Royce Da 59, Bombist

(Chorus)
Bomb First niggaz
You gotta hurt niggaz
Put in work niggaz
God made dirt niggaz
It don't hurt niggaz
Drama ain't certain niggaz
But death is
So you gotta go and get 'em!

Bomb first niggaz
You gotta hurt niggaz
Put in work niggaz
God made dirt niggaz
It don't hurt niggaz
Drama ain't certain niggaz
But Death is
So somebody gon' get it!

(Verse 1)
Nigga get in ya car, if he pissin you off
Get him, I don't wanna picture you pausin, 'cause
With you from the peddle to the floor
From the shevel to the fo' fo' the devil only showed up for show
Turn this up, turn off your phone
And leave the "you wanna talk peace?" at home
Faces corps or face them in court
If you don't face 'em you gon' pay yo safety is short
I got a babe to work for the courts

I'ma license plate number away from the front of your porch
Or the side of your house, the product of a ride or die is about
I'm the opposite of a lot of mouth It's strange y'all repent
After saying my name I'm about to change it like Prince call me
The skit master, beef with the street trash
The leafs the trees, grass at ya pad, he's mastered
Squeeze faster, instead of beatin his ass
Just let 'em have it and you can be the last one standing

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