

# 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>