

# If I Die II Night

## Bun B

[Chorus x2: Lyfe Jennings]

Ohhhh if a nigga die tonight

Make sure I didn't die in vain, and they feel my pain

Make sure my niggaz ride for me

Or comin up on the side of me, side of me

[Bun B:]

Man I'm a real trill nigga (nigga) I been out on them blocks  
With them hustlers (hustlers) them dealers (dealers) and killers sellin rocks  
Put in work in round the clock from when the sun went down  
'til it came back up and night came back around (around)  
I did a lot of shit them late nights for the dough  
Robbin niggaz on the low (low) laughed at 'em then I go (go)  
Sometimes it went smooth and nobody got hurt  
And sometimes I had to leave a nigga's dick up in the dirt  
I ain't proud of what I did and if I could go back in time (time)  
I'd try to find another way instead of packin nines  
Totin K's and holdin macs (macs)  
But we know time ain't rollin back  
And hungry hyenas, they ain't foldin jack  
So on these cold and black streets, wolves keep huntin  
And a young black man can lose his life over nothin  
If I gotta go, please let it be for somethin real  
Cause this bullshit hood shit is gettin niggaz killed on the real

[Chorus]

[Bun B:]

Well if a deal goes dirty or the counts don't match (match)  
Or if I catch a motherfucker dippin in the back (dippin in the back)  
Say if a nigga disrespect me or my fam  
And we take it to the streets and let the guns go blam  
I don't really give a damn (damn) or really know whatever's gon' come (come)  
And I'm a represent where I'm from (represent where I'm from)  
Man I don't wanna die (die) but I ain't scared to (I ain't scared to)  
Shit I just wanna make sure that I'm prepared to (I'm prepared to)  
Can't leave without a couple tickets in the stands  
So my wife, and my momma and my chil'ren got cans (chil'ren got cans)  
Cause once I'm gone who gon' take care of my kids? (take care of my kids)

And do the same thangs for 'em that I did  
Man I'd rather do a bid (bid)  
At the least they can see me behind the glass (glass)  
Instead I'm reminiscin 'bout the past (about the past)  
Nigga don't know what he got, until he passes on  
So let him tell 'em that he love 'em 'fore his ass is gone

[Chorus]

[Young Buck:]

We trappin hard right across from the graveyard  
I just pray to God I don't have to work a day job  
Niggaz gettin robbed so I'm ridin with my A-R  
They are, not sendin tape what I done paid for (no)  
Walkin through the bricks on my Jena 6 shit  
Like if you ain't from around here, you was gettin hit (c'mon)  
Send a O.G. some flicks, make they time go by quick (hey)  
You surprised what some pictures in the penitentiary did (yeah)  
We survived but most of us die for some bullshit  
Go to church but the devil's standin on the pulpit (damn)  
Niggaz lied just to kick it (what) swear to God they got a meal ticket  
Then they call you and they 'bout to get evicted (I know)  
A Underground King, I've been one ever since I was sixteen (c'mon)  
Pimp and Bun'll tell you just what Buck mean (what's up)  
A street nigga livin the street dream, I seen (for sho')  
My whole team go to the feds or get a hole in the head  
This what I said (yeah)

[Chorus

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Lyrics submitted by kayla.

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