

Litzy

"Die Nigga Die"

Visit "[Die Nigga Die](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hook: Tommy Wright

Car jack, gat packed, hard head, wig split
Die nigga die nigga die nigga die,
Got a big clip wid a Jason mask
(4x)

[Verse 1: Tini]

Jealous bustas dwell, what the hell, it is me finally
Welcome to the game so glad that you came
No longer vampin' from the scene missed Tini
Nineteen-tini five wid the solo
Told you I was gonna creep, so here it is God damn
Everybody gotta put a hold on they tape
cause the muggin' family is goin' to the top man,
Peepin' robbin' chiefin' everyday life of a thug,
Gimme love, robbers steady creepin' to the east
A quarter after eleven it's almost that time for the
leprechaun to creep
Tini just in back get my gat plus my back pack
Creepin' up from out the dark I gotta get'cha fool
Seven Jason masks wid the buckshots and the anna
cannons
How in the fuck can I lose?

Hook (4x)

[Verse 2: Tini]

Grippin' on my glock, lookin' down my block,
Seein' what's up by the bump,
Before I hit the track get my back pack
makin' sure I got another clip for my gat when I rat-tat,
Did you see me?, hocus pocus in the dust
from the quickness I be ventin' never seen,
It's a drought, no doubt, no rocks, on my block, spray
the cops
I'm a robber so let me count my green,
Two fifteens, bumpin' in my trunk, detachable face
partner
Chevy thang wid green oxy trevols spark it wid the
vagues

wid the gold stole from the white folks,
Slowly I approach, to the car,
Smack you buck up bitch and get yo ass out
Open up the door, fuck the kids, shoot the dad kill the
mommy
Your ass shouldn'ta stopped at the red light
Got a Lexus, and it ride so smooth
Finna dodge this motherfucka 'fore I give it up
Got it right into the chop shop
Then it's downtown ridin' from the po-pos where I'm
never found
Then I turn it in, seven Gs in my pocket flat
got a fat knot swellin' from my right thigh,
Keep a hustle anyway I can, to the night I die stay high,
No lookin' back, danger lurks and it hurts
if it catch, then I bet'cha that it's me too,
Don't set to rinse say what'cha gonna do
Cause when you slip don't make a move,
It's kinda sad though, they got me mad into the game
and when it's time I'm steady bustin' at my jealous
friends,
Got a guage, hangin' out the window,
Niggas in my neighbourhood sippin' on Hen

Hook ('til fade)

Visit [Litzzy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.