

# Live To Die

Raekwon

Ayo gas station Sammy, rich nigga live in Miami  
They killed him and lived with his family  
He was drunk spazzin' on a young nigga with cash  
They did the best to him, whooped his ass  
Bloody out, his ear was ripped, they know he loved his music  
They poked him twice, his gear was ripped  
Ninja style, niggas whipped him with a Benz belt, broke his arm  
Crushed his Audemars with whelps  
On his face, they was slappin' him, fake ass rapper  
Old ass gun, pussy get Tinactin  
Medicine face, nigga, they opened his mouth  
A few gold fell out, wheel him out  
He thinkin' he a gangsta?  
Quit playin', listenin' to Sid and them  
Because he sat up in bed to bid with 'em  
Fishcakes, bubblegum shrimps in his Timbs  
He had 12 and a half on, only wore 10  
Niggas is lame, and I'm sayin'  
All that hard, no damn frame, how you playin'?  
Thought you bubble with the big Willies, flyin' in fast cars  
And get busy, now he sittin' there lookin' dizzy  
Don't look at Chef, nigga look at your rep  
What dinosaur game you playin', they playin' death  
Tax man comin', you can feel it  
Besides, hold the ratchets in both arms  
They gave it to him, peel it Kill niggas, let it die, live with the feelings  
We don't know no other way, just get millions  
Pyrex kings and the cartels connected  
Scars there, put your money up in wash wells Kill niggas, let it die, live with the feelings  
We don't know no other way, just get millions  
Pyrex kings and the cartels connected  
Scars there, put your money up in wash wells Indian Femi from Toronto  
Him and his horse, Ganny and Ronald, two wild sopranos  
Runnin' through ice, and niggas fall back  
They bumped in the crunch, out of Eglinton  
Selected niggas coal black  
Used to wash them niggas up for chump change  
Somethin' was strange, feds was listenin', ran out of the gun range  
Son I feel vibes, not knowin' this was the time

To get away, but they rolled on alive  
Black freeze out of the bushes, came deezed  
Big three pound, four of them were beams  
When they rushed him they cuffed him, we cussed them  
Yo what the fuck?  
You doin' life, little nigga, who the sucker, what?  
Black was mad, he went for the cop's mag  
They started susslin', the shot rang, that's bad  
Black fellow was mizzed, like 33 Ds  
Let off 100 shots, went madKill niggas, let it die, live with the feelings  
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