

# Till I Die

MC Eiht

Geah  
Thug shit, nigga  
G's in the y-2-k  
Hey, what can I say? (geah)  
Hoo-bangin's official, nigga  
And right now we gon' do some of that thug shit for that ass (killa)  
Geah, that's makin' me wanna do some of that evil shit (west side!)  
Check it out

Feel a little gust of wind so I jet  
This real nigga dwells from compton, no shit  
Thugs town, right now car jacks and sales  
County bus rolls through - niggas trips to jail  
What the hell won't trade it, high class can't fade it  
Out of town trips with pigeons is how we made it  
Y'all niggas hate to get a dubs and rocks  
Land of the green weed and cars that ? ? ? ? hops  
Don't stop - packin' my heat and beretta  
Guarantee my hollows goes tough through your leather  
Whenever the rhyme play or the 9 play (ping ping!)  
It's a done deal when I hit you run way  
Y'all niggas must be gay, smilin' and shakin'  
How this bitch greed shakin' up money, we keep mention  
Never fakin' the funk, punk, I pops the trunk  
4-5 hittin' yo' body, takin' a big chunk, geah

Till I die nuthin' but makin' cheese  
Till I die tryin' to come up on ki's  
Till I die nuthin' but guns and weed  
Till I die givin' you just what you need

Murda, murda, murda, kill, kill, kill  
Steel is my reputation, caps get peeled  
Front line nigga for dollars is my nigga  
But I'm kinda fast when they spit the 9 triggers  
Till my dying day I lay away  
Till my very last breath, nigga, I swear to make you pay  
Guilty conscience? never me!  
Last night nigga done caught a felony  
Jealousy try to approach, wanna promote  
Then provoke through gun smoke, watch out, loc!  
Shake down cause these niggas fuckin' with yours  
Get in where you fit in even if it's a back door  
Or the window, tie up the ho', where's the scope?  
Trying to hand me you popped, you're booked, I want more  
Lock down for me on the bus downtown  
Now my - outlook is a sad-faced clown, geah

Chorus...

Till I die is gon' be h double o  
B-a-n-g-i-n fo' sho'  
Niggas never thought that they would ever see me  
With my - eh - blue rag buddy from the c-p-t  
We be kickin' in do's, sweevin' 4-4's  
Shovin' 30 clips in a fully mack 1-0's  
So as the clock tickin' - and the plot thickens

We be juggin' up sherman - and rockin' up chicken  
(what you need, nigga? )  
Time to elevate the game and turn it up a notch  
And bust on the muthafuckin' neighborhood watch  
My money greener than a clover - in a 4-6 rover  
I be a millionaire thuggin until it's all over  
I take a ice cold 40 of cristal and what they servin'  
Me and a persian hoe in a 6-4 blowin' doja while we swervin'  
Keep that off the hood, greed and determination in my eye, nigga  
Be my piece of the pie, nigga, so I ride until I die,nigga

Chorus...