

# Sooner or Later (Die 1 Day) [feat. Raekwon]

## Lloyd Banks

[Intro]

I know that sooner (sooner)

Or later (or later)

I'm going to meet my maker[Lloyd Banks]

I never thought that in the beginning, I would see his fall in the end

Pay a man to paint pictures on the wall of my friends

1990's sins, It was all for tha ends

Ends for tha rims, Rims for tha Benz, Benz for tha skins

Before you talk bout money, make a mil' first

You don't dig me - sick me, Either kill me or get killed worse

Your songs in need of a real verse

Son of the man, God feel me like he feel church

Then right after speech time, it's sparkin' the street crime

Niggaz throwin' everything at you, Cept' a peace sign

Live by the gun, Die by the gun

Till' my time come, Im'a spend time witcha son

I could just see them sad, When they remind you of them

Them woulda did the same thing, We confined to the slum

And those that don't adapt, they either blind deaf or dumb

Spine of a squirrel, Mind of a girl set to run[Chorus: Lloyd Banks + Female Sample]

Why run nigga, it's gon cost

Its gon come nigga but till' the day it does

Im'a hold my shit down, take it in blood

Outsiders get no love[Raekwon]

Fishin' in a swamp in a desert, Lizard sweater

Half a billy a five, 2 macs in da ride

They call him Coke-Komo, Co-signed by kings in the rich homo

Made me 3 mil in a month, Pockets mumped

Ferrari still by tha projects buildin', real dot tech ill

They dumb out wit uzi's and wheels yo

Steak'll take meetings, beefin' too much dough - the legion

Bat in my hand - the sweet eastern

Losin' money fellas, we won't have that, better grab that

or don't come back, or get clap at

Me and my bitches in tha kitchen

One sucking dick - I paid to have shot and sent to the Brinxton

Dogs eatin' calamari, coke in a larrari's jar

Never broke, hardly rob, eat with the godly's god

Get wit the gods or get wit the mob

From Shalom to queens, we wild wit the beams[Chorus][Lloyd Banks]  
Don't blame me blame South Side, That's what made me my - crazy high  
But I'll spot a traitor out my lazy eye - ladies spy  
I'm the one you wanna have that baby by - Maybe I'm  
Better of alone, Keeps me in my zone  
Nights roam, white patron, GT in my chrome  
Alien phone home, ET in my throne  
I achieved what they wanted, ease into they stomach  
When you broke time slow, but ya weeks are numbered  
And bad news keeps you weak and numb  
Like when i lost my old man, Damn near threw up the whole weekend son  
I shoulda listened, friends turned foe  
The toast so the fo' fo' will make a nigga run like Ocho - Cinco on my mink hoe  
I'm the prot

Songwriters

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