

# 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\*