

## **Do Or Die**

### **"Murders, Pimps + Thugs"**

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**(feat. Ja Rule)**

*[Chorus 2X: Do or Die]*

We the murderers, pimps plus thugs  
We the murderers, pimps plus thugs  
We the murderers, pimps plus thugs  
We the murderers, murderers, murderers

*[Ja Rule]*

Growing up in the ghetto  
With that New York state of mind  
I realized that night, that my future was crime  
Hustlin dimes was my trademark  
Soon as that blunt spark  
I, inhale, exhale, took my next sale  
Daily routine, get up, wash ass, get cream  
Cop that first tear on my slick sixteen  
I seen more bricks and cash and shit  
Got greedy, and weed up with that counterfit  
Cuz Pa-pi's gettin sloppy, and kinda fiendly  
Stupid nigga, you been trading thoughts with your  
enemy?  
Murderous, grimey, from where? Hollis Queens  
Woodhull, got it all from thugs and fiends  
I need cream, so I strap the nine to my waistline  
Grabbin OZ, keys to the three  
Hundred GS nigga  
Bulletproof vest to eliminate stress  
Ha, who the best?

*[Chorus 2X]*

*[Do or Die]*

Don't get close to our side if you ain't from New York  
You screamin "Ride or Die" or "Pimp till you die"  
You figurin you a murderer, put your guns in the sky  
Make them see em, cuz every nigga we fuck with has  
heaters  
Don't get, stepped with these heaters when you hatin  
on these po-pos  
Don't think for one time Ja's comin solo  
It's Do or Die, Chicago collabo

Neighborhood watch you from a block with a flock of thugs  
Ready to show some love  
Grippin with extra guns and clips  
And worldwide all these niggaz know we love that shit  
How hard we hit, we put you in your darkest pits  
It's Do or Die and Ja Rule nigga  
Murda for life

*[Chorus 2X]*

*[Do or Die]*

Can't keep up with the paper chasin  
Gonna run up with these glocks and rob the basement  
Two niggaz with glocks, cock, pop, drop, quit hastin  
I's put two in your bitch ass gettin hot with the casin  
It's kill or be killed in Chi recognize what you facin  
Whores and pimps, hustlers, killers, and drug dealers  
Since a shorty been hollerin seeds with a plug in  
Two for ten, up on the block diamond cut griller  
Be em or see em motherfuckers, be a hoe skrilla  
Iller noise state put through my blood  
If niggaz got love it's in my blood  
Run niggaz spittin hollows that's followin shit  
And killin niggaz that ain't real, been hollerin shit

*[Chorus 2X]*

*[Do or Die]*

Better get gone, chrome by the hip bone  
Hit domes like pickles, it's not to sit on  
Better get'cho pimp on 'for the clips get sticked home  
Sit back til the tricks gone  
Then flash through the hood like you misunderstood  
Diamonds over get that wood  
It's all good see, low down four pound  
Full clips for showdowns, smoke weed and throw down  
Representin both towns, you don't know now, better  
slow down  
P-I-M-P flippin filthy  
Cream stream dream, Hennessy, tipsy  
Theres blood for the true thug, puttin weight in the po-  
pub  
It's nuthin, sit down and shut up, roll like that  
Then in the morn we ball like that

*[Chorus till fade]*

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