

Sooner or Later (Die 1 Day) - Explicit Version

Lloyd Banks

I know that sooner or later I'm going to meet my maker I never thought in the beginning I would see us fall in
the end

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

1990s sins it was all for the [?]

For the rims rims, for the Benz Benz, for the skins

'Fore you talk about money, make a mil first

You [?], either kill me or get killed worse

Your song's in need of a real verse

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

And right after speech time, the spark in the street crime

Niggas throwing anything at you except for peace signs

Live by the gun, die by the gun

'Til my time come, I'm a spend time with your son

I can just see them sad when they remind you of them

Them would've did the same thing, looking [?] to the slum

[?] Why run nigga?

It's gon' come nigga

But 'til the day it does

I'm a hold my shit down, take it in blood

Outsiders get no love Fishing in the swamp, in the deserts lizards sweat

A half a billion fives, two macs, and a ride

They call them [?] co-signed by kings in a rich [?]

Made me three mil in a month, pockets [?]

Ferrari still by the project building

[?] I'll, they come out with Uzis and wheels

[?] beef and too much dough

The legion, [?]

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

Or don't come back or get [?] at

Me and my vixens in the kitchen

One sucking dick, I paid her ass shots and sent her to [?]

Dons eating calamari, coke in the [?]

Never broke, [?], eat with the godly gods

[?] get with the mob

From [?] to Queens, we wow with the Beams Why run nigga?

It's gon' come nigga

But 'til the day it does

I'm a hold my shit down, take it in blood

Outsiders get no love Don't blame me, blame Southside

That's what made me mine
Crazy high, but I spot a traitor out my lazy eye
Ladies spy [?] want to have their baby by
Maybe I'm better off alone, keep me in my zone
Nights roam, white Patron, GT in my chrome
Alien phone home, E.T. in my throne
I achieve what they wanted, eats into they stomach
When your broke time's slow, but your weeks are numbered
And bad news keeps you weak and numb
Like when I lost my old man, dammit threw up the whole weekend son
I should have listened, friends turned foe, it's told so
The fo' fo' make a nigga run like Ochocinco
In my mink-o I'm a protege of pimping
Living for the slipping, [?]
Marijuana shipping, champagne, lobsters, stripping
Getting trained not to listen, maintain pop the clip in Why run nigga?
It's gon' come nigga
But 'til the day it does
I'm a hold my shit down, take it in blood
Outsiders get no love

Songwriters

FEENEY, ADAM / WOODS, COREY / CHARLES, LLOYD Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group, UNIVERSAL MUSIC PUB
GROUP, MEMORY LANE MUSIC GROUP, SONY ATV MUSIC PUB LLC Song Discussions is protected
by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>