

# Dignified

Monaleo

What about everything, that I did in my life  
Will it be forgotten, as soon as I die  
No man knows the day or the hour, no man knows the time  
But all that I ask, is please let me die dignified

Yeah  
Okay

Say for instance, we outside, we finna cut up  
Plus the owner just sent us a bottle, bitch we lucked up  
Huh  
I'm steady turning down the shots, I'm feeling fucked up  
Kayla saying bitch, stop being pussy, pick the cup up

So, I'm like, fuck it  
Why not?  
Bitch, it's just us  
Okay  
My nigga left us in the club  
He must trust us  
Dummy  
They just packed a nigga out, he looking roughed up  
And now we running out the club, kicking dust up  
Huh?

So which one of us could drive, not me  
Nope  
TT in the corner saying, bitch, I gotta pee  
I'm out  
TT out  
So now it's just three  
And jazz leaning out her heels puking, so is Que

The only person left, is Tamia, so we green  
Then Tamia look at me, and says she thinks she lost her keys  
What?  
On top of that, she left her glasses, she can't see  
Hmm  
So the only real option here is me  
Okay

We in a car, five deep, time to lock in  
Huh?  
I'm trying to back out, a Honda got me blocked in  
I'm off Patron, in my zone, body rocking  
Uh huh  
But I gotta get us home, no other option  
Let's go

I'm on the E-way, everything's smooth  
I'm going 45, I think it's time to cruise  
I'm playing slow jams. I'm trying to set the mood  
Then boom, hit a wall  
Send us to the upper room to our doom, too soon

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The ambulance is on the scene, checking pulses  
Huh?  
My family waiting, trying to see what the results is  
They huddled up, trying to pray, they consulting  
Huh?  
But they don't know the steering wheel done pushed my skull in  
Hey  
I done killed everybody in the car  
Huh?  
But how?  
The destination wasn't even far  
And my mama know I don't drink and drive, that's bizarre  
Huh?  
So how the fuck I crash on the way home from the bar?  
Huh?

Fox News saying, I was just a troubled star  
That should show you how you die might become just who you are  
It don't matter what you did in your life or what you saw  
You gotta answer when a maker pull your number out the jar  
Dummy!

Put the bottle down, or call a Uber  
Stupid  
We having fun, I hate to be a party pooper  
Uh huh  
But you know death is on a prowl, he a recruiter  
Yeah  
and he quick to turn your life into a blooper

Bitch, put the bottle down  
Hoe, call an Uber  
We turning up, I hate to be a party pooper  
Don't you know that Death is on the prowl and he could scoop ya?  
You know, you my bitch  
It's only right, I had to school ya  
What?

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