# Die Another Day

## MADONNA:

[Benzino]Lord help us, my peoples bein' raped (uh)
Deliver me from evil and I sell his devils faith
Lets take a closer look at what's really happenin'
He wants you to believe that it was all about rappin'
And all I try to do is open up my niggas eyes
It wasn't about me and Em, you gotta realise
It's just a smokescreen, my niggas there's a bigger picture
I want the streets to pay attention cause I'm ridin' with ya
This credibility is what we here for
Then why ain't the hoods sellin' units no more (tell me why)
Labels actin' like it's good so they say so
EPMD was always gold with no radio
Now it's time to turn the prophesy, times up
Marshall Mathers gotta die, rise up
No choise, the only way we gonna turn this shit around
Is put this little bitch in the ground
And this so cald kings, steady going at eachother
Do songs with the devil, while they fightin' with there brothers
Sell a house, fuckin' pitiful, we always just some drama
Let 'em slide through then they devide, conquer
And every plantation got a bunch a house niggas
D12, Shady Records just a bunch of house niggas
Obie Trice, is for security in your front lobby
Better call the secret service, if you gonna stop me (blaah)
Paul Rosenberg, you fat fuckin' pig
I'm holdin you responsable for what this bitch did (kill ya)
Cause you call me up, try to cop or plead
As far as I'm concerned you both gonna bleed (bitch)
Talkin' bout he wanna fight, please
Let's set that shit up quick so I can drop him to his knees
You let a clown clown you, how insane is that
You let em tonguekiss your wife when you had a gat
How you gonna have a gun with no bullets

Oh don't worry cause when I see you I'm gonna pul it (blaah)
You dyed ya hear blond, I'm a make it red
How you gonna sell records Marshall when you dead
Motherfuck make you pay for that bullshit you talkin'
I'm goin' hard in the streets of New York and

Just ask Chuck how we ran 'em outta Boston
He should have been killed left in the coffin
And you better keep my kids out ya fuckin' mouth
Before I put a glock in yo' mutherfuckin' mouth
Tell Haley it ain't safe no more (nah)
Daddy better watch yo' back at the candystore
We Fucked up, resort to plan B
Fuck around she and up like Jon Benet Ramsey (that's right)
Matter of fact you better check the DNA (what)
She probably ain't yours, and where's your wife Kim anyway
She's on her knees somewhere suckin' 50 Cent
I know you wishin' you were there cause you on his dick
You dress in drag, you huggin' up on Elton John
You closet fag, I'm a king you a little punk
You the rap david doer the rap bibler
The coacher stealer, niggas ain't with ya
I'm the rap Hewey, the rap Malcolm, the rap Martin
Don't worry I'm a finish what we started
And everybody who wanna scream Pac's name
You don't make a difference, you in it for the fame
Cause if Pac was livin', he would shoot this bitch alive
But I'm a do it for him, if the hood must survive
You sleep with five O, you walk with the feds
Better keep the lights on, when they tuck you into bed
Cause I'm a get yo' silly ass, find out where you lay
When Debbie set you up you gonna die another day

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