

# Die One Day

Lloyd Banks

I keep my hip on pound 'cause she gets hectic in my town  
Drag my family with me 'cause that's how real niggaz get down  
If it wasn't for 50 I probably wouldn't be around  
Caught up in the temptations, sitting in jail or underground  
And for that if you snap a finger I'll lay a nigga down  
It's fucked up when your only facial expression is a frown  
A hood rat a put a future in a fool's pants  
Till she find out you can't buy furniture with food stamps  
A year ago I made a decision before I shut my eyelids  
Pray to God I get shot tomorrow 'cause I don't like surprises  
When you hot as a oven, they embrace you with open arms  
When you cold as a freezer, niggaz treat you like they don't need ya'  
Some people call it they vapors, me I call it amnesia  
Live my life principle driven, never bite the hand that feeds ya'  
Never mind all the haters, fuck them all, let them die slow  
All I need is my niggaz, money, liquor, and hydro  
I know!

Everybody gon' die one day  
Whether it's natural causes or gun play  
But fucking with me you sliding down a one way  
I keep it gangsta from Monday to Sunday  
(2x)

Don't blame me, blame my mom and pop for breeding this  
The game needed this  
Lloyd Banks, a.k.a. Mr. I don't feed a bitch  
Or need a bitch, I state it when I meet a bitch  
If you want to trick you need a switch  
'Cause I don't trick Adidas bitch  
This is all I got, I have to blow  
So whether it's fast or slow  
Platinum flow is making it easy to kidnap a hoe  
Pop the bag, pass the dro'  
Blow about a half a O  
Legit citizenship, my pimp is international  
You gotta agree, these motherfuckers probably have me Latin  
Before they find a nigga hotter than me  
We on top as far as I can see  
And since the hood watching me  
My regular trip to the mall is a shopping spree  
I'm the number one draft pick, none of y'all topping me  
I move around with the plastic, you ain't dropping me  
The show me love in my city  
They fucking with me and I'm fucking with them  
Nigga G-Unit till the end

Everybody gon' die one day  
Whether it's natural causes or gun play  
But fucking with me you sliding down a one way  
I keep it gangsta from Monday to Sunday  
(2x)

Your six inches from a coffin  
So I suggest you stop talking  
And make me resort to violence  
And You'll no longer be walking

Your six inches from a coffin  
So I suggest you stop talking  
And make me resort to violence, nigga  
Yeah!  
You gotta love it!