

Die

Beanie Sigel

We chapters of the same book, just a different page
Niggas in the struggle all out to get paid
Doin' what we gotta do to avoid the raid
Before you get caged, but you can't avoid the grave
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Before you get caged, but you can't avoid the grave
When you live by the sword, you die by the sword
I'll probably die in the vocal booth spittin' out raw
Die on stage, rippin' down tours
Die from age, trickin' out-a-town whores
Die 'cuz I didn't have one in the pipe
Might go out like Raymond, went out on his bike
And die on a death mission, two tec's spittin'
No vest section from my chest missin'
Die 'cuz the jewels in my necklace glisten
In a V twizzy in a reckless collision
Or die in the streets over somethin' petty
'Cuz a broke ass nigga tried to say I assed bet 'em
Die from a shot from a cig war glock
From a kid on the block while sittin' in the drop
Or die 'cuz I was on, ain't see 'em comin'
Too late, eight shots got my body nummin'
Die for fuckin' his bitch in his bed
Die 'cuz a nigga thought I snitched to the feds
Die wit a knife six inches in my head
I could die on death row, sentenced to the chair
Or die 'cuz a nigga pulled his Rosco out quicker
I was high off vodka, hydro, and malt liquor
Die 'cuz I knew I shoulda laid that man
Die 'cuz the cops tricked me to say that man
Die 'cuz I hesitated to spray that man
Die 'cuz I hesitated to pay that man
Die 'cuz my man passed me a empty tool
Die 'cuz I panicked, couldn't keep my cool
Die 'cuz I mixed all them pills wit Hennessy
Or die 'cuz them niggas in jail, envyyed me

Die tryin' to steal the fate of my enemy
I could go out from a case of mistaken identity
Or die 'cuz the door wasn't open, it was locked
 Die 'cuz the 4 was broken, it wouldn't cock
 Die 'cuz a nigga wasn't focused on the block
Die 'cuz them niggas thought the coke was in the spot
 Die 'cuz another nigga said I said somethin'
 Die 'cuz that newsy bitch said I did somethin'
 Die 'cuz a nigga was tryin' to get a name
Or die 'cuz it was just my time to feel the flame
 Might get sparked, might not feel no pain
 Might go out like dark-skinned Jermaine
 Take a couple shots to the heart, to the brain
Got all the dough, don't know the cost of the game
 Young buck didn't wanna come off the chain
 Couldn't handle the rock, got horsed in the game
 I could catch a bad break like Big or Pac
 I'd rather go out in the Masjid makin' Salott
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