

## **Eight Fingers Down**

### **"I Don't Wanna Die"**

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Gloomy days got my head twisted  
Mystic visions of a razor blade  
Cut my blunt with precision  
Stuff it till it's bustin'  
Sippin' on some Tussin  
Imagine it gothic hustlin'  
Men tusslin' women fussin'  
And they babies in the corner cryin'  
Young niggaz bang and they ain't afriad of dyin'  
Pistol keepers mobile phones and beepers  
Cars and hoes and plenty dust for the geekers  
Me I'm a break beater microphone eater  
Weed leader, siizlin' like a fajita  
But it's so hard for me to stay out the streets  
Behind tint blowin' cheap  
Fuckin' with freaks  
What kinda role model, I'ma be?  
Don't get it twisted  
Gifted, linguistic. graphic and realistic  
God, deleiver me from harm and arm me with,  
Sense enough to know when to quit  
Chorus:  
I don't wanna die  
I don't wanna die (lord forgive me for the anger that I  
feel today)  
I don't wanna die  
I don't wanna die  
Thinkin' about what my eyes witnessed  
Thinkin' about what my kids gon' see  
when they get grown and independent  
What you doin' baby?  
18, strippin' daily  
A small ass apartment, tryin' to flip a Mercedes  
I don't knock shit, unless you a fiend  
Tryin' to hock shit  
Protectin' myself  
I gotta grab the gock and pop shit  
I guess that's the problem with the world today (what?)  
Black, white, asian  
So many people think this way  
Fuck with me and I'll shoot ya

We live in, what used to be the space age, future  
To acid droppin' hippies  
Now they run the country  
Drug smugglin' with my tax money  
Bomb makers, nuclear, death creators  
White power, skin head, Jew and nigga haters  
All of this, plus I gotta watch the nigga next door  
What you think I pray for, man  
Chorus  
Life ain't nothin' but preparation  
For the angels and the demons that we all gon' face  
when,  
The soul and the body separate, that's death  
Nothin' left but darkness, after your last breath  
Well, all of that shit is in the past  
Enjoy it while you got it, cause you can't take it with  
your ass  
Where I'm from, any day can be your last  
That's why them thug niggaz live life hard and fast  
Slowdown, and find yourself surrounded by the  
lowdown  
Unaware, a showdown's about to go down  
Why we gotta clown instead of bein' kinfolks  
Why do white folks, think all we know is sellin' dope?  
Some can't cope, and got out hangin' from a rope  
Slit wrists, found shakin' from an overdose  
Tupac and Biggie got they life snatched away  
Nobody knows when they gotta go, mayne  
Chorus  
That's all baby,  
You never know when you gotta go  
Deaths around the corner  
Your nobody, till somebody kills you  
But I don't wanna die  
I don't wanna die  
Hey, I don't wanna die  
Can you hear me?  
I don't wanna die  
I don't wanna die  
I don't wanna die  
Die, die, die, die, die (repeated till end)

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