

Livin To Die (50 Cent Diss)

Styles P

All I have in this world is my balls and my word, and I don't b
reak them for no one. You understand.

Lord forgive me my sins, I know it's last minute
Put the chronic in the air, a little hash in it
Spread my wings, if only I could fly
Why fight to live homie if we livin to die

I don't give a fuck what many men wish
I from the D Block, clickin out semi auto shit
P a hustler, I'm a a double levy, penny I get
And that's words to my haze and my remy I sip
And you can pray to God and play the yard
I throw the laser on the 89 and spray your squad
Nah, use to have hopes and dreams
Now it's locs with coats with triple beams
With machine guns fiends.

Rock the world might be like colors and gangs
Follow my side brothers would for different thangs
But it all revovle around and shorties
Suffer your bling for your chain, the same story
From checoslovakia, the texas metropolis, the tretorous foxes,
and the mexican mafia
They scrappin with tats on their backs, valid wars
Nuthin less then the lethal injection if ever caught
Court rooms, eagles, and flags, american style
While in our world, the ghetto stays incredibly foul
Whatchin for pain chips, throwin no lead at your child
But them gangstas pulloutin your child
The berry be out, the chain be like 100k
Shining since roxane shaunte made runaway
That's been a minute, genesis is deep, my feature are that of a
god
Is not a [?], it's a fact that these rappers wanna be Nas.