

Till I Die

Wildways

One time for the Wildways, Wildways

Bitch, I'm from the land, till I die, till I die, till I die
On the East Side, till I die, till I die, till I die
Bumping that Bone Thugs till I die, till I die, till I die
In the hood, I'm good till I die, CLE, till I die

Everywhere I go, I'm putting on, putting on, putting on
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Where you from?

Straight outta the motherfucking crib, hoe
On 128th, me and Slim, though
Dead broke, we were smoking mid, bro
Baby mama holler: "How we supposed to live though?"
Fuck that, beat the game up quick though
Everybody in the team eating
Green meals, green leaves, it's the green season
Catch me on Lee, up at Sharks eating
Whipping with the hot sauce like I'm street leaguering
And one, though
On the porch, getting cut, though
On first block with a blunt rolled, me and Dub-O
My city, my city been turned up from the jump, though

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Where you from?

Y'all know, y'all know
It's tatted up on all of my squad, hoe
I roll J's in a 12-inch RAW paper
Every day I live life like Pablo
Y'all know, y'all know
I'm tatted like I don't need jobs, hoe
Nobody's gonna stop me getting paper
Every day I feel like El Chapo
I was getting high in the sixth grade
Throwing hands in the hall on the first day
Scared of one of my hoes getting knocked up
Snatching purses in the mall, getting locked up
Bitch, I needed paper, I needed paper
Dreaming of the penthouse on the elevator
The hood taught me don't talk, just walk mine
Timbos on the curb by the stop sign
Kells

East Side, West Side, Cleveland for life

East Side, West Side, Cleveland for life
Uptown to the down the way, uptown to the down the way
EC to the Heights all day, EC to the Heights all day

Baby, I'm from the land, till I die, till I die
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