

# Don't Die

## Bun-b

Yeah, yeah, check me out man, yeah  
Original gangsta, black clothes and bangers  
Bullet shells and chambers, fill the L's up  
We stay low from the ranges  
'Cause they tryin' to tame us, but we brainless  
And just think, I'm one sell out record away  
From being famous, \*\*\* I guess I ain't it  
You could paint it how you may, but I remain this gangsta  
'Til the day I lay where the worms stay  
I spit it for my \*\*\* sake, I spit it for myself a long time ago  
Got a few houses, few whips, few condos  
I'm so straight, I'm pointin'  
The game is hurtin', and baby boy the ointment  
Baby boy the president now, \*\*\* you gotta make an appointment  
Two record labels, you should come join 'em  
Do check the label  
And make sure it's yellow or rose 'fore you bring it to my table  
Gansta's don't die, they get chubby  
And they move to Miami, I move to Miami  
I'm banned from Wet Willies, but a \*\*\* like \*\*\* it  
I'm still a G, thuggin' out in public, believe it  
Gansta's don't die, they get chubby  
And they move to Miami, I move to Miami  
I'm banned from Wet Willies, but a \*\*\* like \*\*\* it  
I'm still a G, thuggin' out in public, believe it  
Yeah, \*\*8 playin', doing about 180, Mazeratti, matchin' drop top sun shade  
Gotta be fly, P1 \*\*\*, spent about five condo high in the sky  
G4 whenever, fly in any weather  
Had to pop a few \*\*\* that was bad feathers, million on the floor  
Thats fo' sho' that lil' homie got the flow, so we all just goin' flow  
And don't think about the past  
A little water came, now we floatin' on everything  
\*\*\* doing about anything, killin' while they hustlin'  
\*\*\* puttin' it in for the change  
So we headed to the game, Culpepper gettin' his roll on  
I'm on the side with that bling  
And outside, got them thangs  
  
Them Phantoms out there, we do it up, switchin' lanes

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I'm banned from Wet Willies, but a \*\*\* like \*\*\* it  
I'm still a G, thuggin' out in public, believe it  
Naw, don't \*\*\* with that dogg  
Yo, I'm gonna knock your \*\*\* head off  
And I'm coming back hard  
Stunner get me to work, and I'm runnin' that off  
I'm comin' back with it and let my team split it  
With a swagger you can't get, naw you can't get it  
\*\*\*, \*\*\* I pop like Diddy, I pop like when he goin' stop?  
When it's empty and you still drawing Leonardo D'Vinci  
Trap me, I'm in there early, gettin' money, ridin' dirty  
Uptown puttin' in down, blowin' out the pound  
Duffle bag full of cash when I come around  
The lil' homie got the game so I put him down  
Hold my town, world wide wearin' a crown  
Like father like son, got it off the mound  
Like father like son, n\*\*\*\*\* stand their grounds  
Like father like son, n\*\*\*\*\* f\*\*\* them clowns  
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I'm still a G, thuggin' out in public, believe it  
Believe that 305, 404, 713, all that, Dallas, Kansas  
Everybody ya' heard me, Oklahoma, yeah, everybody, the whole world

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