

Berger Michel**"Leva Die"**

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Leva, leva, leva, leva
Leva, leva, leva, leva

[Triple C]

You better run for cover motherfuckers and think of
something fast
Before you end up just another bitch who couldn't last
Ain't no game to be played unless you ready for some
combat
It's 1998 and all these jealous got me strapped
Sleeping with my eyes open, quick to draw my gun
Got me hoping and praying, that I don't end up the next
one
Don't make me unleash a couple of rounds, shoot
some down
Didn't you know this little motherfucker ain't afraid to
unload
Dumping shells all over the street, steady serving heat
Til I'm the only soldier still standing on my feet
I'm really trying to make this situation very clear
Ain't a man alive, on this earth, that I fear
Now we can handle this confrontation, any way you
want
Just as long you don't act like a bitch, or a cunt
I must admit that some try look at me no respect
For those who've lay it, so hold on tight, to your life
Cuz we just might have to take it
Locked and loaded fully automatic, just in case
Finger on the trigger, spitting hollow points all over the
place
Ready to rumble, got a gang of ammunition, prepare to
retaliate any competition

[Chorus: Triple C, (Lil' Rob)]

Leva, leva, leva, leva
(Leva take a bullet in the eye)
Leva, leva your gonna die
(From the 8-0-5 to the 6-1-9)
Leva, leva, leva, leva
(Go for your's, I'm gonna go for mine)
Leva, leva your gonna die

(Cappin' the fools who makin' waste of time)

[Triple C]

A rough motherfucker from '75
A down ass Mexican, I'm still alive
Corazon in the heart is still motherfucker
Flowing on the mic, and no big deal, because I'm down
for mine
I'll rob a puto blind, take his life holmes, I don't waste
time
He won't have the time to drop a dime on me the A-R-T
the motherfucking T
Another mission so I'm on the run
I'm not God, but I had to take your life with a gun
Killing motherfuckers just ain't no thang
If I ain't gonna do it, he's gonna die anyway
From a gang-bang, or a drug thang, swept of his feet,
from a coke slang
Who of my partners gonna die next
Either torcher'd in Hell, or sent to Heaven to rest

[Chorus]

[Lil' Rob]

Lil' Rob coming back to haunt ya
What you got to say about what you did to me
You gotta be kidding me, bullshitting me
I can give a fuck about your vida
You better believe you'll meet the nine millimeter
So be a, walking dead man until I arrive
Caps stinging your ass like you were playing with a bee
hive
Look behind you, what you find
My mind's on your murder and your murder's on my
mind
All the time I try to think about something else
But I see the murdering you
What kind of motherfucking self
And I don't think it's time for me to go quite yet
When it's time for me go, I won't go quiet
Sounding like the 4th of July, when I die
Or maybe a World War II, as I drop the fucking bombs
on you
But what the fuck you gonna do? Lil' Rob be the fucking
baddest
Mexicano born with the baddest, leaving you levas in a
casket

[Chorus x2]

Leva, leva, leva, leva

Leva, leva, leva, leva

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