

G-Code

Geto Boys

Geto Boys - G-Code

**

To get the pattern down (on a acoustic guitar) it s a one and two and three and four

and -pattern for each bar.

You need to throw in some palm muting or chops to get the rhythm down

**

Verse

C#m

E

I don t want to run no more, but I know that if I stop

B

A

I ll be another nigga headed to heaven, hangin with Pac

C#m

E

These motherfuckers look at me like I m a slinger

B

A

Makin threats to my family, dawg I m in danger

C#m

E

Who do you call when these agents want you dead

B

A

And they hit these penitentiaries and niggas make a pledge

So I dip and duck the feds, all my homies duck out on indictments

Caught up on the phone, talkin prices (hello)

25-to-life s the mandatory minimal

My whole community gets treated like they criminals

Why are them bitches gettin motherfuckers hung

Got a C.I. on the inside and everybody s sung

Mothers and fathers separated from they sons

Households are broken; you couldn t hold your tongue

If it s yours, say it s yours, take the case, do your time

When you was out here gettin money from it everything was fine

Now you cryin in your jail cell, stressin on the case

And the D.A. is at a nigga every single day

I can see it in your face, in the middle of your soul

You in question of your manhood homey - keep it cold

Chorus 2x

C#m

E

We don t talk to police, we don t make a peace bond

B

A

We don t trust in the judicial system, we shoot guns

C#m

E

We rely on the streets we do battle in the hood

B

A

I was born with the G-Code embedded in my blood

Verse:

See I be on some street shit, don t talk to police
I won t accept a visit from agents who wanna see
if I got shit to say about a nigga case
I m a motherfuckin nigga through and through, I ain t gay
Know a nigga caught a case and he took his 25
Sat it out on appeal, and gave him back that time
A soldier in his mind and his actions said the same
Told a cracker tell your mpmmy suck his dick and see Rick James
Ain t no motherfuckin game, we been livin this for real
When the government is workin , real niggas never squeal
Right here the truth revealed, Troy you a mouse
Yeah you rappin but the homey Lil Pots can t get out
Niggaz they hit the pen, they get charged, then get out
On a rule, 35, he a bought it for the cops
You can hear it in his voice, I done listened to the tapes
Now you showin up in court, testifyin for the state

Chorus

Verse:

I m knowin all the scams, all the tricks to the trade
Know a nigga tryin to get clean, and you get in the way
Know a nigga tryin to get green, and you stick out the bait
Cause a nigga like a dopefiend, can t rehabilitate
Still stickin to the G Code, we playin by the rules
We don t fuck around with new niggas, cause new niggas is fools
We don t photograph the homies, that ll catch a nigga up
On a picture you a victim, bottom line nigga fucked
Only connect the real, stayin down with the true
I got love for you Ant, you a real nigga Spook
My nigga Spoonie Gee, I can only name a few
But there s a thousand motherfuckers in the pen bulletproof
So this one here for you, I m a rep it til I die
Fuck a 5-K-1, check his P-S-I
Send his ass to the top if he say he sit at home
He a motherfuckin snitch, snitchin niggas need this song

Chorus