

Die Young

Roddy Ricch

I ain't tryna die young, so I gotta ride with one
Stood ten toes down in my Balenciagas
He ran down on a nigga, that's a shotta, shotta
Cold hearted nigga, wet that blocka, blocka
Gotta keep it on me, I don't wanna die young
I rather be judged by twelve, than carried by six
How I'm gon' post bail? Just look at my wrist
Tell me, why the legends always gotta die quick?

When I'm in traffic gotta slide with the beam on me
Cause I keep 'bout ten racks bussin' out the jeans on me
Niggas be hating, I'm rich, it's all about the cream homie
If I ever get caught lackin', they gon' slide
Ever since I got the Rollie, I ain't got the time
Flawless diamonds, niggas can't never block the shine
They know I'm ballin' in the city like DeRozan
Gotta keep my niggas 'round me, I can't do the wrong friends
I was knockin' down walls, now they closin' in
Hopped off the porch, and then I hopped inside the Porsche, aye
Fuck being the side nigga, I'ma be the main course
Whipped the Rolls like a young nigga made for it

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Tryna get my bag, I had to go and make it happen
Me and my dogs, we was bussin' out them bandos
Count out them hunnids then we throw it in the mattress
Wrap it in plastic, and throw it in the attic
I be in the streets nigga, I stand ten toes
Any nigga in my situation woulda been fold
We was trappin' out the basement, made it back tenfold
Gotta stay out the way, that's why I'm always behind the tint for
We was fighting fed cases, remember I was 2 and 0
Nigga was fightin' depression, sippin' syrup, I was movin' slow
I was down below, but still, I always kept my head up
Nigga gotta get my bread up, I don't wanna die young
No, no, no

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