

Do Or Die

"Diamenz, Featuring Johnny P."

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[N.A.R.D. / Johnny P]

So I'll leave here mama I'll be there, ok
Cadillac (cadillac) pimpin... pimpin (escalade)
Do or Die Ridin through the cold Chi (riding so high)
Back 2 the game yall (were back Belo, AK)
Some pimpology (escalade) so obviously we learned
there biology
(Do or Die J. P. lets ride)

[N.A.R.D.]

Do you love, money, chasin papers and doin capers
Bending the chi and then vegas like you one of the
Lakers
Steady cuffin that paper, ladys can't fake us, so I stay
cautious regardless
Like a million dollars keep sparkin better yet it's that
V.I.P barkin
(niggaz aint ready to die)
Cause please, that be me sparkin sharp and bendin
calm in that lac
Bendin hard with ladys slobbin and bobbin
Aww man I been on that chick since back in college
See, she like them top notch with the glock cocked
Put the money and glock block them CEO's who invest
in stock plots
Substance blowin out the sunroof with your drop top
Smokin on that chop flop ladys call me pa pa and
groupies call me na na
So cha cha like legit do whatever suits that fit you
If paper be your issue, then you be your issue
But this paper make that paper, and this paper make
that paper,
This paper make that paper so you stay away from
haters

[Chorus, Johnny P]

We ride diamonds in the back, sunroof top,
Diggin in the scene with a gangster lean ohhhohhhhhh..
ohhohhhh
We ride diamonds in the back, sunroof top,
Diggin in the scene with a pimp lean ohhhohhhh my my
can you smoke and ride

[AK 47]

You can see it in my eyes when I'm hustlin, burnt up
tryin to come up from

Nothing

I be stackin them stacks bringin em back in the back of
the lac

Talkin in codes to the burn outs hustlin daily got me
turned out

You know my motto to invest and chase that paper like
lotto

Follow, tryin to bring back money in car loads

But it's hard to listen when you tryin to get that
platinum benzy

Or purchase a home for my belo luxury home with a
platinum visa

Its hard to imagine something like a nigga tryin to
catch an orgasm

Track that feeling like a spasm

Tryin to study passin, got a passion gotta count that
cheese

They off in the breeze but it aint nothing

If you got that paper then say something

Better put it away Cause the day comin when you fall
off,

When you just wanna hall off with four sawed offs blow
it all off

Recognise it's the big faces that count, better yet better
stay flexed

Check the paper stay stressed and get all the dough
whether it's fast or slow

Get up to the point where the cash will flow

Burger King and Mcdonalds really aint the way the best
will go

And it's so cold in these windy streets

When the ends meet your life will be ends deep with
white shit

[Chorus]

[Belo Zero]

This is my motto, pop the first bottle

Louie call 1 3 grab the key then follow

Ride up to my home paid for mansion celebrating you
ladys on tables dance on

M O N E Y got to have it me I remember hustlin when I
was a shorty

Now or a forty X5 5 of those sit back relax and private
show

No how it go more money more problem well the
problem is you solve it

Don't let the money become you you take it and revolve
it
No matter how you get it you hustle and go get it
square stick with it
Make sure all the numbers split Cause all of them done
did it
The Rockafellers Stellers and Jones
To many other people got paper but we homeless
And let alone this, we chillin while we swervin bumpin
92.3 in the suburban
Hittin curbs in city fresh yall Proda to the feet
bonapetite
No second guess yall we confess yall love the curenicy
don't you playa hate
Love the game you can't worry me, you can't worry me

[Chorus]

[N.A.R.D.]

J P, J P

Everybody may not have a great big Cadillac
Gangsta white walls, TV's and antennas in the back (uh
uh)
Some peoples may not have a car at all
But they got to remember brothers and sisters
(remember)
We still can pimp talk, rotate them gangster white walls
Never givin a dime to a broad (no no never)
And we gone keep on pimpin baby (keep pimpin)
We gone keep on pimpin baby (for real)
Untill somebody turn the lights out, so J. P. come on
bring us home

[Johnny P]

Yeah, wohhhhohhhhohhhh wohhhhohhhh
I just wanna feel, Cause you may not have a gravy kind
of life
Diamonds in the back, sunroof top, diggin in the scene
with a gangster lean
You may night driiivvveee no car at all, ohh myyy
But you can still stand tall, still stand tall... hooo
Cause I'm ridin in my escalade
Ridin
Ridin
Ridin

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