

Die

Rittz

Ye-uh Yeah
Slum Shit
Yeah

What you mean you don't like my shit?
Well, it's obvious that you don't have no taste and your opinions suck
And I don't expect to be everybody cup of tea
But don't act like I ain't killing everything I touch
I crush every record I'm on
So holla if you wanna get a feature while the price is right
See I try to be friendly, the MC's offend me
And now it's time for yall to kiss the nice guy good bye
Besides, everyone hanging around me is a big shot
Well is it appropriate for me to act like one?
I try to be humble among you mother fuckas
But some of you frontin' really act [?]
And done what I done already its barely begun
They say when I come wearing my hair like it's hilarious tell me what's funn
y
They running when they see me juggle my gun
Don't that they know they're gonna die?

Die
Haters step beside, they wanna fuck with me
I swear to God, I'll kill em till they show respect, or not
And everybody's gonna
Die
Dead, shedding blood
I got the grave digger diggin ya plot
I got ya body rottin deep in the ground
Cause everybody gonna
Die

I'm not used to this music shit
I guess that I'm cut from a different cloth
Photographers, Bloggers, Producer pricks
And Musicians as a whole are starting to piss me off
Not all, just some of them rub me wrong
Is it possible that everyone's an entrepreneur?
Talking to you like they a Hollywood star
And you should be lucky that they even let you get your foot in the door
All I hear a ear full of manure
I don't know them much more
I can't ignore it, they just trying to hard
To be cool, to cut heads and wiggle they fucking dreads
I feel like I'm surrounded by dorks and corn balls galore
Does anybody know I'm going up? I'm torn
I'm going off on 'em and I'm continuing the manure
Maybe I should have my boys tie 'em up with the phone cord
The gun point tell them get the fuck
Cause everybody gone die

Johnny Valian, the head turner
A 10 to 1 head hunter
I bet if I met one of your girls I got head from
And I came on the bed comforter, she didn't swallow it
Zip up my denims and then I gave her a fake number

And told her to "Hit me up, it's totally cool ho"
My homie Groes saw me sent to kill in the booth though
I wait in the industry, any rapper up in it wanna test me
let me know I'll get to cover your tombstone
I cock away all the way pull my weapon and draw
Homie by the way, I don't play, disrespect me I brawl
Take your life away by the way I'm as deadly as Saw
I'll prolly be a killer till I'm George Jefferson bald
Look at 'em all running for cover, they panicking
Frantically, they don't even stand a chance with me
My plans to be famous and get a bad bitch
Maybe Casey Anthony'll marry me
Then everybody gone die