

Geto Boys, Dyin Wit'cha Boots On

Trouble seems to catch a motherf**ker with his cards down
Gotta keep my drawers up, shit's gettin hard now
These motherf**kin cops be plantin shit on these niggas
Simply cause these niggas got bank accounts that's bigga
I just can't get no peace from u motherf**kin rollers
Everytime I pull my Benz or what watch cha pull me over
I'm sick of motherf**kers who be checkin Whitey's coke tip
Blacker than a motherf**ker, sweat me bout' dope sip
Niggas just take your cut and get yo ass out my face
The only thing you probably get from me is a cock sucking pistol case
Unless you plan on plantin a lil' somethin in my shit
Just because you ain't got shit, bitch
Give em a badge and a trigger and that makes em figure
That they can f**k with a million dolla nigga
They got u mixed up, fixed up in the Segas, shookin Indo
Getting f**ked up in the gank hole
The only way you'll whip that motherf**ker is when you whip that
Motherf**ker
And we choke the motherf**ker (Me Stuck the motherf**ker!)
So when you hear my song and wanna get it on
You better come prepared motherf**ker. You dyin wit cha boots on.
Chorus: Put your foot in my shit and let me try on your hood
Dyin wit cha boots on
Put your foot in my shit and let me try on your hood
Yeah
Interlude(prison guard talkin' to inmate):
Guard: Do you know how many years you're facin inside?
25 to life and that's on the real
So you better snitch on your partner
Inmate: F**k that! It was Brad Dawg, I ain't goin out by myself.
Niggas getting caught, doin time so they snitchin
They pickin niggas up on funky suspicion
We'll be goin down for some questionin we think
And end up gettin hit wit the f**kin kitchen sink
Rackteer and laundering, Kingpin wondering
If they got some unsolved murders then give them some of them
Just because we're niggas and they figure we're no smarter
We sell each other albums, start frattin our partners
They start bringin up shit that happened back in 85
And then comes the largest jury bitch they f**kin time
You might as well play the state
Cos you come to day for day
And sellin out your homeboys ain't the shit
Cos ya'll gon have to die in this bitch, bitch
Lobbin wit cha white suit on
And dyin wit cha motherf**kin boots on
Put ya foot in my shit and let me try on ya hood