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 itKill 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 wellsKill 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 wellsIndian 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
We don't know no other way, just get millions
Pyrex kings and the cartels connected
Scars there, put your money up in wash wellsKill 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/