

## **Do Or Die "Promise"**

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*[Intro/Chorus:]*

The last thing that I saw was when he cried  
Shot him in the face and walked away before he died  
*[repeat 4X]*

*[Verse One:]*

I'm pacin the flo' with the fo'-pound  
Visualizin graphics while he talkin, givin me the low  
down  
My nigga went away in ninety-three and died instantly  
Now I'ma show the nigga you kilt and what he meant to  
me  
I put his photos in my fo'-do'  
I know where the nigga be kickin it at  
Me at him poppin it at the same hoe  
My conversation be on royalties  
She loyal to me, and I'ma get her to kill the nigga for  
me  
Uhh, it seems his life is in my hands  
And I don't plan to let it slip through the way you kilt  
him  
I'ma kill you  
Despite the fact that I've been shot before  
As long as I get this bitch-ass nigga I don't mind, dyin,  
so  
Take the lock off the pound like a pro  
Grab an extra clip make sure I don't come short  
Pull up and mad dog his whole crib  
Hocus pocus motherfucker I'm in your face with this hot  
steel  
The thrill to kill is unbearable  
I told the bitch to close her eyes  
Send up the roots give something terrible  
The ultimate payback is revenge  
TNT and cement shoes, plus the way he went was cool!  
Seventeen shots, top hip-hop  
Fuck, the world, cause the world fuckin you  
That's how we serves on this late night  
Pump pump chump chump rump pump fools stay tight

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse Two:]*

Now who the fuck I suppose to follow?  
Is it them honkies in the White House  
Or that nigga drinkin out that forty bottle?  
Either way it goes, I'm eager to bloodshed  
I'm catchin one plus one equals two to the forehead  
Career was callin alcohol was chemically made to wrap  
us  
So when I swab, the neighborhood crab is where he left  
us  
On the street, the mud was wiped from who survived  
He wanted me dead, cold red and blood he had to die  
Slapped that ass with this Mac-10  
It's just so hard when you depart, make that chest do a  
backbend  
Bend back easy to the liquor sto'  
Cut me a four-oh, and up a four-five on this Korean hoe  
Cuff the loot and bit one slowly  
Reverse my coat plus half a block I done some dirt  
Dem a knows me  
There's no endin for this madness  
I had the situation turnin till I started drinkin this mad  
shit  
Now there's a hole in this bucket (in this bucket)  
In the chick I had to stick for the lick, fuck it  
Crack the fo' and drunk it boldly  
All the boys was tailin behind me, but they didn't even  
knows me  
So then they hit the blue lights, I bent the U right  
Zipped past the red light, and it became a  
motherfuckin street fight

*[Chorus]*

*[Verse Three:]*

Altitude, a level where a nigga show no gratitude  
More like attitude  
Hands on pumps, bodies in trunks  
Victim face down, in that trunk rum-pum, pum pum  
My mission to deasease individuals  
When night falls I crawl like black widows  
With barrels in the middle  
Blaow, cause I like to move the crowd  
Watch em turn cold as they bodies pile  
Evaporate like lightning as fast as fuck  
A small armed tec hit like an eighteen wheeler truck  
Put his head in his hands, cause I don't give no fuck

Ashes to ashes and bust when I must  
Cackling these bodies, that I've turned to dust  
Six million ways to die, one more is a plus  
I revolve like revolvers, and answer all challenge  
SOS cut your ass off better

*[Chorus]*

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