

# Do Or Die "For My Niggaz"

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## "For My Niggaz"

(feat. The Legendary Traxster)

*[AK:]*

For the block niggas (This is for the block niggas)

Hell yeah

To my muh'fuckin' niggas, to my muh'fuckin' niggas

Same old block, same old block, yeah

Somebody light a B for me (Where the lighter at?)

*[Hook: AK & Traxter Trump]*

For my niggas I live (*[TT:]* I live)

For my niggas I die (I die)

For my niggas I cry (I cry)

From the cradle to the grave

For the bad or good

Young gun, mis-understood?

To that hook again, back on one (Pour a little VK out)

Represent yo hood (Represent yo hood)

Represent yo hood (Represent, yo hood)

*[Verse 1: N.A.R.D]*

You ever fight, young gun clutcher?

We steady bustin' at these blood suckers

Whatever my nigga, better bust on these muh'fuckas

As I spin on the block, put the rocks in socks

And then, cock the Glock and bend

No hesitation when we ready to flop the man

The big picture is uh, coppin' lots of land

The street fame brought be lots and lots of fans

I asked myself, can I hold my pride within?

Cause I heard that they had to drop my man

Damn it stopped the plan, now I'm ridin' again

With' the fourty Glock, cocked up, off the Hen

Here come the coppers with' the news, stay firm with' it

Fuck, I lost my man

Got a motherfucka smokin' weed again

Pour out my motherfuckin' liqour, proceed to vent

Goin' to get some Grey, sittin' in the rain, tryina make sense of it

I love you, and I miss your "Warm Embrace"

Up in Heaven, still see ya smilin' face

I keep it real, take it to a slower pace  
Ol' B, caught another fuckin' case  
But we livin' from day to day, to eat  
Stayin' on our feet, still carry heat  
Or should I say that he's tryina receive the piece  
But if they come at me, for my niggas I...

*[Hook: N.A.R.D & (Traxter Trump)]*

For my niggas I live (I live)  
For my niggas I die (I die)  
For my niggas I cry (I cry)  
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*[Verse 2: Belo]*

For my motherfuckin' nigga I die  
And hope my songs reach the Heavens with glory  
Tell my niggas, "take care of my fam"  
And tell my truth about the whole damn story  
I pick the Glock up, and then go ride for us  
And sent to lock up, and then do time for it  
Cause it's the heart-felt shit in my blood  
And you can't pay for the real when it's love  
Fake niggas keep hate just because  
But real niggas graduate to a thug  
And we pray no hate, but love  
But the streets kinda weak, for blood  
I look around and see the world, with no change  
An epidemic, livin' crysis of cocaine  
To oblivate the blacks, then point-aim  
And knock our ass off the map, with no shame  
But in the hood we pour liquor, the dead gone  
We leave a path for our youngin's just to carry on  
Is it better than my heart, to carry on?  
And we can overcome poverty, we stayin' strong

Cause we mob 'round here, so go on  
Think you catch me on my square? You dead wrong  
To my niggas, rest in peace, and live on  
For my niggas I'm a strive, to live long

*[Hook: N.A.R.D & Traxter Trump]*

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*[Verse 3: AK]*

I sent a letter to my brother, and it's on  
Let'cha know that it hurts in my heart that'cha gone  
You left me in a place to fight these situations all alone  
And I'm a keep fightin' 'em everyday til' I'm gone  
And they can hate what I'm on  
But ain't no need for 'em to hate what I'm on  
Cause we gotta stick together til' the struggle pain is  
torn  
One day, we gotta number, so we all gon' mourn  
Goin' straight to the storm, we goin' straight to the tune  
Now the cemetary lookin' like it ain't no room  
And it's Revalation's, got me, that my times real soon  
Cause we all still stuck between the Earth and the Moon  
So watch how I turn, when we get learned  
With' my face full of tears, and my fist fulla sherm  
And I'm all covered up with' tattoes on my arm  
I'm standin' at the grave, just lookin' at my fam  
Do you feel concerned? Reach down deep since the  
shit here burns  
Cause I only touched the life of the family that was torn  
But there only two strikes, is from the Lord you can  
learn

When it's all said and done, you just gotta stand firm  
And I won't be free, til' the day I see  
You standin' at the pearly gates next to me  
We embraced eachother, just the way it used to be  
So, to my brotha's you can rest in peace

*[Hook: N.A.R.D & Traxter Trump]*

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*[Traxter Trump:]*

Represent, yo hood  
Pour a little VK out  
Represent, yo hooood  
I live, I die  
Mmmmm, ohhhhh  
I live, I die

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