

# 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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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  
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, envyed 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  
We chapters of the same book, just a different page  
Niggas of the struggle all out to get paid  
Doin' what we gotta do to avoid the raid  
Avoid the cage, but you can't avoid the grave  
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