

DJ Drama "Never Die"

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I pour out a little liquor (Uh-huh)
RIP to my niggas (Rest in peace)
I pour out a little liquor

Evil thoughts in your mind keep running through
Not quite sure what you wanna do
Like, what is this world coming to?
Life goes on even if you don't want it to (Uh-huh)
It's a sad ride home
If the good die young do the bad die old? (Let me know)
I'm just trying to carry my load
Another good nigga livin by the bad guy code
Lookin for the Lord but the devil spoke to you
When you lose a loved one or somebody that's close to you
People turning they back meaning the most to you
Then you find out your man is sending them folks to you
Maybe you shed a tear and you never cry
Always true to your word and you never lie
Got your hand on them birds you would let em fly
Yeah, cause real niggas never die (What?)

Somebody tell me why
Why the good die young
Sometimes it makes me cry (cry)
To know that you're gone
Hold on to the memories
Not a day goes by I
Hear a voice and dry those eyes
Cause real niggas never die (Real niggas never die)
They never die, no
Real niggas never die (Real niggas never die)
They never die
Real niggas never die

I had love for this music
But ain't know how to pursue it
Was frustrated as a teen
I needed money for buicks?
My shirt was stained from the sewage

Niggas rockin' the newest
I dealt with it for the moment but couldn't call it the
future
I'm down a block from the shootin'
It started to sound like recruitin'
Seein' niggas I grew up with sleep to funeral music
And I was only fifteen
I parted ways with my schoolin'
My first seven grams of work were like my holy
communion
And now I'm turnt out
The block hot, niggas burnt out
With no heart it's cold cash that we search out
We got rules we hear shots then we 'sperse out
Retaliation, get back
Exactly what the turf bout
And it's a game of young niggas I was heard 'bout
On the real I almost shed tears in the church house
Back when I thought real niggas couldn't die
Learnt I was wrong but still couldn't cry

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Since everybody real, where the fakers at?
Since everybody trill, where the flakers at?
Trynta break em down, where the tables at?
Dufflebag full of cash like, where vegas at?
Crapp tables, life's a gamble, what a nigga want?
Now I'm lookin round like, what have a nigga done?
My lord my God, I'm used to hustlin hard
Guess they find it odd how a nigga beat the odds
No illuminati never been a fan of saints
That's what happens when you room biggest in the
states
Same rubberband my cousin tied her braids with
We ain't cut the same car my auntie played spades with
What you know about five eatin off a half
Let's five muhfuckas now you do the math
Oxymoron these rap niggas don't lie
This real nigga shit and real niggas don't die

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