wrong with [Incomprehensible] Find the lactose slope, mix it in with the coke  
Bought a quarter pound of weed an' let the whole block choke  
Stuck the nine out, stuck it down the bitch nigga throat  
When it was least expected, made him get buck naked on the floor Somebody's gonna die tonight  
Somebody's gonna die tonight  
Somebody's mamma gonna cry tonight  
'Coz it's murda, murda Somebody's gonna bleed tonight  
My nigga's gonna to eat tonight  
Somebody's goin' six feet tonight  
'Coz it's murda, murda Somebody's gonna die tonight  
Somebody's gonna die tonight  
Somebody's mamma gonna cry tonight  
'Coz it's murda, murda Somebody's gonna bleed tonight  
My nigga's gonna to eat tonight  
Somebody's goin' six feet tonight  
'Coz it's murda, murda, motherfucker Take it to the states, nigga  
BJ, IG, Joe Mo', [Incomprehensible]  
Murder Inc. shit, 118 shit  
Queens shit, nigga, 52 state  
See, see, see, see motherfucker, see Gotti, nigga

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