

Bun B

"If I Die Tonight"

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[Chorus - Lyfe Jennings] X2

Oh, if a nigga die tonight
Make sure I didn't die in vain, and they feel my pain
Make sure my niggas ride for me
Or pulling up on the side of me, side of me

[Verse 1 - Bun B]

Man I'm a real trill nigga, I been out on them blocks
With them hustlers, them dealers, and killers selling
rocks
Put in work in round the clock from when the sun went
down
Till it came back up, and night came back around
I did a lot of shit them late nights for the dough
Robbing niggas on the low, laugh at them then I go
Sometimes it went smooth and nobody got hurt
And sometimes I had to leave a nigga's dick up in the
dirt
I ain't proud of what I did, and if I could go back in time
I'd try to find another way instead of packing .9's
Toting K's and holding MAC's
But we know time ain't rolling back
And hungry hyenas, they ain't folding jack
So on these cold and black streets, wolves keep
hunting
And a young black man can lose his life over nothing
If I got to go, please let it be for something real
Because this bullshit, hood shit
Is getting niggas killed, on the real

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Bun B]

Well if a deal goes dirty or the counts don't match
Or if I catch a motherfucker dipping in the back
Say if a nigga disrespect me or my fam'
And we take it to the streets and let the guns go blam
I don't really give a damn, or really know whatever's
going to come

And I'ma represent where I'm from
Man I don't want to die, but I ain't scared to

Shit I just want to make sure that I'm prepared to
Can't leave without a couple chickens in the stash
So my wife, and my momma, and my children got cash
Because once I'm gone, who going take care of my
kids?

And do the same things for them that I did
Man I'd rather do a bid
At the least they can see me behind the glass
Instead I'm reminiscing about the past
Nigga don't know what he got, until he passes on
So let him tell them that he love them before his ass is
gone

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Young Buck]

We trapping hard right across from the graveyard
I just pray to God I don't have to work a day job
Niggas getting robbed so I'm riding with my AR
They are, not finna take what I done paid for
Walking through the bricks on my Jena Six shit
Like if you ain't from around here, you was getting hit
Send a O.G. some flicks, make they time go by quick
You surprised what some pictures in the penitentiary
did

We survived, but most of us die for some bullshit
Go to church but the devil standing on the pulpit
Niggas lie just to kick it, swear to God they got a meal
ticket

Then they call you when they about to get evicted
A Underground King, I been one ever since I was
sixteen

Pimp and Bun'll tell you just what Buck mean
A street nigga living the street dream, I seen
My whole team go to the FEDS, or get a hole in the head
This what I said

[Chorus]

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