

My Will

Juelz Santana

(Intro)

I hope my son's learnt to be not like me

If I die tonight

I hope my daughter never meet a nigga like me

If I die tonight(Hook)

If I die tonight, just know I lived one hell of a life

Just in case I get killed tonight,

I'm writing my will tonight

Give these bum niggas my clothes

Give my niggas my cars, give my mother my dough

Give my girl my crib, give my brother my jewels

Give the shooters my guns, they know what to do

(Verse)

Uh, living life too fast, to make plans

I'ma trip but out the suitcase, shot when I land

Yeah, it's just the life of a real nigga

Baskyat couldn't paint a better picture

50 cent can't pay the bills nigga

So I guess I'm gonn die tryina get richer

Everyday's a fight, thrilla in manilla

And if I die, pray for my killer

Give my mama my dough, she gonn take care of my kids

Give my girl my crib, so they have somewhere to live

Give my brother my jewels, they worth for me in the 2

I own em more than that, can't put a price on that

Put my tongue and my dick in a room with all my bitches

And tell em that it's going to the highest bidder

(Hook)

If I die tonight, just know I lived one hell of a life

Just in case I get killed tonight,

I'm writing my will tonight

Give these bum niggas my clothes

Give my niggas my cars, give my mother my dough

Give my girl my crib, give my brother my jewels

Give the shooters my guns, they know what to do(Verse)

Another day, another risk

What make it even worse is the shit I got on my wrist

What make it even worse is the kid I got on my whip

Bitches all on my dick these niggas having a fit

Lit, dying for this shit like mitch, tryina get rich
Warrup Porter, shit, it's a curse and a gift
The good with the bad, gotta take what you get
But if a nigga tryina take what I got
Then he gonn have to take what I give, shots
Another day, another blessin
Pockets fat, life's precious
Get it, pockets fat, life's precious
Forever living young, still reckless
Balling every second, so if I die tonight
I could truly see my life was imperfect, but it was worth it(Hook)
If I die tonight, just know I lived one hell of a life
Just in case I get killed tonight,
I'm writing my will tonight
Give these bum niggas my clothes
Give my niggas my cars, give my mother my dough
Give my girl my crib, give my brother my jewels
Give the shooters my guns, they know what to do(Outro)
If I die tonight, tell em I had a ball
Money, bitches and cars, I had em all
Give em my clothes, pack need in bags
Lord knows they need the swag
If I get killed tonight, some niggas gonn smoke a pound for me
Some niggas gonn load up they guns and hit the town for me
Yeah, these fuckin haters, gonn smile and breathe
But they bitches gonn frown for me
First class to the money, got a one way
Fact is, we all gotta die someday
Fly guy, put my casket on the runway
And tell my kids I'll see em again someday
My will, my will, my will, my will, my will.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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