

Die Like a G

Papoose

(Intro)

They say you live by it, die by it

The life of a G(Hook)

If my death is anything like my life

Then Ima die like a G

Throw your hammers up in the sky just for me

I dont live in the Stuy, the Stuy live in me

Nigga what! Hit you up with the Mack

Nigga what! You aint fuckin with Pap

Sendin shots at me, Im bustin em back

So I ride around the town with the gun in my lap(Verse 1)

Ayo my bond is my life, my word is my bond

You pull the 2-5, Ima pull the FoFo long

Niggas cant stop my reign, my buzz too strong

I was here when you came, Ill be here when you gone

Keep talkin like you tough when youre singin ya song

I blow ya head off, make the morgue sow it back on

Niggas catch beef in the night, and slip in the dawn

Thats why the most bodies get dropped in the early morn

When the body gets scooped up and shipped to the morgue

The killer go in the crib and pillow talk to his girl

Baby mom say she gon send him where he belong

Call the cops thats what happens when the woman is scorned

At the end of most arguments somebody get warned

Always gotta be right, just admit when you wrong

Say you gon ride through the hood and blow your chromes

But you just bop through the hood and blow your horn(Hook)

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So I ride around the town with the gun in my lap(Verse 2)

Feel like Im Tarzan, aw man, my girl Jane

My homies wild like the animals we all bang

Lookin for this coward cause he owe me some small change

Heard he in the gambling spot,

How you gon gamble while you owe me homie?
I ran up in the card game with that long thing
Im puttin dots on they heads while they playing poker
I aint playin with yall lames,
Man I gave them niggas polka dots like Charmane
Sayin they killers, man when they gon start killin
When blood starts spillin yall start sayin yall chillin
Let them outta town niggas catch yall slippin
Pump work on the block, took food outta yall kitchen
Flossed in ya parties, sexed all of yall women
You runnin round talkin bout you aint got no hard feelings
You aint got no hard feelings cause youre really a broad
This nigga soft, I dont feel him if his feelings aint hard(Hook)
If my death is anything like my life
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So I ride around the town with the gun in my lap(Verse 3)
Cause snatch you sharks out the ocean, and watch you die
Take you guppies out the fish tank and let you dry
Kill you piranhas at the blink of an eye
But I aint thinkin bout you I got some bigger fish to fry
Cause when a nigga live the thug life and somebody hit em
The family always wanna blame the person who with em
So if you was with your homie and yall got hit up
And he aint make it and you make it then you better grip up
Now its more homicide, more bloodshed
Cause all they really wanna know is why you aint dead
A nigga follow my whip I aint gon scream and shout
Ima lead em to his death, thats what Im about
Call my homie on the cell, you chillin no doubt
These niggas followin the whip, they must think Im a slouch
Ima ride through the block, by the club house
When you see the car behind me, air that shit out(Hook)
If my death is anything like my life
Then Ima die like a G
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I dont live in the Stuy, the Stuy live in me
Nigga what! Hit you up with the Mack
Nigga what! You aint fuckin with Pap
Sendin shots at me, Im bustin em back
So I ride around the town with the gun in my lap

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