Will They Die 4 You?

Mase

Yeah
How many niggas that'll die for you
How many get a quiche like the pie, wit you
I ain't talkin' 'bout those that get high with you
Niggas know, if a red's on ya head, then they ride with you

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Well, I'mma ride for you, would you ride for me?
Well, I'mma die for you, would you die for me?
Obviously, we all know you type of cats
Let they man get struck, never strike back
Stay in the street, seven days a week
Shit get hot, you never blaze your heat
Stupid motherfucker wanna play me sweet
So I keep 'em on his toes, that way he never sleeps
Bigger than the king and the Pope, sling no dope
Call me anything but broke
When it's on, I guarantee my team don't choke
Want a war, you niggas better bring yo' force
And when I say we won't quit, believe this shit
When I talk about a Benz, let you see the 6
And when I'm talkin' to a ho, let you meet my bitch
When Puff talk, you niggas take heed to this

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Yo, if you down to act, we came to scrap
We beef '89, still watch your back
A nigga smack me, I'mma smack 'em back
If it lead to the guns, then that be that
And lately, niggas that snake me, just make me
Wanna send 'em heat without AC
Thinks I'm sweet, taste me
How much you really want it?
Enough to put a mil' on it or your deal on it?
This year Cancun, guess who I'm going wit
My own niggas, see I pay my own trip
Make my own chips, I copped my own 6
I knock my own shit, like I'm on my own dick
My day be short, need coke, raid the fort
I'm knocked by the cops, come blaze the court
And though niggas die for, go on the shelf
Disrespect and spend like a man below your belt
Me, I always had, so I never go for self

Had thousand dollar bills with Teddy Roosevelt
Better slow down, tellin' you now, put the dough down
Kick your door down, surround the block
Where you go now?
Fifty shots spit at you and that is not a whole round
Way I leave the furniture, think it was co-found
Here's the low-down, messin' with Mase gotta go down
What more could I say but hey, guess you niggas know now

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Motherfuckin' right I'mma roll with my motherfuckin' dogs
Bitches ain't around when it's time to go to war
This shit here, nothing to fuck with
I'm the same bitch all ya'll wanna try ya'll luck with
Lil' Kim spread like syphilis
You think I'm pussy?
I dare you to stick your dick in this
Chrome 4-4, inconspicuous in the 6-0-0, shit's ridiculous
Speak when you're spoken to and only with permission
Like E.F. Hutton, when I talk, niggas listen
So don't ya'll be mad at me, cuz I'm the Q to the B
To the motherfuckin' E-E
Copped my CD, now all ya'll wanna be me
See me on the TV, beds will dip in 3-D
Peep the CD, chromed out and phoned out
My shit is paid for, your shit is loaned out
I gets it on, money keep growin'
Ice fully glowin', plus I'm bad to the bone
In the danger zone, I hold my own when the pain is gone
Like a splinter I enter
So why should I throw my blows in those
Do a bit upstate and take the weight for your troubles
My nigga B.I.G, I'mma ride for
But it ain't too many niggas that I'd die for

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