

I Don't Wanna... (feat. Aaron Hall)

Fredro Starr

God, I'm callin', yes I'm callin' for you
Please help me on the journey, please
When I die, I wanna die like Princess Di
Blastin' Ready to Die, late night pushin' a five
Hit the Westside high, doing ninety five
Let the will go, like fuck it, closin' my eyes
Tired of living, have my niggas die in the prison
Catch a bullet wit my back turned, God forbidden
To be the next rapper to die, what if it was me?
'Cuz see ya now face flashin' on the MTV
Front page in the paper, front of the source
Jealous niggas laughin', pain and feel no remorse
Every mornin' kissin' my moms, readin' from psalms
Other rappers showin' love, dedicatin' me songs
When I'm gone, thugs'll analyze the last day's verse
Hear the pain and the flow of my life is cursed
Wakin' up wit the smell of death, shakin' in cold sweats
Nightmares every night, breathin' of short breath
Wit gun to my head, won't be makin' me more stressed
The second chance of life, got me feelin' I'm Lord blessed
I'm God sent, here to talk to the children
Teach them not to blast, they gats wit no feeling
Teach them not to stash they cracks by the building
Teach them 'bout the game of life, it's thug livin', we all die
I don't wanna die
God, I'm callin', yes I'm callin' for you
I don't wanna die
Please help me on the journey, please
What up B-Wiz? It's been quite some time
I ain't see you in a while since you left in '89
And I still got the demos before we got signed
Every rhyme I write you be in the back of my mind
Yo Big L, congratulations dog, your shit went gold
Always knew you was a nice nigga, destined to blow
Seen you uptown, burnin' niggas, testin' ya flow
Had to catch a plane, I gave you a pound, hand it over
Freaky Tah, what up my nigga? Damn you still look fly
You in heaven and you still gettin' high, pass the lye
Shit yo Eazy, what up dog? I know we never met
Used to bang niggaz with attitude, cleanin' the tech
Respect ya gangsta since the video you rhymed in the jail
Then you popped up on the stage, that shit was hard as hell
My nigga Pun, what up son? I ain't forget you kid
I'm still rewindin' and succedin' on the joint that we did
Niggerhood, damn the world, only got one verse
What up Banky? Who thought you would of made it here first
Big and Pac rollin' dice like they never had beef
Big Stretch, side bettin', standin' next to Trouble T
Though I never met Kadafi, what up God? Peace
By the way, you heard the record that I did wit your peeps?
It's love, Buffy the Beatbox, Moore Spurgs, Scott Larock
Dyin' 4 rap, for love of hip-hop, we all die
I don't wanna die

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God, I'm callin', yes I'm callin' for you
I don't wanna die
Please help me on the journey, please I don't wanna die
God, I'm callin', yes I'm callin' for you
Please help me on the journey, please Then years are dying, gotta keep your eying
Streets don't be lying, keep families crying
I don't wanna die, no, no yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah yeah, yeah
I don't wanna die, I don't wanna, wanna die

Songwriters

Smith Charles; Scruggs Fred Published by

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