

Die One Day

Lloyd Banks

I keep my hip on pound 'cause she gets hectic in my town
Drag my family with me 'cause that's how real niggaz get down
If it wasn't for 50 I probably wouldn't be around
Caught up in the temptations, sitting in jail or underground
And for that if you snap a finger I'll lay a nigga down
It's fucked up when your only facial expression is a frown
A hood rat a put a future in a fool's pants
Till she find out you can't buy furniture with food stamps
A year ago I made a decision before I shut my eyelids
Pray to God I get shot tomorrow 'cause I don't like surprises
When you hot as a oven, they embrace you with open arms
When you cold as a freezer, niggaz treat you like they don't need ya'
Some people call it they vapors, me I call it amnesia
Live my life principle driven, never bite the hand that feeds ya'
Never mind all the haters, fuck them all, let them die slow
All I need is my niggaz, money, liquor, and hydro
I know!

Everybody gon' die one day
Whether its natural causes or gun play
But fucking with me you sliding down a one way
I keep it gangsta from Monday to Sunday
(2x)

Don't blame me, blame my mom and pop for breeding this
The game needed this
Lloyd Banks, a.k.a. Mr. I don't feed a bitch
Or need a bitch, I state it when I meet a bitch
If you want to trick you need a switch
'Cause I don't trick Adidas bitch
This is all I got, I have to blow
So whether its fast or slow
Platinum flow is making it easy to kidnap a hoe
Pop the bag, pass the dro'
Blow about a half a O
Legit citizenship, my pimp is international
You gotta agree, these motherfuckers a probably have me Latin
Before they find a nigga hotter than me
We on top as far as I can see
And since the hood watching me
My regular trip to the mall is a shopping spree
I'm the number one draft pick, none of y'all topping me
I move around with the plastic, you ain't dropping me
The show me love in my city
They fucking with me and I'm fucking with them
Nigga G-Unit till the end

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Whether its natural causes or gun play
But fucking with me you sliding down a one way
I keep it gangsta from Monday to Sunday
(2x)

Your six inches from a coffin
So I suggest you stop talking
And make me resort to violence
And You'll no longer be walking

Your six inches from a coffin
So I suggest you stop talking
And make me resort to violence, nigga
Yeah!
You gotta love it!