Do or Die

Brownside

[Chorus]
Gangster life in the city
You know it's hard to stay alive
Because we gotta do or die, ooooh
Gangster life in the city
You know it's hard to stay alive
Because we gotta do or die, do or die, do or die

I roll around with big straps, I like to bust caps
Make money, hit the pussy, and bomb ass raps
I be in San Bernardino like a motherfuckin nut
All these fools want to kill me, and bitches want to fuck
Damn, but I ain't trippin and shit
I got a fuckin calico with a hundred round clip
And at my pad, I got this fine ass bitch
Long hair, big booty, with some big ol tits
I don't be fuckin around because I ain't no joke
A crazy motherfucker blowin indo smoke
'cause it's me, Danger, I'm chillin like a vilain
Smokin chronic, fuckin bitches, and I'd like to do a killin
In my crazy ass hood it's an everyday thang
Eastside Trece is my motherfucking gang
Hang, gettin paid, fucking all these hoes
Letting everyone know that we some fuckin criminals

[Chorus]

I remember growing up in my crazy ass hood
Now it's time to put it down to make this shit understood
Simon loco, I think it's time to roll
I got my homies down with it, and the rest in control
13 ST, IUC, from the 213 all the way to SB
It's a do or die in the streets where I'm from
Eastside South Central's where the petho pason
24 non-stop, you gotta carry your gun
Black and white, hitting corners but to me that's all fun
Rollin in the truck, got the glock sellin rocks
On the block, and I'm not givin a fuck
Gotta make that green anyway you can

And I'm that Brown motherfucker with the master plan
So you better not slip, 'cause I'm lookin for a jack
So if you putos see me coming, loco go for your gat

[Chorus]

1-3, here comes even more
My motherfuckin homies breakin down he door
Talkin bout, who we gonna kill, and grab your gun
We gonna kill some fuckin mejos just to have some fun
My homies catch you from the front, I creep and crawl from the back
Punk you for your sack, and peel your fucking cap back
Insane in my brain, 'cause I'm straight do or die
Dope money, fucking bitches, and I keep on getting high

Straight gangster flow, now you know, here I go
Creepin, hittin switches, bumpin, riding low
Danger sittin shotgun, Crook's rollin up one
Got the rag-top down in this hot ass sun
Rollin, by the park we go
Hittin corners through the hood puffin on some indo
It's an everyday thing in the city where I'm from
Tryin to do right, but always end up doing wrong

[Chorus til fade]

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