

Till I Die

K Camp

All my niggas get reckless, I got your rent on my necklace
She keep calling for seconds, between her legs is a blessing
Might just fly out to Texas and stack it up just like Tetris
Spare my heart in these sessions, I let it go learn my lesson And know we all 'bout the bankroll

But got a cuff for every color of the rainbow
Fuck all that going back and forth with a dirty bitch
I shoot that hoe with the .44 I'm riding dirty with
Counting money blowing weed in the back, in the back

Hundred K, two or three in the sack
And all we know is double up and stay fly
And run that check up, be a hustler 'til I die, 'til I die, 'til I die Okay now bang, bang, only thing a young nigga
stack

Niggas ain't tryna get racks, they rather sit on they ass
Nigga what the fuck is that

Nigga that's some car cold that's on the hill
Side not I want a mill

Pea coat dressed to kill, introduce you to the real
Remember them nights I was dead ass broke, while I still had a milly on my mind
Still had dreams I would get it, still had dreams I would win ain't never waste no time

This that trap music, urban legend
Bitch I'm a urban legend, carry 'round a Smith N Wesson
Case a nigga wanna test it

Fuck you mean, fuck you mean, motivate all my niggas,
I'mma stack this shit up with my team
Went from rag to riches now I keep them bankrolls in my jeans
Drag racing on some peace treaties, that's some shit you'd never see

Now I'm here with the king And know we all 'bout the bankroll

But got a cuff for every color of the rainbow
Fuck all that going back and forth with a dirty bitch
I shoot that hoe with the .44 I'm riding dirty with
Counting money blowing weed in the back, in the back

Hundred K, two or three in the sack
And all we know is double up and stay fly
And run that check up, be a hustler 'til I die, 'til I die, 'til I die Hold up, it what it look like

I got your girl with a girl like a bull dyke
Going, hard, on a all nighter

And then I give her back to you nigga I don't like her
Dis shit easy or 1-2-3, 911 in emergency
If I swerve that Lac, and spill this Yac

Keep my lane young bitch, the car 'bout that, ho check it
Looking for some trouble well your ass gonna get it
Never hesitate and share a time my peasant
Pussy nigga ever did respect my presence
Fully automatic let you hear these pellets
Pellet, pellet, pellet, pellet pew nigga you betta' gone nigga
We're puttin' on nigga, got long scrilla
Got a bad bitch with no thong with her
And she walkin' out like King Kong hit her
So good made her running back
She said she gave it all to the wrong nigga, he made a mill, I made double that
The nigga had her eating double stacks
I fill her pocket up with whatever stack
She do it right, get another rack
Crib with a heli pad, full of fine bitches hella bad
Run out of cash, nigga never that And know we all 'bout the bankroll
But got a cuff for every color of the rainbow
Fuck all that going back and forth with a dirty bitch
I shoot that hoe with the .44 I'm riding dirty with
Counting money blowing weed in the back, in the back
Hundred K, two or three in the sack
And all we know is double up and stay fly
And run that check up, be a hustler 'til I die, 'til I die, 'til I die

Songwriters

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Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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