

TILL I DIE

SXMPRA

(Fuck!) Killer on a killing spree, killer on a killing spree
East side, west side, bitch, you better not fuck with me
Killer on a killing spree, killer on a killing spree (dwilly, I'm scared!)
Let that choppa-let that choppa-let that choppa-

Walk up out the door, left a note up on my dresser
They tell me everyday that life is on its way to better
But I can't seem to shake the fact that I've been getting fed up
That's why my mind is drifting to the thought of a Beretta
Got the .35 rippin' and the .45, bang, yeah
Subwoofer knockin', I'm rockin' that motherfucker for a bag, uh
Comin from nothin', I made it to riches I tell 'em to throw out the rags, hu
h
'Member when I was just washin' them dishes and now I be poppin' them tags
B-B-Bitch, I'm back with a black mask, any motherfucker wanna back track
Bitch, I been about it, gonna put 'em in a body bag
Body back tucked in a black van, ride for the gang until I-until I-

'Til I die, bitch, I'm ridin for the gang (The gang)
Tell 'em "Fuck the money", and I tell 'em "Fuck the fame" (The fame)
Stayin' on the low, bitch, they stayin' on my case (Case)
Every day, I wake up, put a mask upon my face
'Til I-'til I die, bitch, I'm ridin for the gang (The gang)
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Ayy, .45 make 'em fly like doves in the spotlight, bitch, that's us
Lettin' off shots with the men I trust
Bitch, I'm smokin' that thrax 'til the sun come up
I think its that time of the month, money come in, then I'm pilin' it up
Stay back if you ain't ridin' with us
Five in the mornin', I'm letting off shell, like I need more miles in the bu
s
And the bank got stacked, I get paid to relax
One last puff and I'm fadin' to black
Fuck around, bitch, get a fade with a MAC
In a three story crib, I ain't pay for the rent
Ge-ge-getting high, smoking swishers, don't got no time for y'all bitches
Let it bang, shit get wicked, boy a stain, he washed like dishes

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