

## **Chris Rock F/ Lil' Kim**

### **"Die Die Die"**

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[Bizzy Bone] (whispering)  
Shut up nigga...Shut the fuck up nigga  
Here they come...Here they come  
Here they come nigga...Duck down nigga duck down  
[Dogs barking]  
[Cop]  
there they are  
[Bizzy]  
Shit..come on nigga come on  
nigga run for it nigga make..  
[Cop]  
Freeze motherfucker!  
[Bizzy]  
Shit..  
[Gunshot]

(Chorus)  
[Bizzy Bone]  
I'm lil' ripsta, im...  
[Krayzie Bone]  
Leather face comin' to kill them at night  
[Bizzy]  
Die Die Die  
[Krayzie]  
so we buck them studio thugstas I'm...  
[Bizzy]  
willing and ready to ride

[Krayzie Bone]  
I pop pop droppin' them niggas with the glock gun  
Nigga, you best start run, duckin' the shotgun  
leavin' 'em up off my block stunned  
One eighty seven lesson and we done told ya  
you fuckin' with Bone you better believe we livin' like  
soldiers  
We lovin' that thugsta shit so nigga just throw your  
pumps in the air  
Then you pump pump put one in a coppa like ya just  
don't care  
You don't wanna fuck with you don't wanna buck with a  
realer nigga

Better check my manuscript  
drugdealer, killa, cabbage peeler  
Thug with Lil' Ripsta number one with the gun come  
come get some  
Senseless killa Fifth Dog and posse run get gone  
Fuck with the Bone four niggas strong leave 'em alone  
til' it be on  
Krayzie put on one in your dome  
and nigga be thinkin' I'm wrong so go on  
Cause nigga the sawed-off ain't full of shit  
Me lovin' to smoke tweed and me weed man  
They givin' me what me need man when I light my blunt  
fold the niggas up in me hood so when we smoke  
smoke smoke  
get paid good so we gonna blaze good  
So come to The Land where all the thugs be real  
Them St. Claire niggas they ain't no joke  
so catch a slug or chill nigga

(Chorus)

[Cop]

Lie down with your hands behind your back

[Gun being cocked]

[Bizzy Bone]

Naw bitch you lie your funky ass on the ground..now

[News Reporter]

This seemingly routine investigation  
had become a horrible nightmare..

[Bizzy]

Running with gats and bats

so nigga don't test rest or you get a peeled cap

pap pap that pump better check that gun

for a nigga done get that skull cracked

Lil' Rip done rolled up

the bigger the nigga the quicker get showed up

Let's swerve to the birds set up a hold up

so many bodies me blowed up

Nuts bucks and guts nigga mistakin' them balls for  
dogs

All niggas'll get mauled no thing to pick up a pump  
and people know ya and never hold ya especially when  
them rolls up

Bet I bringin' in them guns run a thug get low down

You don't wanna get nutted cause' nigga you gonna  
get bloody

once you see the braids and skully

Cuttin' that throat when I'm rippin' up somethin' lovely

What is it in ya? deep in the dead when we get fried

POD when I comes to ride

Creep but you sleep and then fall in the night  
once inside forgettin' about remorse your curse will  
ride  
cry now when you're ready to lie down  
when I'm weak in a mental state  
Somebody gonna die now

meanwhile swerve to the burbs

[Witness 1]

Man he just all of a sudden just jumped out of a window  
I didn't know what was goin' on I'm just walkin' by  
Just got a bottle of wine..

I was just walkin' by  
and all I seen was him jump when that lady yelled  
(And that was it.) I don't know?

[Witness 2]

Well I saw his wife begging him  
and she said "don't jump" and he did

[Reporter 2]

Did you know the guy?

[Witness 3]

He sure had a problem  
That's all I could tell ya

[Witness 4]

All I seen was them put the lady in a police car  
and take her I guess it was his wife

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