Don't Die

Birdman & Lil' Wayne

Yeah, yeah, check me out man, yeah
Original gangsta, black clothes and bangers
Bullet shells and chambers, fill the L's up
We stay low from the ranges
'Cause they tryin' to tame us, but we brainless
And just think, I'm one sell out record away
From being famous, *** I guess I ain't it
You could paint it how you may, but I remain this gangsta
'Til the day I lay where the worms stay
I spit it for my *** sake, I spit it for myself a long time ago
Got a few houses, few whips, few condos
I'm so straight, I'm pointin'
The game is hurtin', and baby boy the ointment
Baby boy the president now, *** you gotta make an appointment
Two record labels, you should come join 'em
Do check the label
And make sure it's yellow or rose 'fore you bring it to my table
Gansta's don't die, they get chubby
And they move to Miami, I move to Miami
I'm banned from Wet Willies, but a *** like *** it
I'm still a G, thuggin' out in public, believe it
Gansta's don't die, they get chubby
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Yeah, **8 playin', doing about 180, Mazeratti, matchin' drop top sun shade
Gotta be fly, P1 ***, spent about five condo high in the sky
G4 whenever, fly in any weather
Had to pop a few *** that was bad feathers, million on the floor
Thats fo' sho' that lil' homie got the flow, so we all just goin' flow
And don't think about the past
A little water came, now we floatin' on everything
*** doing about anything, killin' while they hustlin'
*** puttin' it in for the change
So we headed to the game, Culpepper gettin' his roll on
I'm on the side with that bling
And outside, got them thangs

Them Phantoms out there, we do it up, switchin' lanes

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Naw, don't *** with that dogg
Yo, I'm gonna knock your *** head off
And I'm coming back hard
Stunner get me to work, and I'm runnin' that off
I'm comin' back with it and let my team split it
With a swagger you can't get, naw you can't get it
***, *** I pop like Diddy, I pop like when he goin' stop?
When it's empty and you still drawing Leonardo D'Vinci
Trap me, I'm in there early, gettin' money, ridin' dirty
Uptown puttin' in down, blowin' out the pound
Duffle bag full of cash when I come around
The lil' homie got the game so I put him down
Hold my town, world wide wearin' a crown
Like father like son, got it off the mound
Like father like son, n***** stand their grounds
Like father like son, n***** f*** them clowns
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I'm still a G, thuggin' out in public, believe it
Believe that 305, 404, 713, all that, Dallas, Kansas
Everybody ya' heard me, Oklahoma, yeah, everybody, the whole world

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