

# Or Die (Feat. Guce)

## clipping.

Guns on the table, mama in the back room  
Bitches in the kitchen, water whipping crack foam  
Clap foam, clack foam, please respect the trap, homie  
    When it snap, homie  
    You a rat, homie  
Roaches in the ashtray glowing  
    Everybody blowing  
    Or they sniffing blow and  
    Yelling "there they go" and  
    They can see the 'po and  
They be riding slow and looking at the door  
But it's day, and it's just somebody's daughter skipping rope  
    Like peas, porridge hot  
    Peas porridge cold  
Miss Mary Mack in the 'lac with the gold  
    Hundred spoke, lung and smoking  
    When she speak, teach me toking  
Black sleeve, black leather seat, black '44  
Black snapback cap to the back, talk smack, cack cack  
    And you keep going back  
    Because you're knowing where you're at  
    Everybody wanna rap but don't know how  
    Everybody wanna run when they hear that sound  
Everybody think they're hard until they face hit ground  
    Everybody make a choice, it is not profound  
    Either get money or die  
    Get faded or die  
    Get famous or die  
    Get that stainless or die  
Get your hands in the sky or get it between the eyes  
    Get money or die, get money or die  
This trap life is deeper than going to church  
Deeper than a diss verse, my hand in that bitch purse  
    Post it on, bitch you cornered  
    Corner store, pushing work  
Wanted one ounce, it's the whole thing  
    Stuff a swisher full of purp, smoke it  
    Getting money or die, fuck the cops  
Dope fiends need it, let's get it, bitches need ass shots

30 in the plastic Glock, ski-mask beanie on  
Yeah I grew up on my own, you could call it home grown  
Feeling like I'm Al Capone, on my new Chic' city shit  
Palms itchy, wrist twitch, bag and sold a whole brick  
It's gon' be a homicide, put your hands in my pocket  
Guce'll bust a cap in a nigga like rocket  
Colors, colors, gang bang capital  
White house down, got a ho on in front the capital  
Bitches playin', don't miss the violence like KC and Mary J  
Now listen to this hook from Clipping and have a nice day, it's GuceBring it back, homie

All of that money

Gotta pay the pimp like you gotta pay the tax  
If you're gonna pay to fuck, you're a trick, that's that  
If you're gonna name names you a snitch, not a crack dealer  
Not a killer, not a boss, no, you're roleplaying  
But I don't get it twisted, listen this is not a game, shit  
Why you on that slang shit if you wanna name shit  
Why you on that slang shit if you smoke that same shit  
Plenty pieces on the board, all the squares black though  
Covered in the soot from that bootstrap class, so  
Get it how you're living and live in color of calico  
Catch me out here slipping, they got it backwards, they palindromes

But they styling though

Smiling diamonds on 'em

First to get it to snatch win the llamas drawn on  
Pictures in the pavement, pick a corner with flowers  
Tire marks where they laying, back to work in an hourEverybody wanna rap but don't know how  
Everybody wanna run when they hear that sound  
Everybody think they're hard until they face hit ground  
Everybody make a choice, it is not profound

Either get money or die

Get faded or die

Get famous or die

Get that stainless or die

Get your hands in the sky or get it between the eyes

Get money or die, get money or die

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