

L.A. Guns

"Dats Why We Die"

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Verse 1

Let me holla at you true thugs
Fo da ones wanna dump slugs
On da corner where dey slang drugs

Only God is thicker dan blood
Fo da sake of da luv
Know He shedded His blood
Who you thinkin it was
Huh Huh Huh Huh

Had you dumpin dem slugs
Leavin em dead
They dey really did needed da luv

Huh! Jiggaz?
Cause you got figgaz
You can die quick
You can ride or die or
You can live life wit us

Too many on da lockdown
So you better tell em all put da glock down
4-mics in da Source think you hot now
While you ridin in yo Chev wit yo top down

All da way from Pompano
To let em know
Son, just how da story go

And from Ft. Lauderdale
Where dey make em yell
And dey push more weight dan mail

In da M I A where da thugs live and die everyday
In da hood where da mommas cry everyday
Where da kids listen to Slip-n-Slide everyday
(okay--Shut Up)

S. FLA--dat's why we die

In da MIA--dat's why we die
In da dirty south ya'll tellin dese lies--dat's why we die
Carolina--dat's why we die
ATL--dat's why we die
Alabama, Mississippi young thugs--dat's why we die

Chorus

You got dese young girls backin it up--dat's why we die
You got dese young cats blazin it up--dat's why we die

Cash Money--dat's why we die No Limit--dat's why we die
die
Roc-a-fella ya'll tellin dese lies--dat's why we die

Not Limit--dat's why we die
Murder Inc--dat's why we die
Roc-a-fella--dat's why we die

Verse 2

Let me tell you somethin partna you ain't ready to die
Cause you take yo last breath and you close yo eyes
Same ones dat stare you right in yo mouth
Same ones dat run up in yo house
And da ones you thought was down wit you
Hit you up in da back wit a 22
Fo da hell of it
So I'm tellin it
Don't even know who you messin wit

When you husslin everyday in dese streets--dat's drug
money
Then you leavin people dead in dese streets--dat's
blood money
And then these babiez can't even eat--dat's not funny

Huh Uh--dat's why we die Huh Uh--dat's why we die

Yo words hittin em up like a hot slugg
Made da girls wanna bounce in da hot tub
See da pain in her eyes--never knew luv
Let em know dat Christ is da true luv

And I Know you drive a big Benz
Big body wit da tight endz
Navigators and Escalades sittin on da blades
Cuase you wanna get paid
Everybody want it nowadays

Black Rob said it's whoa (whoa whoa)
Make you wanna hit da ceilin yo
Cause you make a million sales

Sittin in da jail (but he back in jail)
Cause da devil caught you slippin yo
A-Z body wanna flow fo dough
So dey lose dey soul
Ya'll know how da story go

Know how dese jiggaz is
So dey tellin you
Baby boy imma keep it real
But when you need em yo
Ain't nowhere around
Sonny boy you know da deal

In L.A.--dat's why we die
In NY--dat's whey we die
East and west coast tellin dese lies--dat's why we die

Chorus

Verse 3 (D.C.P.)
'78 lil thug killer born into a world of sin
Pimps, coke, fast cash
Momma thought I wouldn't last
Born with a pipe in my hand
Cause she did what she did to get the blast

Got a little older
Now I'm on the streets with a pocket full of D and the
heat
And the cola seeds in the dosha
Beat in the nova trying to succeed
To a key and a bolda

Now rap game got to change like Ford to Chevrolet
Look boy to many of em man getting sprayed
Ya boy been slanging yah since '98
Now Florida state got your boy caged

Tell them playboy to let Christ in
Bet you 9 out of 10 thugs stay out the pin
Trying to get dividends

So you spit venom in lost souls
Dog now your boy stretching 10 from Calieo
All the way back to the MI--MLK in the shy
Spittin fire reaching them all
While ya'll boys trying to ball

And we go fly while ya'll boys steady fall
Look through while ya'll snorting the coke
Sip mo while we saving a soul

Lip swole cause ya'll messing with us
Ain't mean it though
But ya'll rustled the bus

Dog you can spark me
Go ahead if you please
But every knee gone bow
NY to the Keys

Slip and Slide in the fire
Devil burning em up
You can still turn around woddy
Lifting em up

Navigator truck boy chicks and chains
Ain't nothing to me cat
I'm about making em change
Wood grain and 'cain
Must pass away
That's why we die lil dog
You gone have to pay

Chorus

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