My Will

Inuyasha OST

I hope my son learn to be not like me
If I die tonight, I hope my daughter never meet a nigga like me
If I die tonight

If I die tonight, just know I lived one hell of a life
Just in case I get killed tonight
I'm writing my will tonight
Give these bum niggas my clothes
Give my niggas my cars, give my mother my dough
Leave my girl my crib, give my brothers my jewels
Give the shooters my guns, they know what to do

Living life too fast to make plans
I'mma trip without my suitcase, shop when I land
Yeah just a life of a real nigga
Basquiat couldn't paint a better picture
50 cent can't pay the bills nigga
So I guess I'm gon' die trying to get richer
Everyday's is a fight, thrilla in manila
And if I die I pray for my killer
Give my mama my dough, she gon' take care of my kids
Give my girl my crib so they have somewhere to live
Give my brothers my jewels, they worth a million or 2
I owe 'em more than that, can't put a price on that
Put my tongue and my dick in a room with all my bitches
And tell 'em that it's going to the higher bidder

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Another day another risk
What make it even worse is the shit I got on my wrist
What make it even worse is the kid I got on my whip
Bitches all on my dick, these bitches having a fit
Lit dying for this shit like Mitch, trying to get rich

What up Porter, shit it's a curse and a gift
The good with the bad, gotta take what you get
But if a nigga trying to take what I got
Then he gon' have to take what I give, shots
Another day another blessing, pockets fat, life's Precious
Get it, pockets fat life's Precious
Forever living young, still reckless
Balling every second so if I die tonight
I can truly say my life wasn't perfect but it was worth it

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If I die tonight tell 'em I had a ball
Money, bitches and cars, I had 'em all
Give 'em my clothes pack needing bags
Lord knows they need the swag
If I get killed tonight, some niggas gon' smoke a pound for me
Some niggas gon' load up their guns and hit the town for me
These fucking haters gon' smile and breathe
But they bitches gon' frown for me
Fist class to the money got a one way
Fact is we all gotta die someday
So I gotta put my casket on the runway
And tell my kids I'll see 'em again one day

I will, my will, my will, my will

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