

Finn Tim

"Till I Die"

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[EIHT]

Geah

Thug shit, nigga

G's in the Y-2-K

Hey, what can I say? (geah)

Hoo-Bangin's official, nigga

And right now we gon' do some of that thug shit for
that ass (killa)

Geah, that's makin' me wanna do some of that evil shit
(West Side!)

Check it out

[EIHT]

Feel a little gust of wind so I jet

This real nigga dwells from Compton, no shit

Thugs town, right now car jacks and sales

County bus rolls through - niggas trips to jail

What the hell won't trade it, high class can't fade it

Out of town trips with pigeons is how we made it

Y'all niggas hate to get a dubs and rocks

Land of the green weed and cars that ??? hops

Don't stop - packin' my heat and Beretta

Guarantee my hollows goes tough through your leather

Whenever the rhyme play or the 9 play (ping ping!)

It's a done deal when I hit you run way

Y'all niggas must be gay, smilin' and shakin'

How this bitch greed shakin' up money, we keep
mention

Never fakin' the funk, punk, I pops the trunk

4-5 hittin' yo' body, takin' a big chunk, geah

Till I die nuthin' but makin' cheese

Till I die tryin' to come up on ki's

Till I die nuthin' but guns and weed

Till I die givin' you just what you need

[EIHT]

Murda, murda, murda, kill, kill, kill

Steel is my reputation, caps get peeled

Front line nigga for dollars is my nigga

But I'm kinda fast when they spit the 9 triggers

Till my dying day I lay away
Till my very last breath, nigga, I swear to make you pay
Guilty conscience? Never me!
Last night nigga done caught a felony
Jealousy try to approach, wanna promote
Then provoke through gun smoke, watch out, loc!
Shake down cause these niggas fuckin' with yours
Get in where you fit in even if it's a back door
Or the window, tie up the ho', where's the scope?
Trying to hand me you popped, you're booked, I want
more
Lock down for me on the bus downtown
Now my - outlook is a sad-faced clown, geah

Chorus...

[MACK 10]

Till I die is gon' be H double O
B-A-N-G-I-N fo' sho'
Niggas never thought that they would ever see me
With my - eh - blue rag buddy from the C-P-T
We be kickin' in do's, sweevin' 4-4's
Shovin' 30 clips in a fully Mack 1-0's
So as the clock tickin' - and the plot thickens
We be juggin' up Sherman - and rockin' up chicken
(What you need, nigga?)
Time to elevate the game and turn it up a notch
And bust on the muthafuckin' neighborhood watch
My money greener than a clover - in a 4-6 Rover
I be a millionaire thuggin until it's all over
I take a ice cold 40 of Cristal and what they servin'
Me and a Persian hoe in a 6-4 blowin' doja while we
swervin'
Keep that off the hood, greed and determination in my
eye, nigga
Be my piece of the pie, nigga, so I ride until I die, nigga

Chorus...

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