Doe or Die (RZA Remix) [feat. Raekwon]

AZ

Yeah, New York undercover baby Whole lotta things done changed

Yeah, there's a lot of people puttin' black eyes in the game

Knahmean, time to do this thoughCheck it, I had a block locked, but took a fall now I'm off my feet
I gotta eat, so it's back to these fuckin' streets

And I will grow 'cause I'm an old timer

I bring the drama to any nigga, his babies or his fuckin' mama

I got a look like Tevin Campbell

But still I gamble, hustle and scramble

'Cause money is muscles in this damn zoo

And in order to make it, you gotta take it

Be the boom, blast booze, bend or break it but don't fake it

That's why there's no guilt for these trife niggas bloods I spilt

Took what they built, flippin' they drug game on tilt

'Cause in New York, dealin' drugs is a sport

You either sell it, smoke it, shoot up or snort, either way you're caught

And since I'm in it, now I'm in it to win it; sky's is the limit

No more being some motherfucker's lieutenant

Shit, from this point that's how I feel, I wanna fly

Yeah, it's either doe or dieIt's like a jungle sometimes

It's like a jungle sometimes

It's like a jungle sometimes

The weed smoke makes me wonder

How I keep from going underIt's like a jungle sometimes

It's like a jungle sometimes

It's like a jungle sometimes

The weed smoke makes me wonder

How I keep from going underAnd all hoods I hang with mixed slang in they language

Love, kickin' that gang shit, sellin' on the same strip

Hustlin' hard, no matter how much we hated

So dedicated, even our dreams are drug related

Shit, puff bananas, not even the cops can stand us

'Cause of the way we vanish, everytime they come to can us

25 we get the money live, fuck all that funny jive

The streets is our only source to survive

And before any teeny-boppers think about tryin to stop us

I rather put your head, through the propellers of a helicopter

'Cause all my peeps be playin' for keeps

Straight out the litter, so bitter

These bandits don't even need sweets

Bringin' the ruckus, like some mad motherfuckers

Move at night like truckers

When suckers see us, they duck us

Shit, only the real can relate to things a hungry man'll, try

It's either doe or dieIt's like a jungle sometimes

It's like a jungle sometimes

It's like a jungle sometimes

The weed smoke makes me wonder

How I keep from going underIt's like a jungle sometimes

It's like a jungle sometimes

It's like a jungle sometimes

The weed smoke makes me wonder

How I keep from going under And ever since I was a tarface baby watchin' Scarface

I dreamed of guns and tons of coke on a car chase

A fat connect with a kingpin Colombian

Plus props from crooked cops, payin' him tops not to run me in

Keepin my toaster in a shoulder holster

Havin' hoes playin' me closer, sexin' on a silk sofa

Livin' the life of the rich and trife

Rugged but sharp like a kitchen knife

Without stress from some bitchin wife

What a life, that's why I be on what I be on

Always ready to war for a score that's sure to put me on

And until then, I won't seal in what I'm feelin

It was inside that I cried, but now its spillin

I'm goin all out, until I fallout, so much of a menace

When I finish milkin New York I'll have to fall out

On the run, cause I know feds'll try to knock me

And railroad my soul to a hellhole if they got me

But not me, I'm goin out fightin until I fry

From hot lead no lie, like I said it's either doe or dieIt's like a jungle sometimes

It's like a jungle sometimes

It's like a jungle sometimes

The weed smoke makes me wonder

How I keep from going underVisualizin' the realism of life and actuality Fuck who's the baddest, a person's status depends on salaryIt's like a jungle sometimes

The weed smoke makes me wonder

How I keep from going underIf not why not

Either you're in it, or your in the way Baby Pah

New yields, no quills

I want it all

Songwriters

GLOVER, SYLVIA ROBINSONPublished by Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/