

Die 2

Lud Foe

It's just somethin' 'bout these pussy niggas I don't like
You end up catch, you better act like you got one life
I do this shit up off the dome, I don't even write
And I keep one up in the dome, I don't even fight
I heard you left your mans, that ain't even right
She wanna take a picture, she gon' do it for the likes
It's only sevens and elevens when I roll the dice
I ain't no role model, I can't give you no good advice
I buy my own bottles, hard liquors with the ice
I got my own sticks, Russian choppers with the knife
I hit my own licks, let me run into something nice
And if you want a feature, hit my DM for the price
I got my gun, you ain't got yours, run for your life
This two-two-three shoot through trees, it ain't nothin' nice
She give me head in the straight, got me runnin' lights
Can't get no sleep in the trap, I had long nights

This that shit that niggas die to (that nigga dead)
This that shit that niggas die to (shoot him in his head)
This that shit that niggas die to (bitch, ayy)
This that shit that niggas die to (gang, gang)
This that shit that niggas die to (that nigga dead)
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One up top, stupid nigga keep it on him
Hell Gang, take a nigga's Jesus piece from him
Yeah, band duffle make a nigga's nose bleed
The bezel on it make a forty look like forty three
Hardly get to go to sleep, tryna touch an M
Used to dream about ballin' but couldn't touch the rim
Last year the Gangland scored a hundred kills
Tuck your tail, niggas scared, finna run the drill
How I'm 'posed to leave it when I love the field?
Nigga how I'm 'posed to leave it when I love the field?
They just gave my lil bruh a hundred years
If that don't break a nigga, baby nothin' will
Pull up on his ass, let a hundred spill
Shooter Gang, I ain't tryna be behind the wheel
If he don't fall victim, we gon' double back
This that shit that niggas die to, run it back

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This that shit that niggas die to
You say you a killer nigga, who you tryna lie to?
Yeah I fucked your bitch nigga, I ain't even try to
Big bullets stick to a nigga like a tattoo, ayy
I'm ridin' 'round illegal with this felon on me

I heard a pussy in the opps, I got 'em tellin' on me
My trap house got acres, serve you now and later
Got fifty in this TEC, boy don't make me violate you
Ayy these hollow bullets turn your ribcage to some rib chips
White bitch with some fake tits and some pink lips
Compact, tote the small gat with the big clip
Talk shit, bitch we make your house do a backflip
Pussy nigga want beef, just let me know
Plug just sent me a hot potato, had to let it go
Don't put no ring on thot bitch, just let her ho
Hang out the window with this chopper, then let it blow

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