

# Don't Die

Tory Lanez

Look nigga, I've been this way, since them niggas loaded up them shotgun shells and shot my older cousin Nessa all in his face  
Fuck niggas talkin', my teachers called me a disgrace  
Had to pull up on 'em last weekend in the big Wraith  
I sold work on sick days and ripped Jays  
I spent days tryna duck the ricochets  
'Cause we were tryna figure which clique played with the shooter  
Nowadays you boys just tryna figure who click play  
I made bitches and made niggas, y'all boys just bitch made niggas  
I flip it like a switch, swiss-blade, nigga  
Fuck around with me, come run the town with me  
I do it for my dogs and niggas that's down with me  
He spent around 50 tryna look like us, tryna flex with some bottles, but let 's address it proper  
I mean, I find it funny they give me the same bundle without spendin' money, they just give it to me, 'cause I'm poppin'  
More honesty and less lies  
Skirted the McLaren off the lot, shit, I bought it as a test drive  
I took the jet for the fuckin' 110th time  
Hoping that I don't go out like Aaliyah or a Left Eye  
Shit, I'm the greatest, I'm the people's favourite  
Thanks to God's graces, I'll be number one in all these peoples' faces  
So amazing how I made it from the mazes and the phrases change faces but I'm back to being basic  
How many years am I gon' spend being famous? Acting like I'm normal, like I don't realise I made it, like I don't realise I'm famous  
Like I don't realise everytime I walk around the city, they look at me like the greatest  
All-time hated nigga, put me in your playlist  
Trunk on the front of McLaren's that need a waitlist  
So when I back, back, I'm frontin' on fuck niggas, that told me I'll never make it, in my Audemar Piguet wrist  
I hop the plane in sweats and the bathing ape kicks, 50 pointer bracelets, man's best fragrance  
I'm still ballin', these foul niggas is still flagrant  
I ain't got no business talkin' just to build statement  
See the life from a faraway  
I still feel close on the nights when I'm far away  
I comin' home, workin' at nights to a hard day  
Tryin' to avoid nights in the hallway selling hard ye  
Back when you was hip-hoppin' and watchin' Kanye  
I was coach hoppin' and sleepin' inside a Hyundai  
Made bands out of any floor, at your mom's place  
Tryna duck the crime rate, where the fuck was my mindstate?  
I cry real tears thinkin' bout my mom face  
If she was here, I'm thinkin', what would my mom say?  
She'd say, I'm well accomplished, she'd say I really did it, she said don't let her settle for no penny pincher  
I, will not lose, no, I refuse niggas  
I, 2 plus 2 niggas, I school niggas  
She wanna get high, fuck with a cool nigga  
48 floors, check out my view nigga  
Uh, I already know the outcome  
I may have fucked it up with Nicki right before this album  
My ex on me like Malcolm, she know we can't be together, but still be asking me how come? I know the shit crazy  
My life upgraded and I ain't going backwards

Closest thing going backwards is me rollin' Backwoods  
Looking at you niggas like there's no more factors  
Until the story over like there's no more chapters  
Fargo