

## **Brownside "Do Or Die"**

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[Chorus]

Gangster life in the city  
You know it's hard to stay alive  
Because we gotta do or die, oooh  
Gangster life in the city  
You know it's hard to stay alive  
Because we gotta do or die, do or die, do or die

I roll around with big straps, I like to bust caps  
Make money, hit the pussy, and bomb ass raps  
I be in San Bernardino like a motherfuckin nut  
All these fools wanna kill me, and bitches wanna fuck  
Damn, but I ain't trippin and shit  
I got a fuckin calico with a hundred round clip  
And at my pad, I got this fine ass bitch  
Long hair, big booty, with some big ol tits  
I don't be fuckin around because I ain't no joke  
A crazy motherfucker blowin indo smoke  
Cuz it's me, Danger, I'm chillin like a villain  
Smokin chronic, fuckin bitches, and I'd like to do a killin  
In my crazy ass hood it's an everyday thang  
Eastside Trece is my motherfucking gang  
Hang, gettin paid, fucking all these hoes  
Letting everyone know that we some fuckin criminals

[Chorus]

I remember growing up in my crazy ass hood  
Now it's time to put it down to make this shit  
understood  
Simon loco, I think it's time to roll  
I got my homies down with it, and the rest in control  
13 ST, IUC, from the 213 all the way to SB  
It's a do or die in the streets where I'm from

Eastside South Central's where the petho pason  
24 non-stop, you gotta carry your gun  
Black and white, hitting corners but to me that's all fun  
Rollin in the truck, got the glock sellin rocks  
On the block, and I'm not givin a fuck  
Gotta make that green anyway you can  
And I'm that Brown motherfucker with the master plan

So you better not slip, cuz I'm lookin for a jack  
So if you putos see me coming, loco go for your gat

[Chorus]

1-3, here comes even more  
My motherfuckin homies breakin down he door  
Talkin bout, who we gonna kill, and grab your gun  
We gonna kill some fuckin mejos just to have some fun  
My homies catch you from the front, I creep and crawl  
from the back  
Punk you for your sack, and peel your fucking cap back  
Insane in my brain, cuz I'm straight do or die  
Dope money, fucking bitches, and I keep on getting  
high

Straight gangster flow, now you know, here I go  
Creepin, hittin switches, bumpin, riding low  
Danger sittin shotgun, Crook's rollin up one  
Got the rag-top down in this hot ass sun  
Rollin, by the park we go  
Hittin corners through the hood puffin on some indo  
It's an everyday thing in the city where I'm from  
Tryin to do right, but always end up doing wrong

[Chorus til fade]

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