Nigga Got Popped

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It was New Year's Eve, I was kickin' it wit' Gangsta Fred, outta North Memphis on another ca-per Fresh like the D mayne look like we on ki's Eyes like a Chinese, we was on some trees P's and our Q's, what us true's, niggaz be's, on Really from the hood, know a jackin' can happ-on Ain't, no surprise when them pistols get to poppin' off Ain't, no surprise when them choppers get to choppin' off Could be alive once the drama get to hoppin' off Whip ya up like cream then mayne, blow ya toppin' off Made a left on Chelsea Ave, pulled in to Russell sto' See my nigga Boo, conin', on his hustle flow

My nigga said, he got robbed, young skulls, pulled a jack Say he had twelve rocks, and was low, on his cash Had a case pendin', so that took, all his stash Said he might, have to gon', pull, out the gun and mask Ask "where I get the tools?" Eyes lookin' kinda shady Smelled liquor on his breath, then he upped, a .380 Tone to my dome, life flashin', 'cross my eyeballs Grabbed for the gun, right before he let a round off Fred dropped the beer, of the nine comin' out the sto' Shot him in the side, then the fool let the pistol go Leakin' like a faucet he done ran off in the night For this nigga's death, I was fiendin' like a hype

It's been seven days, we done caught up wit' the punk In the very same spot, duct taped him in the trunk In a Grand Marquis, stolen, rental car Headed 55-South, then we exit on lamar Sucker tried to resist, wanna squash it, nigga please Me and Fred threw him in the trunk, bullets in his knees I could squeeze, mercy in, but it's, principalities Maybe mama can forgive but you did this to me Mayne these streets, it can get, real wicked in the south Nigga tried to take me out, now my .40's in his mouth Blew the back, out his skull, where it dropped, where he lay South memphis police found his body very next day