

When I Die

Krayzie Bone

Man, what the fuck is we gone do, man?
Shit, man, I can't believe this shit, man
Them motherfuckers done killed him
We got to ride for this nigga
On them old hoe ass niggas
I say we ride over right there, right now
That's what I'm talking about, let's roll

As we delve through the mud and rain
Straight shots of tongue ease the pain
As we put to rest one of my niggas
That got cut up and lost half his brain
Shit, ain't the same niggas is dangerous
Buckin' like it's the thang to bust
When I looked at my nigga fucked up
I couldn't help thinking this could've been aimed for us

Niggas do hate like that, nigga, you never know
He say a friend but I smell foe
So I sit back and wait for the day niggas try to kick in my door
So I sleep with the big fo-fo
But what if I fuck up and pull it too slow
You know what they say, gotta go, gotta go
What if I be the one breathing no more, oh well
When I die I want all my motherfuckers to ride
(For me)

On the niggas that did me killed, me committed my homicide
Gather up after the funeral and pull out all the big guns
(Posse up)
Go through every hood poppin' till somebody tell you somethin'
How in the fuck can I rest in peace when I wasn't ready to die
So I'm begging my niggas to get my revenge
And do it the same night they put me under
Now I'm gone but this thug shit gone live on
Just write on my tombstone he was that thuggish ruggish bone

Murda mo, niggas, gone kill some more
(Nigga, you never know when you gone die)
Murda mo, niggas, gone kill some more
(Say never know when it could be you)

Murda mo, niggas, gone kill some more
(They leave yo house and don't come back)
Murda mo niggas gone kill some more
(This shit is real and oh, so true)

Murda mo, niggas, gone kill some more
(Nigga, you never know when you gone die)
Murda mo, niggas, gone kill some more
(Say never know when it could be you)

Murda mo, niggas, gone kill some more
(They leave yo house and don't come back)
Murda mo niggas gone kill some more
(This shit is real and oh, so true)

When I die I wanna see about a hundred niggas cryin'
Lying, talkin' 'bout they all love Ryan
And Joey too, you should've seen him at the funeral
Sporting the top hat tuxedo was royal blue murder who
Nigger, I died in the car chase shot
The place like the last scene in Scarface
Now I'm in the far place chillin' in the whites of the sky
Terror Squad till the day I die

I'ma thug, I'ma die high O.D. off the la-la
Niggas tell me get off that weed, I'ma keep smoking on that thai
Nigga, fuck that, I'ma keep hittin' that
(Puff puff)
Till my lung collapse, what's wrong with that?
You hypocrite, just a little bit you know you down with it

It's all good in your hood having laughs
Puff weed to clear my cataracts
Never thought I'd see the inside of an ambulance
But now I'm there too many dead brain cells
Runnin' 'round inside my head
That's when I died my eyes were blood shot red

Now picture me dead, still getting head in the coffin flossin'
Bitches fightin', cryin', tryin' to get a bigger portion
My niggas talkin', figuring how to get my fortune
While I'm lost in space waiting for Satan and his horseman
Walkin' through fire sparkin' my lighter cloud the sky up
Rising higher and higher, eye to eye with my messiah
Viya Con Dios as I cross the gates of hell
I faced the devil with a shovel and told him brace yourself

Reporters steady ask why KB be talkin' 'bout murder on all the songs
I say 'cuz I could step out the door, somebody could pop and I'm gone
Then they wanna know why I pack chrome for one I'm paranoid
Smoking too much of that weed, what's that I just heard a noise
Get the 12 gauge and I call my boys
Motherfuckers is plottin' to get me, I know when I'm dreaming this
So that's the meaning of this

Nine millimeter heater strapped with infrared beams and shit
So nigga don't trip the reaper, seem to be getting closer
So I'm running from that motherfucker swervin' and duckin' murder
Pistol grip pump protected by the gauge
Mr Sawed-Off Leatherface reload the clip and into the crowd I spray
Murder murder, mo murder, murder, kill, kill, kill

Shit, it's selling but what they ain't telling niggas is that it's real
But you better realize for it be you in the casket dropped
Better get you ass a shotgun and go get a plastic glock
Nigga, don't take murder for no joke, that's like slittin' your own throat
But I tell you what'll help for sure is if you bust back at them hoes

Murda mo, niggas, gone kill some more
(Nigga, you never know when you gone die)
Murda mo, niggas, gone kill some more
(Say never know when it could be you)

Murda mo, niggas, gone kill some more
(They leave yo house and don't come back)
Murda mo niggas gone kill some more
(This shit is real and oh, so true)