

# Die Anyway

Junior M.A.F.I.A.

Uh

Uh (Uh)

Don't be mad, I can't put my Benz in a casket  
I can't put these hoes in the box with the ashes  
This is a trip nobody can take with me  
No family, no friends, or my bitch that pray with me  
It's hate shit, this how it make a nigga think, like  
Everything you worked for drown and sink  
Niggas mad 'cause what you got, they ain't got it  
Streets is peepin', the whole world is watching  
Some'll try to help you, some'll try to stop it  
A nigga that hate'll get your LP and cop it  
A nigga that hate can be your right man, plottin'  
Or make your life rotten, this whole shit is nonsense  
I understand this how my life is written  
Tragic deaths, stab wounds, and the days in prison  
Got a brain full of weed, belly full of Bacardi  
Had the slug hit my brain at the next party  
By a young cat that think he somebody  
Fronting like a gangsta but really nobody  
Just a dick-ride nigga posted in your lobby  
Nigga say the ice is the reason niggas try me  
I'ma take this 16 a little further  
Like reckless endangerment or the first-degree murder  
Niggas is crazy, wanna send me with B.I  
Mad 'cause my nigga slide straight through the V.I  
Trying to forget it while you work for transit  
You get the checks, and I get advances  
You get the AP and I'll get the mansion  
But when it's said and done, we both gon' be in a casket

You can be flossing and styling on them chicks, glossing  
You can ball all day but still gon' die anyway  
I copped a crib and a coupe and smoke, it's okay  
You can hate all day but still gon' die anyway  
You can spend your hand on a chick, fuck her the first day  
You can hate all day but still gon' die anyway  
You can be jealous, wanna hit me, pull a gat and stick me  
You can hate all day but still gon' die anyway

A lotta niggas in the game is cheating  
But that's between them and God, though  
I'm just gon' arrange the meeting  
Gotta live everyday to the fullest  
'Cause niggas play with them bullets  
So that's why I stay with them foolies and them semis  
The wolves in the hood only know one word  
And that's "Gimme", ain't a killer, but it's in me, yeah  
Uh, 10 hard years without stopping (Uh)  
Now my niggas go car, diamond, and house shopping (Let's go)  
And when them bullets pierce your torso  
What does it all mean and where does it all go?  
They say the truth shall rise over the lies  
These industry faggots'll pull the wool over your eyes  
Black out when you're popping a clip, don't ask me  
It's just some rough-riding D-Block M.A.F.I.A. shit

To the grave with whatever I know, bury me with some haze  
I hope they got a dutch wherever I go  
But since I'm still here, imagine what I'll do to you  
After the ball drops, we need a couple more funerals  
The feds tryna gather a case, but if I hit him at point blank  
They gon' have to gather his face, life is like a dice game  
Niggas'll rather you ace, but you gon' die anyway  
So cherish your space, what? Aha, uh (Die anyway)

You can be flossing and styling on them chicks, glossing  
You can ball all day but still gon' die anyway  
I copped a crib and a coupe and smoke, it's okay  
You can hate all day but still gon' die anyway  
You can spend your hand on a chick, fuck her the first day  
You can hate all day but still gon' die anyway  
You can be jealous, wanna hit me, pull a gat and stick me  
You can hate all day but still gon' die anyway

While all these niggas hating, can't stand to see me rich  
Laying in white sand getting head from my bitch  
They rather see me without rather than see me with  
That's why I cop the gat before I cop the whip  
They hate to see me ballin', they'd rather see me dead  
'Sleep in a pine box with a chest full of lead  
Is it something I did? Is it something I said?  
Make 'em wanna cock back, put they fifth to my head  
Is it all the diamonds, the ice in my chain?  
3 karats in the ear, other 5 in the ring  
'Nough ice to make it sunshine in the rain  
But still they want me dead with a bullet in my brain  
Is it because I came up and got a little cash?  
Or is it because I'm balling and chicks throw me ass?  
Or is it because I got your rap deal on my wrist?  
Or is it because I got 23s on the 6?  
Niggas mad when I brag 'bout the jewels I got  
Or in the car when I ride when I cruise through blocks  
Smoke, tires burning, circle round like the clock  
Jump out, Louis down, Louis kicks and clean socks  
Can't even scoop a bitch without her eyeing my watch  
Front like I'm yawning then I stretch just to show 'em the Glock  
Like, listen, ain't nothing sweet, if you try, you're gettin' popped  
See that van? That's just in case y'all think y'all got the drop, uh

You can be flossing and styling on them chicks, glossing  
You can ball all day but still gon' die anyway  
I copped a crib and a coupe and smoke, it's okay  
You can hate all day but still gon' die anyway  
You can spend your hand on a chick, fuck her the first day  
You can hate all day but still gon' die anyway  
You can be jealous, wanna hit me, pull a gat and stick me  
You can hate all day but still gon' die anyway