

Another Nigger In The Morgue

Geto Boys

Let me get down when I rock the, the, the
Doug, this shit ain't got no fuckin' drums in it man
Damn, why don't you put some fuckin' drums in the music
So I can Get down to business
I think it's time I paid a little visit
To my run down neighbourhood cemetery
To tally up the people I buried
57, 58, 59
All layin' down in the same line
You sorry motherfuckers couldn't handle me
I done fucked up 17 families
So bring it on if you wanna play
Huh, make my motherfuckin' day
'Cause you'll be one dead motherfucker black
I'mma put your ass on your back
I won't play no games wit cha boy
You'll just be one more nigger in the morgue Yeah I like that man
That shit sounds kinda funky don't it
Hahahaha, yo let me finish this freestyle tho man
Hold 'em down, hold 'em up, yo It's gonna be a killin' after midnight
Niggas gettin' reday for the big fight
You could say this one's a murder by a lunatic
Hear me livin' on your ass bitch
Loadin' up my weapons gettin' ready for
Another street sweepin' neighbourhood drug war
Police come around in a meat wagon
Knowin' that tonight they'll be draggin'
Off motherfuckers to a six foot ditch
I hope ya insurance paid up bitch
'Cause tonight is the night motherfucker
Be a good killer or a damn good ducker
'Cause if you ain't, your ass is fallin' to the paint
Bloodshed seems to make a nigga faint
Not me with a .9 in my hand
I could fall asleep lyin' next to a dead man
Ya gotta understand me
It's been a vet sorry motherfucka layin' out dead see
So if you wanna come, come hard
Or you'll be another nigga in the morgue Yeah, you motherfuckas

You motherfuckas goin' for bad and shit
You know what I'm sayin'
But you'll be another nigger in the morgue motherfucker
Oh yo, check this out But gettin' back to the bloodbath
You motherfuckas out there go for bad
That shit played out my brother
I ride by and gun done motherfuckers
Whether friend or foe bro
Steppin' on my toes, your ass has gotta go
Now here's how the shit took place (How'd it go?)
A nigga waved a tre eight in my face (Damn)
Screamin' that shit about the Squab Mob
Talkin' big shit about the South Park
Said he's gonna stomp me
Pissed off 'cause I'm down with the 5th Ward posse (Um-Hmm)
Shit didn't make me none
I ain't scared of no goddamn gun (My nigga)
Once I saw a break I stuck 'em (What about his 3 guards?)
Fuck 'em!
I put it on his ass 'cause he's bigger
Then worry about the other 3 niggas
All of them ran to get backup
That's 12 more niggas I'mma stack up
Open up the trunk in a rage
And loaded up my goddamn 12 gauge
If the pump don't keep ya
I'll be forced to hit ya wit the street sweeper
Ya ass shouldn't have started no static G
12 gun shots automatically
I ain't goin' out like no sucka
I'm goin' out like a crazy motherfucka
Everybody knows that I ain't got it all
And I don't give a fuck about none a y'all
Hit 3 or 4 in the head
That's 3 or 4 niggers left for dead
It doesn't pay to check cards
'Cause I'm sendin' motherfuckas to the morgue

Songwriters

BRAD JORDAN, DOUG KING Published by

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