

**C****"Till My Casket Drops"**

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Mo' murder, mo' murder

A body fulla tack 2's, battlescars from bullet wounds

New clothes, diamond medallions from paid dues

Niggas that ride til they rue with the attitude of

'fuck the world' from tryin to kill us everytime we move

You're perpetratin to be a killer but I know you're fakers

Them jealous cowards killed my nigga 2PAC in Vegas

Vague kind of bullets fired, we're ready to die with  
open eyes

I be the last man standin when the smoke dies

This world's infested with haters, wannabe players

Player hatin a real player cos he's livin major

No disrespect to you redneck blood-suckin pigs

If a nigga die, just give my cash to my wife and kids

But what you thought makes the world go round

I got an ese in the East Bay ballin a hundred pounds

Push a 600 rag drop E-12

Dump a 100-round clip in ya, ask about my mail

Chorus:

I try to keep my focus, on survivin and money

Can't let them niggas smoke us, before we unload  
them talons

Traumatise and hope this is how we leave em when  
they hit us

With the guts to die, pullin the trigger til my casket  
drops

\*repeat\*

Them player haters wanna blast me up like they did  
'Pac

But I don't give a fuck I'm a ride til my casket drop

It don't stop until you sucker niggas drippin jelly

Pumpin slugs into you motherfuckin pig's belly

I'm full of indica weed laced with heroin

Call it Kryptonite-on the dead, I'ma risk tonight

Blast the first motherfucker that steps

up to my ride, not knowin where my weapon is kept

I shoot in-side their chests, I'ma thug life, I'm crazy

Got my strength rays to make him kiss his babies

Fuckin sucker ass niggas that didn't ??? ???

Hard lies on him and didn't retaliate

Hard then later on "Shit, hey what's happenin?"

We woulda chased them suckers down and capped em

Give a shout to Outlaw Immortalz right

Look me up cos I'm a ride until my casket drops

Chorus

Murder, money, power, pistols and warfare

Kill all my black folks and the peckerwoods wouldn't  
care

Keep my head up, duckin and dodgin from the state  
pen

Cos fo' sho', ain't no future in goin back again  
They got to kill me, fill me up with lead  
let me, die slowly from my boots to my head  
As a, big chief I refuse to retreat, I  
rip teeth outta eye then dump heat, why  
the PD reach but catch concrete  
Never sol-ved, gone off indica and Hennessey  
Infrared at my dog, paws locked like pig jaws  
With my gun up, punk, I run up on alla y'all  
then I dump, dump dump dump to get the money  
Now I stole Rolex diamond, shinin outta sunny  
West Coast the spot, servin caine to get the millions  
Distributin the game, makes you want to get the billions  
Chorus

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