Don't Wanna Die

Loon

Uh check it out, yeah, let me tell you a little story
A little couple street tales, on the shit I be seeing
'Cuz yo I'm from Harlem and everyday I see shit yo
Like this, check it uhNow here's a story 'bout a young kid
Had everything in life, never had to ask for nothing more than twice
His pops was getting his, moms was a lawyer
And his ball game almost had him draft to the hoier'sHe fell in love with a chick named Latoya
But little did he know, Latoya was a hoe
Lot of shit 'bout Latoya he don't know
She fucked with some nigga named Bo who so blowThe day he found out, turned the town out
Ran up on Bo and his ass got pound out,
But yo when he came through he seen the devil in disguise
It was Bo with the devil in his eyesMack 11 on the side, him and seven other guys
And every last one of these niggas ready to ride
Beside the fact that this cat in the mix
Jaw all broke up but that could be fixedDrawers all soaked up 'cuz that nigga pissed
Full force, cocked-back the rap nigga shit
Now perhaps nigga flipped or perhaps nigga cried
But deep down this nigga didn't really wanna dieNiggas get a little bit of loot, then think they fly
Then they wanna claim they thugs, but they really don't wanna die
Niggas get a little bit of loot, then think they fly
Then they wanna claim they thugs, but they really don't wanna dieNow here's a story 'bout another nigga, by the name of Jermaine
This nigga pushing 30 and still in the game
He won't change, all he do is sniff cocaine
Recruit niggas outta school and poison they brainI'm saying any nigga fucking with Jermaine
This nigga had you hustling in the rain
Or bust a nigga brain this dude was menacin' fact
But these dominance cats could finish him black'Cuz he didn't finish them packs, didn't finish that weight
That kid he had picture, caught ten in the face
Him and his ace, walk round with mack ten in his waste
But pop never been a disgraceWord to mother, he got contract killers, combat niggas
They killed up a whole fifth of conic liquor
Skipped town thinking they wouldn't harm that nigga
Found out they know where your mom's at niggaNiggas get a little bit of loot, then think they fly
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Niggas get a little bit of loot, then think they fly
Then they wanna claim they thugs, but they really don't wanna dieThe last story is Samantha, type of chick that you pamper

Got a lot of junk in her pamper, pops was a panther
Her mom's some happy camper
That thought the whole world of SamanthaMoved to Atlanta at the age of 18
Got a couple girls and they formed the A-team
Some playthings, specialize in blazing
Her and her girlfriend may ling from BeijingThey was bugged harassing the scrubs
Everybody knew 'bout Samantha and clubs
Gullable, get Samantha some drugs
And you can take her home and get Samantha some loveBack-shots, yo Samantha don't budge
Probably all the niggas that Samantha done fucked
Lotta kids, she can twist lotta ways
Till she found out she HIV positiveNiggas get a little bit of loot, then think they fly
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