

# Die

Beanie Sigel

We chapters of the same book, just a different page  
Niggas in the struggle all out to get paid  
Doin' what we gotta do to avoid the raid  
Avoid the cage, but you can't avoid the grave  
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When you live by the sword, you die by the sword  
I'll probably die in the vocal booth spittin' out raw  
Die on stage, rippin' down tours  
Die from aids, trickin' out-a-town whores  
Die cause I didn't have one in the pipe  
Might go out like Raymond, went out on his bike  
Or die on a death mission, two tec's spittin'  
No vest section from my chest missin'  
Die cause the jewels in my necklace glisten  
In a V twizzy in a wreckless collision  
Or die in the streets over somethin' petty  
Cause a broke ass nigga tryed ta say I asked Betty  
Die from a shot from a said war golck  
From a kid on the block while sittin' in the drop  
Or die cause I was on, ain't see 'em comin'  
Too late, eight shots got my body nummin'  
Die caught fuckin' his bitch in his bed  
Die cause a nigga thought I snitched to the feds  
Die with a knife six inches in my head  
I could die on death row, sentenced to the chair  
Or die cause a nigga pulled his Rosco out quicker  
I was high off vodka, hydro, or malt liquor  
Die cause I knew I shoul'da laid that man  
Die cause the cops tricked me to say that man  
Die cause I hesitated to spray that man  
Die cause I hesitated to pay that man  
Die cause my man passed me a empty tool  
Die cause I panicked, I couldn't keep my cool  
Die cause I mixed all them pills with Hennessy  
Or die cause them niggas was jel, they envyed me  
Die tryin' ta seal the fate of my enemy  
I could go out from a case of mistaken identity  
Or die cause the door wasn't open, it was locked  
Die cause the 4 was broken, it wouldn't pop  
Die cause a nigga wasn't focused on the block  
Die cause them niggas thought tha coke was in the spot  
Die cause another nigga said I said somethin'  
Die cause that newsy bitch said I did somethin'  
Die cause a nigga was tryin' ta get a name  
Or die cause it was just my time ta feel the flames  
Might get sparked, might not feel no pain  
Might go out like dark-skinned Jamain  
Take a couple shots ta the heart, ta the brain  
Got all the dough, don't know the cost of the game  
Young buck didn't wanna come off the chain  
Couldn't handle the rock, got horsed in the game  
I could catch a bad break like Big or Pac  
I'd rather go out in a Masjid making Salat

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