

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
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Everybody make a choice, it is not profound

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Get faded or die

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

Get money or die, get money or die

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