

Fredro Starr

"I Don't Wanna... - Featuring Aaron Hall"

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Feat. Aaron Hall

[Chorus: Aaron Hall]

God, I'm callin, yes I'm callin
For you, please help me
On the journey, please

[Fredro Starr]

When I die, I wanna die like Princess Di
Blastin Ready to Die late night pushin a five
Hit the Westside high, doing ninety five
Let the will go, like "fuck it" closin my eyes
Tired of living, have my niggas die in the prison
Catch a bullet wit my back turned, God forbidden
So be the next rapper to die, what if it was me?
'cause see now ya face flash on the MTV
Front page of the paper, front of The Source
Jealous niggas laughin, pain, and feel no remorse
Every mornin kissin my moms, readin from psalms
Other rappers showin love, dedicatin me songs
When I'm gone, thugs'll analyze the last days verse
Hear the pain and the flow of my life is cursed
Wakin up wit the smell of death, shakin in cold sweats
Nightmares, every night, breathin of short breath
Wit gun to my head, won't be makin me more stressed
The second chance of life, got me feelin I'm Lord
blessed
I'm God sent, here to talk to the children
Teach them not to blast they gats wit no feeling
Teach them not to stash they cracks by the building
Teach them bout the game of life, it's thug livin, we all
day

[Chorus]

(I don't wanna die) God, I'm callin, yes I'm callin
For you, (I don't wanna die) please help me
On the journey, please

[Fredro Starr]

What up B-Wiz? It's been quite some time
I ain't see you in a while, since you left in '89
And I still got the demos, before we got signed

Every rhyme I write, you be in the back of my mind
Yo Big L, congratulations dog, your shit when gold
Always knew you was a nice nigga, destined to be
Seen you uptown, burnin niggas, testin ya flow
Had to catch a plane, I gave you a pound, hand it over
Freaky Tah, what up my nigga, damn you still look fly
You in heaven and you still gettin high, pass the lye
Shit yo Eazy, what up dog, I know we never met
Used to bang Niggaz With Attitude, cleanin the tech
Respect ya gangsta since the video, you rhymed in the
jail
Then you popped up on the stage, that shit was hard as
hall
My nigga Pun, what up son? I ain't forget you kid
I'm still rewindin and succedin on the joint that we did
Neighborhood, damn the world, only got one verse
What up Banky, who thought you would of made it here
first
Big and Pac rollin dice like they never had beef
Big Stretch, side bettin, standin next to Trouble T
Thought I never met Kadafi, what up God, peace
By the way, you heard the record that I did wit your
peeps?
It's love, Buffy the Beatbox, Moore Spurgs, Scott
LaRock
Dyin 4 Rap, for love of hip-hop, we all die

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