

Ready 2 Die

Berner

I don't wanna go
But I know I can't stay
Cus the Grim Reaper keeps hanging round here every day
That's why I'm gonna go
Get the fuck out of my way
Ride til I die
Man told me that, I said ride til I die

All the pills and the liquor got my liver shot
Will I make it? I don't care if I live or not
30 grand a week, I'm a try to get on top
Haters wanna see me go like BIG and Pac
I'm doin dirt with a sucker down get your car
Don't even plug round me, that get you knocked
Red flag when I fly, fuck fed time
When the money touchdown I'm a say I'm not
Big guwop in the flat red box
And that old school Chevy slappin old school Pac
It's hard, there's no loving no more, I seen a lot
And them letters that you sent, real talkin mean a lot
When you're down they don't ever come around
When I'm out I'm a slap a few people in the mouth
All I wanna do is live, I'm a try
But these pills got me ready to die
I'm ready to die

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My nigga got grazed and he really got shot
I don't feel sorry for him, he ain't really got the guys
Take 9 of em like Grady or my nigga might lose em
We keep on getting shot, he's just fightin right through em
When that God gave life right back to em
We gotta pass in these streets, we just ride right through em
I don't love nothing homie, after that what's left?
I give a fuck about a broad, I'm a man myself
Like it's my last day livin, that's how I carry myself
I got that 4-4 magnum, I'm Dirty Harry himself
If I had M's I'm a need you to pray for me
They was countin lookin every goddamned day for me
I'm in the Bentley with the seat laid back, me and a k pack
Turned up to the motherfuckin max but I don't play it
Fuck a handshake, let's go and let it pop
I'll be a legend fore my motherfuckin heart start feelin drunk

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Shit, I never figured as a little nigga
How hard it be to stay free as I got bigger
Thought your mama pay the bills and she's great time
Food stamps here and there just to maintain
Damn shame when you broke how can you live fool?
I give a fuck if I never eat another bar of new
One foot in a grave and another in a soup lyin
Scared to kick, my nigga dog when in due time
I spread my tears in my hands and let em dry
Fuck the police, middle fingers, let em fly
Pretend for my seniors just a in case a nigga die
I think they want my soul right between you and I
I'm tired of the drama and the pain, struggle of the game
I told Jesus it's cool if he changed my name
I'm feelin like the world on my back
It's hard being black and fat

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