

# G-Unit, If Dead Men Could Talk

50 talking]

Hold up. Son, them niggas know who hit that nigga son. (I know I know...)  
How the fuck we gon know who hit em, and they don't know who hit him.  
The hood talkin man everybody know. (I know its fucked up)

Now I lay thee down to sleep, niggas tryin' to lay me down wit heat, if I should die do' before i awak

[Verse 1:]

If dead men could talk in your sleep  
And your homie told u who got him  
Would you have the heart to shoot the nigga that shot him  
Or would you start switchin up  
You think about the penitentiary, your bitchin up?  
What if he said money aint everything  
The hood raised us wrong  
What it takes to get your money long  
But look I'm gone  
Would that touch your heart have you feelin funny inside  
Would that be enough to make your punk ass ride  
What if he gave you a lil list of things to do  
Said he wouldn't have to die  
He could live through you  
Would you load your gats and get ready ro ride  
Or would you lock the door at your crib and hide  
It's a cold world even when it's hot outside  
Wether sunshine or rain, you still feel pain  
Hit him cause he was your strength  
Now you in a daze  
Your homie turnin over in his grave  
Cause you PUSSY!

[Hook:]

Ya know who killed him! Ya know who killed him!  
Ya know who killed him! (Ride!)  
Ya know who killed him! Ya know who killed him!  
Ya know who killed him! (Ride!)

[Verse 2:]

Them boys smoked your homie  
You aint gon do nothin back  
Not even if he told you, you next to get clapped  
It don't take much for them shells to make the best of you  
Your peoples probably gon cremate and burn the rest of you  
You done did too much dirt to try and make it to heaven  
Nigga is you down for this 1-8-7  
When you reach the pearly gates  
How you gon explain  
You gonna try and tell God you've been framed  
Ya'll did everything together, he was your dog  
Now you uptown coppin and he in the morgue  
Them niggas he gave pacs to they kept the cake  
His sister and baby momma talkin to Jake  
Da' niggas that rocked Him they came to the wake  
But they come inside they sat out in the ride  
At the funeral homicide all in the buisness  
Walkin round askin niggas to tell em who did it  
Niggas is throwin' blows now you ready to rumble?  
Thirsty niggas an animal, the hood is a jungle  
Broke nigga will body someone over a bundle  
Man a three year old kid in my hood know what a gun do

[Hook: to fade]