

Die Slow

Shyne

Its over nigga one sandscript
The heckler makes good fellas run frantic
Guns i brandish make men vanish
Got bodies in Kansas, across the Atlantic
Once me and lance hit, you don't wanna chance it
No matter how you plan, you can't antic-
Ipate it, stupid nigga hestiated
Now his remains be cremated
(?)(?)(?) never debated
The killings clean, it's shyne related
Do it like suicide can't retrace it
Heckler Koch too hot? Gotta replace it
Charge is murder, never attempted
I tried, you died cause no defense is
Strong enough to withstand my assault
Before I go hit your safe and the vault
They fled through the night (??)
Hitler hit ya, lives is lost
Bodies is found dead, no remorse
Gun fire to the tire, to exhaust
Catch fire, we aspire to extort
Kids with valuables in all resources
Cops will never find where the corpse is
While we driving 12's, and box porsches

We cop their names and squeeze
Hit the target, then flee
So nigga tell me what you wanna do
Is dying what you wanna do?
(2x)

Organized crime, mafia
Touch mine got heckler koch for ya
Daily news nigga, make ya popular
Gone by the morn, while maggots rotten ya
So be cautious, you don't wanna cross us
Force us, to leave your body corpsed up
(?)(?)(?) Tell em boys horsed up
While we fledding 12's 300 horsed up
My hand never far from the safety,
Fucking with me? too bad for your safety
Nigga hard stares, kill that
Before you find yourself tied up and kidnapped
Chopped up, let em find out where your ribs at
Days later; send it to your mom gift wrapped, get that?
I say fuck a fist fight
Banana clip fights
Is what im into
100 rounds into you
For the torque and this aint interview
Shootin every inch of you
Then hit the mall and buy a mink or two
Brooklyn gettin money, that be the principal

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Hit the target, then flee
So nigga tell me what you wanna do

Is dying what you wanna do?

I got guns armstrong like BJ
Have you runnin fast like it's a relay
Race, pray once im reachin my weights
No bullets (?) (?) and weights
He don't know i kill armies
Don't tell him when bullets hit him and figure like Tommy
Get the picture, sweet dreams when i kiss ya
Rock the sleep, wrap the sheets, call the priest
Talk is cheap,
Bullets pricly I make you pay me
The cost might be
An arm, a leg or an organ
L.A to New York, fuck your origin
Im killin, send national guards in
To stop me
Killed more crews than Motley
Cop the
Heckler 50 caliber
Blaze andything standing my diameter

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Hit the target, then flee
So nigga tell me what you wanna do
Is dying what you wanna do?

Die slow nigga, die slow
Die slow nigga, die slow
Die slow nigga, die slow
Die slow cocksucker, die slow

Gun fire while beat fades out