

Do Or Die "Paid The Price"

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Yeah, history in the makin, Do or Die,
Yeah, yeah, uh, uh, uh

Me and Do or Die got my new verse
Cold pimp tactics all in one package
Hollerin at a chick that coulda been a actress
Right now her back is layin on my mattress
Why your team pissed like urine
Only rock things made for a king
Tell me tell me it was the LV
Bigger that the jeans of the
Rap floor green
That's how I gotcha
So I you want a role mod chick call like Patrice
Quit hollerin at them losers and get with this shit that
Got his own business an entrepreneur

Off the block now
Shit got the pipe down
Industry niggaz I just got bomb
Track from Kanye West pass the bomb ay
Kick the doors down and there's a star
Where's the millions
I'm the chameleon
Transformatin and rock the show like god
Drivin for status
Big my apparatus
You gotta now I'm getting all that dough
Hotta than your shit bullshit got a full clip
Think I'm a punk then get your back broke slow
I'm the shiznick down to my diznick
Lyrics so hot enough for frozen snow
Feel of the bomb again and get fucked the he say she
say
He say she say I ain't gon make it.
The throne is my mine
Chi-town where's the crown
From the days of Capone, nigga
You know we gon take it
I wanna vint Bentley and own my own block
Print my check like Johnny Walker Scott
Damn if you do or you don't you move over

Save some room for the black cats aloha

Ladies and gentlemen, you is tunin in to Do or Die
(thank you) Kanye West
Chi-town finest, world clap your hands for us one time,
it's the world premiere
You don't understand though, man we got the plan,
we gon put it in your hands like this
It ain't nothing happenin, you know what I'm sayin,
we make it happen
But this shit ain't nothing joe, Chi-town finest, you
know how it go. Come on. Come on.
Uh, come on, come on.

This the last time you see my like this hill stuntin'
16-503 ain't that sumthin
As long as we makin the paper the hoes comin
Suppose I get behind the mic and flow sumthin
Kanye show the chain ladies and spose sumthing
With a hummer H2 with the Benz there's no frontin
With some ice you can skate on
Now I got no weight on
It's gettin to the point when the ballas try hate on
Proticops I stayed on
And made a lotta hot song
Do you think I'm a P.I.M.P.
In a SL5 holla berry colors scoop me
Groupies and Gucci you know you can't exclude me
Ladies get around be like he's so coochie
No I'm not Buddha just eric and young stoopie
The black Hugh Heffner

Tell me tell me Lord can you hear me?
Sometimes I walk these streets and get weary
Most of the times I can't let these niggaz get near me
With this hatred, jealousy, and envy
I went to church and they said you had a remedy
A remedy to set me free and take away my enemies
So I pray to the day when I get to see
All the faces that be dead up in the industry
So from the street to the club
It's ya boy show me love
We gotta keep it gangstas that's how we gettin love
Never fall for the love of the dough
Stay true, straight to the facts and the game to show

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