

## Paid The Price

## Do Or Die

My world came to an end  
And then you came back  
I think you brought it back together  
Now I know  
There is no (there is no)  
Way (there's no there is no way)  
That I can go on without you baby

Yeah, history in the makin, Do or Die  
Yeah, yeah, uh, uh, uh  
Me and Do or Die got maneuvers  
Cold pimp tactics all in one package  
Hollerin' at a chick that could of been a actress  
Right now her back is layin' on my mattress  
Why your team pissed like urine  
Only rock things made for a king  
Tell me tell me it was the LV  
Bigger than the jeans of the  
Rap floor green  
That's how I gotcha  
So I you want a role model to call like Patra  
Quit hollerin' at them losers  
And get with this shit that  
Got his own business an entrepreneur

Off the block now  
Shit got the pipe down  
Industry niggas I just got bomb  
Track from Kanye West pass the bomb aye  
Kick the doors down like Desert Storm  
Where's the millions  
I'm the chameleon  
Transformin', rock a show like God  
Drivin' for status  
Big my apparatus  
You gotta now I'm getting all that dough  
Hotter than your shit  
Bullshit, got a full clip  
Think I'm a punk then get your back broke slow  
I'm the shiznick down to my diznick  
Lyrics so hot enough for frozen snow  
Feel of the bomb again and get fucked the he say she say  
He say she say I ain't gon make it  
The throne is my mine  
Chi-town where's the crown  
From the days of Capone, nigga  
You know we gon take it  
I wanna vint Vivian and own my own block  
Print my check like Johnny Walker Scott  
Damn if you do or you don't you move over  
Save some room for the black Casanova

Ladies and gentlemen. You is tunin' in to Do Or Die (thank you) Kanye West  
Chi-town finest. World clap your hands for us one time  
It's the world premiere, You don't understand though  
Man we got the plan. We gon put it in your hands like this  
It ain't nothing happenin'. You know what I'm sayin'?

We make it happen. Bullshit ain't nothing Joe. Chi-town finest  
You know how it go. Come on. Come on  
Uh, come on, come on

This the last time you see my like this here stuntin'  
16,5 & 3 ain't that somethin'?  
As long as we makin the paper the hoes comin'  
Suppose I get behind the mic and flow somethin'  
Kanye show the chain ladies expose something  
With a hummer H2 with the Benz there's no frontin'  
With some ice you can skate on  
Now I got no weight on  
It's gettin to the point when the ballas try hate on  
Proticops I stayed on  
And made a lot of hot songs  
Do you think I'm a P.I.M.P.  
In a SL5 Halle Berry colors scoop me  
Groupies and Gucci you know you can't exclude me  
Ladies get around be like "He's so cool G"  
No I'm not booshie just Eric and Young Stoopie  
The black Hugh Heffner

Tell me tell me Lord can you hear me?  
Sometimes I walk these streets and get weary  
Most of the times I can't let these niggas get near me  
With this hatred, jealousy, and envy  
I went to church and they said you had a remedy  
A remedy to set me free and take away my enemies  
So I pray to the day when I get to see  
All the faces that put me down up in the industry  
So from the street to the club  
It's ya boy show me love  
We gotta keep it gangstas that's how we gettin love  
Never fall for the love of the dough  
Stay true, straight to the facts and the game to show