

# Murder Inc, Somebody's Gonna Die Tonight

Some gangsta's shit,  
Murder Inc shit  
Background nigga,  
Dave Bing shit  
Lil' Mo

Somebody goin ride tonight,  
Somebody goin die tonight,  
Somebody's woman goin cry tonight  
Cause its Murda, Murda  
Somebodys going bleed tonight  
One nigga's goin to eat tonight  
Somebody's goin six feet tonight  
Cause its Murda, Murda

Rather bring the best 16 when you fucking with Bing,  
You could try smooth in between and you can scream  
Sound while the crowd won't bounce to that  
And you be fucking up the room,  
Changing up mood  
And that's rude  
And my thugs want to eat your food  
Drinking milk shake and after that shit in your face  
And let your bitch know there been a car bomb from the git  
Blow the day you blow Shaq make all his free throws  
Let him throw a finger fucking fast or slow  
Even put it in your ass if you tell me so  
Toe to toe, you can lose your deal and your hoe  
Now it's hard to pay your carton note and buy you some smoke  
Seen your man is \*convensary\* now, he starting to worry  
He said stay away from Bing and 118  
They really put it down, really put niggas in the ground  
And your really love me if you only got a beat down

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Confidential, you need a whole lot of it  
To bang with Bing in two bars, I can spoil your dream  
GEt mean, I could lead to things  
Like me coming 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 hoping God Bless You  
Girl, won't forget you, once the bullets start the get you,  
Games over soldier, don't you see the fucking Range Rover  
With Bing in it, 10 more, 12th and 118 in it  
I started rappin cause 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  
And my brand new truck, bitches like the way I lean in it  
Stop at the Stome, leave the keys in it  
Gave you to leave with it, Bing will make you believe in it  
You got a gut, put some trees in it

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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, ya'll cowards must be outta ya mind  
Thinking that Dave Bing won't shine  
This ain't the first time I cut head wrong with 19  
Find the lactose slope, mix it in with the coke  
Buy a quarter pound weed and let the clock choke  
Stuck the nine out, Stuck it down the bitch nigga throat  
When it was least expected made him get buck-nagged

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