

# Die Another Day

## Digital Sound Project

[Benzino]Lord help us, my peoples bein' raped (uh)  
Deliver me from evil and I sell his devils faith  
Lets take a closer look at what's really happenin'  
He wants you to believe that it was all about rappin'  
And all I try to do is open up my niggas eyes  
It wasn't about me and Em, you gotta realise  
It's just a smokescreen, my niggas there's a bigger picture  
I want the streets to pay attention cause I'm ridin' with ya  
This credibility is what we here for  
Then why ain't the hoods sellin' units no more (tell me why)  
Labels actin' like it's good so they say so  
EPMD was always gold with no radio  
Now it's time to turn the prophesy, times up  
Marshall Mathers gotta die, rise up  
No choise, the only way we gonna turn this shit around  
Is put this little bitch in the ground  
And this so cald kings, steady going at eachother  
Do songs with the devil, while they fightin' with there brothers  
Sell a house, fuckin' pitiful, we always just some drama  
Let 'em slide through then they devide, conquer  
And every plantation got a bunch a house niggas  
D12, Shady Records just a bunch of house niggas  
Obie Trice, is for security in your front lobby  
Better call the secret service, if you gonna stop me (blaah)  
Paul Rosenberg, you fat fuckin' pig  
I'm holdin you responsible for what this bitch did (kill ya)  
Cause you call me up, try to cop or plead  
As far as I'm concerned you both gonna bleed (bitch)  
Talkin' bout he wanna fight, please  
Let's set that shit up quick so I can drop him to his knees  
You let a clown clown you, how insane is that  
You let em tonguekiss your wife when you had a gat  
How you gonna have a gun with no bullets  
  
Oh don't worry cause when I see you I'm gonna pul it (blaah)  
You dyed ya hair blond, I'm a make it red  
How you gonna sell records Marshall when you dead  
Motherfuck make you pay for that bullshit you talkin'  
I'm goin' hard in the streets of New York and

Just ask Chuck how we ran 'em outta Boston  
He should have been killed left in the coffin  
And you better keep my kids out ya fuckin' mouth  
Before I put a glock in yo' mutherfuckin' mouth  
Tell Haley it ain't safe no more (nah)  
Daddy better watch yo' back at the candystore  
We Fucked up, resort to plan B  
Fuck around she and up like Jon Benet Ramsey (that's right)  
Matter of fact you better check the DNA (what)  
She probably ain't yours, and where's your wife Kim anyway  
She's on her knees somewhere suckin' 50 Cent  
I know you wishin' you were there cause you on his dick  
You dress in drag, you huggin' up on Elton John  
You closet fag, I'm a king you a little punk  
You the rap david doer the rap bibler  
The coacher stealer, niggas ain't with ya  
I'm the rap Hewey, the rap Malcolm, the rap Martin  
Don't worry I'm a finish what we started  
And everybody who wanna scream Pac's name  
You don't make a difference, you in it for the fame  
Cause if Pac was livin', he would shoot this bitch alive  
But I'm a do it for him, if the hood must survive  
You sleep with five O, you walk with the feds  
Better keep the lights on, when they tuck you into bed  
Cause I'm a get yo' silly ass, find out where you lay  
When Debbie set you up you gonna die another day

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