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

Lyrics submitted by kayla.

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