

# Die

Rittz

Ye-uh Yeah  
Slum Shit  
Yeah

What you mean you don't like my shit?  
Well, it's obvious that you don't have no taste and your opinions suck  
And I don't expect to be everybody cup of tea  
But don't act like I ain't killing everything I touch  
I crush every record I'm on  
So holla if you wanna get a feature while the price is right  
See I try to be friendly, the MC's offend me  
And now it's time for yall to kiss the nice guy good bye  
Besides, everyone hanging around me is a big shot  
Well is it appropriate for me to act like one?  
I try to be humble among you mother fuckas  
But some of you frontin' really act [?]  
And done what I done already its barely begun  
They say when I come wearing my hair like it's hilarious tell me what's funn  
y  
They running when they see me juggle my gun  
Don't that they know they're gonna die?

Die  
Haters step beside, they wanna fuck with me  
I swear to God, I'll kill em till they show respect, or not  
And everybody's gonna  
Die  
Dead, shedding blood  
I got the grave digger diggin ya plot  
I got ya body rottin deep in the ground  
Cause everybody gonna  
Die

I'm not used to this music shit  
I guess that I'm cut from a different cloth  
Photographers, Bloggers, Producer pricks  
And Musicians as a whole are starting to piss me off  
Not all, just some of them rub me wrong  
Is it possible that everyone's an entrepreneur?  
Talking to you like they a Hollywood star  
And you should be lucky that they even let you get your foot in the door  
All I hear a ear full of manure  
I don't know them much more  
I can't ignore it, they just trying to hard  
To be cool, to cut heads and wiggle they fucking dreads  
I feel like I'm surrounded by dorks and corn balls galore  
Does anybody know I'm going up? I'm torn  
I'm going off on 'em and I'm continuing the manure  
Maybe I should have my boys tie 'em up with the phone cord  
The gun point tell them get the fuck  
Cause everybody gone die

Johnny Valian, the head turner  
A 10 to 1 head hunter  
I bet if I met one of your girls I got head from  
And I came on the bed comforter, she didn't swallow it  
Zip up my denims and then I gave her a fake number

And told her to "Hit me up, it's totally cool ho"  
My homie Groes saw me sent to kill in the booth though  
I wait in the industry, any rapper up in it wanna test me  
let me know I'll get to cover your tombstone  
I cock away all the way pull my weapon and draw  
Homie by the way, I don't play, disrespect me I brawl  
Take your life away by the way I'm as deadly as Saw  
I'll prolly be a killer till I'm George Jefferson bald  
Look at 'em all running for cover, they panicking  
Frantically, they don't even stand a chance with me  
My plans to be famous and get a bad bitch  
Maybe Casey Anthony'll marry me  
Then everybody gone die