

Never Die

DJ Drama

I pour out a little liquor (Uh-huh)
RIP to my niggas (Rest in peace)
I pour out a little liquor

Evil thoughts in your mind keep running through
Not quite sure what you wanna do
Like, what is this world coming to?
Life goes on even if you don't want it to (Uh-huh)
It's a sad ride home if the good die young do the bad die old? (Let me know)
I'm just trying to carry my load another good nigga livin' by the bad guy code
Lookin' for the Lord but the devil spoke to you
When you lose a loved one or somebody that's close to you
People turning they back meaning the most to you
Then you find out your man is sending them folks to you
Maybe you shed a tear and you never cry
Always true to your word and you never lie
Got your hand on them birds you would let em fly
Yeah, cause real niggas never die (What?)

Somebody tell me why (why)
Why the good die young (why)
Sometimes it makes me cry (cry)
To know that you're gone
Hold on to the memories
Not a day goes by I
Hear a voice saying dry those eyes
'Cause real niggas never die (Real niggas never die)
They never die, no
Real niggas never die (Real niggas never die)
They never die
Real niggas never die

I had love for this music but ain't know how to pursue it,
Was frustrated as a teen I needed money for Buicks,
My shirt was stained from the sewage,
Niggas rockin' the newest,
I dealt with it for the moment but couldn't call it the future,
I'm down a block from the shootin',
It started to sound like recruitin',
Seein' niggas I grew up with sleep to funeral music,
And I was only fifteen,
I parted ways with my schoolin',
My first seven grams of work were like my holy communion and now I'm turnd out,
The block hot, niggas burnt out,
With no heart it's cold cash that we search out,
We got rules we hear shots then we 'sperse out,
Retaliation, get back exactly what the turf bout,
And it's a gang of young niggas I was hurt 'bout
On the real I almost shed tears in the church house
Back when I thought real niggas couldn't die
Learnt I was wrong but still couldn't cry

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Since everybody real, where the fakers at?
Since everybody trill, where the flakers at?
Trynta break 'em down, where the tables at?
Dufflebag full of cash like, where Vegas at?
Crap tables, life's a gamble, but a nigga won!
Now I'm lookin' round like, what have a nigga done?
My lord my God, I'm used to hustlin' hard
Guess they find it odd how a nigga beat the odds
No Illuminati never been a fan of saints
That's what happens when you room big as central station
Same rubber band my cousin tied her braids with
We ain't cop the same car my auntie played spades with
What you know about five eatin' off a half
That's five mu'fuckas now you do the math
Oxymoron these rap niggas don't lie
This real nigga shit and real niggas don't die

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