Or Die (Featuring 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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