Somebody Please

Mister D

yeah,we gon send this out to all them busteers out there

the muthafucking fools that be straight be smoking fools

for no apparent reason know what i mean,yeah
time to get down

[verse 1]

my cells ringing off the hook about ten o'lock

to break me off the news my lil homie got shot

they said he got caught slipping in the hood

he caught 3 to the chest and he wasn't doing good

he lasted 8 hours till he passed on

in the waiting room at genarals just before dawn

i'm felling for his baby, his sister and his mom

a son, a daddy, a soldier now gone

the homies get together and were feeling all this pain

the screaming, the crying making us go insane

an eye for an eye is all thats on my mind

and mercy is the last thing in my heart that i can find

just thinking about god and the power and the will

but forgive me lord see now i must kill

and when i catch 'em slippin the trigger i would squeeze

bring him to his knees an yell.

[chorus]

somebody please give me just a minute

to explain my misery

[verse 2]

im 17 now i'm trying to leave the game

and banging ain't the same since the taste of fame

i know that i should leave it in the hands of god

but making them fools pay is my only job

they took my homies life for all the wrong reasons

now reasons for me is enemigas hunting season

revenge is the only way to easethe pain

and the pain that i ease is with the bala to your brain

i lost my lil homie to the calles

and all they coming is puro desmadre

remembering the dayz when it was all good

two lil mocosos terrorizing the hood

flossing our bikes to cruisin our rides

but now your gone homie and your killer can't hide

they can run but there souls i own

and the eternal flames all them bitches will roam

[chorus]

somebody please give me just a minute

to explain my misery

[verse 3]

two weeks passed now my homie long gone

we had the last meeting now the mission is on

i get a four door g ride with balls

beanies, brownies and cutes for the cause

angels riding shotgun with a maysberg of course

anf chavo with an AK and no remorse

roll up to the hood with the worst intention

none of them fools is even paying attention

kill the lights down the block just for tradition

weget out the car in a shotgun position

flash lights blasting fools dropping and running

hoes is screaming me and my gun straight gunning

extra clips in the pockets hoes in my path

i'm killing everybody there gonna feelmy wrath

fools shulda never fuck with real G's

somebody please somebody please

[chorus]

somebody please give me just a minute

to explain my misery

Lyrics submitted by ricky.

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