

Death Before Dishonor

2 Pistols

Let Your Pistols Play it out (repeated)(Chorus:)
To every real nigga in the game put your hand on heart make a pledge to the streets you will
never ever talk
Death Before Dishonor nigga (x4)
Jury and the judge I put that on my life I'll never take a stand even if I'm facing life
Death Before Dishonor nigga (x4)(Verse:)
See these pussy ass niggas got the game twisted
Try to justify this thing they call dry snitching
Listen real niggas stay solid but these kanye west ass nigga trying speakin through the wire
Fire that boy hot don't sell him nothing
He want an ounce now half a bird later
Them people coming
With them indictment papers
When I was a titty boy than call them hour later
Our money ain't good better know that
When I was 7 alphabet boys snatched back
Phat!
It's what I got for you cheese eaters
Rat niggas that be fuckin with them fed people
Dat nigga got loose vowels at the mouth
Solid niggas know the niggas that I'm talking bout
Ya it's blood money in this mother fucker
No need to ask questions cause I ain't sayin nothing(Chorus)
Welcome to the Album haha

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>