

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 mpmmmy 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