

AZ "Do Or Die"

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New yor undercover baby, whole lot of things done
changed
It's a lot of people puttin black eyes in the game, know
what I mean
I had my glocked cocked, but took a fall now I'm off my
feet
I gotta eat, so it's back to these fuckin streets
And I will grow cause I'm an old timer
I bring the drama to any nigga, his baby or his fuckin
mama
I gotta look like Tevin Campbell
But still I gamble, hustle and scramble
Cause money is muscle in this damn zoo
And in order to make it
You gotta take it
Be the boom blast boom spin
Don't break but don't fake it
That's why there's no guilt for these trife niggas blood I
spilt
Took what they built, flippin their drug game on tilt
Cause in New York, dealin drugs is a sport
You either sell, smoke it shoot up or snort
Anyway your caught
And since I'm in it, now I'm in it to win it
Skies sets the limit
Ain't no being some motherfucker's lieutenant
Shit, from this point that's how I feel, I wanna fly
Yeah, it's either doe or die
Chorus: (Repeat 2X)
It's like a jungle sometimes
It's like a jungle sometimes
It's like a jungle sometimes, the weed smoke makes
me wonder
How I keep from going under
And other hoods I hang with
Mix slang in they language
Love, kickin that gang shit
Sellin on the same strip
Hustlin hard, no matter how much we hated
So dedicated, even our dreams are drug related
Shit, puff bananas
Not even the cops can stand us

Cause of the way we vanish, everytime they come to
can us
25 we get the money live
Fuck all that funny jive
The streets is our only source to survive
And when corny teeny boppers think about tryin to stop
us
I rather put your head, through the propella of a
helicopter
Cause all my peeps be playin for keeps
Straight out the litter, so bitter
These bandits don't even need sweets
Bringin the ruckus, like some mad motherfuckers
Move at night like truckers
When suckers see us, they duck us
Shit, only the real can relate to the hungry man I try
It's either doe or die
Chorus
And ever since I was a tarface
Baby, watchin Scarface
I dreamed of guns and tons of coke in a car chase
A fat connect with a kingpin Colombian
Plus props for crooked cops, payin him tops not to run
me in
Keepin my toaster in a shoulder holster
Havin hoes playin me closer
Sex on a silk sofa
Livin the life of the rich and trife
Rugged but sharp like a kitchen knife
Without stress from some bitchin wife
What a life
That's why I be on what I be on
Always ready a war for
Score a shoulder put me on
And until then, I won't sealin what I'm feelin
It was inside that I cried, but now it's spillin
I'm goin all out
Until I fallout
So much of a menace, when I finish
Bilkin New York, I'll have to call out
On the run, cause I know feds will try and knock me
And railroad my soul to a hell hole if they got me
But not me
I'm goin out fightin until I fry
From hot lead no lie
Like I said it's either doe or die
Chorus
Realizin the realism of life and actuality
Fuck whose the baddest
Through personal status, through pimps or salary
Chorus

If not why not
Either your in it, or your in the way Baby Pa
New yields, no quills
I want it all

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