

# 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