

# Die Like A G

Papoose

The life of a G...

If my death is anything like my life  
Then I'mma die like a G  
Throw your hammers up in the sky just for me  
I don't live in the Stuy, the Stuy live in me  
Nigga what! Hit you up with the Mack  
Nigga what! You ain't fuckin' with Pap  
Sendin' shots at me, I'm bustin 'em back  
So I ride around the town with the gun in my lap

Ayo my bond is my life, my word is my bond  
You pull the 2-5, I'mma pull the FoFo long  
Niggas can't stop my reign, my buzz too strong  
I was here when you came, I'll be here when you gone  
Keep talkin' like you tough when you're singin' ya song  
I blow ya head off, make the morgue sow it back on  
Niggas catch beef in the night, and slip in the dawn  
That's why the most bodies get dropped in the early morn'  
When the body gets scooped up and shipped to the morgue  
The killer go in the crib and pillow talk to his girl  
Baby mom say she gon' send him where he belong  
Call the cops that's what happens when the woman is scorned  
At the end of most arguments somebody get warned  
Always gotta be right, just admit when you wrong  
Say you gon' ride through the hood and blow your chromes  
But you just bop through the hood and blow your horn

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Feel like I'm Tarzan, aw man, my girl Jane  
My homies wild like the animals we all bang  
Lookin' for this coward cause he owe me some small change  
Heard he in the gambling spot,  
How you gon' gamble while you owe me homie?  
I ran up in the card game with that long thing  
I'm puttin' dots on they heads while they playing poker  
I ain't playin' with ya'll lames,  
Man I gave them niggas poker (polka) dots like Charmane  
Sayin' they killers, man when they gon' start killin'  
When blood starts spillin' ya'll start sayin' ya'll chillin'  
Let them outta town niggas catch ya'll slippin'  
Pump work on the block, took food outta ya'll kitchen  
Flossed in ya parties, sexed all of ya'll women  
You runnin' round talkin' bout you ain't got no hard feelings  
You ain't got no hard feelings cause you're really a broad  
This nigga soft, I don't feel him if his feelings ain't hard

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Cause snatch you sharks out the ocean, and watch you die  
Take you guppies out the fish tank and let you dry  
Kill you piranhas at at the blink of an eye  
But I ain't thinkin' bout you I got some bigger fish to fry  
Cause when a nigga live the thug life and somebody hit 'em  
The family always wanna blame the person who with 'em  
So if you was with your homie and ya'll got hit up  
And he ain't make it and you make it then you better grip up  
Now it's more homicide, more bloodshed  
Cause all they really wanna know is why you ain't dead  
A nigga follow my whip I ain't gon' scream and shout  
I'mma lead 'em to his death, that's what I'm about  
Call my homie on the cell, you chillin no doubt  
These niggas followin' the whip, they must think I'm a slouch  
I'mma ride through the block, by the club house  
When you see the car behind me, air that shit out

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