

Paid The Price

Do Or Die

My world came to an end
And then you came back
I think you brought it back together
Now I know
There is no (there is no)
Way (there's no there is no way)
That I can go on without you baby

Yeah, history in the makin, Do or Die
Yeah, yeah, uh, uh, uh
Me and Do or Die got maneuvers
Cold pimp tactics all in one package
Hollerin' at a chick that could of been a actress
Right now her back is layin' on my mattress
Why your team pissed like urine
Only rock things made for a king
Tell me tell me it was the LV
Bigger than the jeans of the
Rap floor green
That's how I gotcha
So I you want a role model to call like Patra
Quit hollerin' at them losers
And get with this shit that
Got his own business an entrepreneur

Off the block now
Shit got the pipe down
Industry niggas I just got bomb
Track from Kanye West pass the bomb aye
Kick the doors down like Desert Storm
Where's the millions
I'm the chameleon
Transformin', rock a show like God
Drivin' for status
Big my apparatus
You gotta now I'm getting all that dough
Hotter than your shit
Bullshit, got a full clip
Think I'm a punk then get your back broke slow
I'm the shiznick down to my diznick
Lyrics so hot enough for frozen snow
Feel of the bomb again and get fucked the he say she say
He say she say I ain't gon make it
The throne is my mine
Chi-town where's the crown
From the days of Capone, nigga
You know we gon take it
I wanna vint Vivian and own my own block
Print my check like Johnny Walker Scott
Damn if you do or you don't you move over
Save some room for the black Casanova

Ladies and gentlemen. You is tunin' in to Do Or Die (thank you) Kanye West
Chi-town finest. World clap your hands for us one time
It's the world premiere, You don't understand though
Man we got the plan. We gon put it in your hands like this
It ain't nothing happenin'. You know what I'm sayin'?

We make it happen. Bullshit ain't nothing Joe. Chi-town finest
You know how it go. Come on. Come on
Uh, come on, come on

This the last time you see my like this here stuntin'
16,5 & 3 ain't that somethin'?
As long as we makin the paper the hoes comin'
Suppose I get behind the mic and flow somethin'
Kanye show the chain ladies expose something
With a hummer H2 with the Benz there's no frontin'
With some ice you can skate on
Now I got no weight on
It's gettin to the point when the ballas try hate on
Proticops I stayed on
And made a lot of hot songs
Do you think I'm a P.I.M.P.
In a SL5 Halle Berry colors scoop me
Groupies and Gucci you know you can't exclude me
Ladies get around be like "He's so cool G"
No I'm not booshie just Eric and Young Stoopie
The black Hugh Heffner

Tell me tell me Lord can you hear me?
Sometimes I walk these streets and get weary
Most of the times I can't let these niggas get near me
With this hatred, jealousy, and envy
I went to church and they said you had a remedy
A remedy to set me free and take away my enemies
So I pray to the day when I get to see
All the faces that put me down up in the industry
So from the street to the club
It's ya boy show me love
We gotta keep it gangstas that's how we gettin love
Never fall for the love of the dough
Stay true, straight to the facts and the game to show