

## Lupe Fiasco "Die"

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I present the death of The Cool

Well I heard like a group of cows  
That all ya enemies wanna shoot you down  
They got AK-47s and a bunch of Mac 11s  
Semi-automatic weapons that produce kapows

Word on the street is, they all got heaters  
They gon' hit you up and you ain't even gon' see it  
You got a lotta money, I ain't tryin' be funny  
But they say, "Where you goin'? You ain't even gon'  
need it"

They see you ridin' 'round, shinin' with ya  
Fine round diamonds pretty green-eyed lady  
Been on the sideline poutin', while you prime time  
poppin'  
Hungry niggaz want a piece of your pastry

I suggest you protect yo' bakery  
'Cause they comin' for yo' head  
And it's a bounty on that chain  
That's hangin' from yo' neck, they said

I don't know, what you've been told in your ear  
But I hear it's goin' down, somebody gotta  
(Die)  
Don't know, what you been told in your ear  
But business goin' round, somebody gotta  
(Die)

Hit a nigga wit the mini-Mac strap  
Clap any nigga think he gettin' Gs' down here  
In a meter, any nigga gettin money and my honey  
Man, I heard Micheal Young is the re-clown near

Run up on a nigga from the back wit a Mac  
Gon' be strapped 'cause a nigga finna squeeze off ten  
Run up on this nigga 'Lac, rat-ta-tat-tat  
Click clack, where this nigga at? I need sin

Shit is goin' down ever I see him

Bump a nigga out like Oxy-10  
And keep a couple of dollars up in the wallet  
To pay the cops so they can never box me in  
(Die)

That's what I'm thinkin'  
While ridin' around polishin' this big pistol  
I'ma catch him in the wind, pray the gun don't jam  
So until we meet again, nigga it's cool

I don't know, what you've been told in your ear  
But I hear it's goin' down, somebody gotta  
(Die)

Don't know, what you been told in your ear  
But business goin' round, somebody gotta  
(Die)

Don't pay them niggaz no mind  
They hatin' on you, ain't nobody witta shotty  
And plannin' on doin' a robbery, itchin' to catch a body  
Creepin' in a stolen jalopy, out there waitin' on you

I'm sittin' in a stolen car, finna rob this nigga  
Should I let the mini-Mac or the shotgun hit him?  
I been waitin' all day, tryin' spot this nigga  
I can't let him get away, I'ma pop this nigga, uh

Plus they don't know about the chopper in the trunk  
The Glocks in a box and the nine on tuck  
The bulletproof glass, the 40's in the stash  
You pull the steerin' wheel and it pop on up

Forty caliber stashed up in the stash box  
Bulletproof windows, you couldn't break 'em wit a  
padlock  
Ak in the trunk, where the sounds bump  
Two twin Glock 40's and a nine and this damn clock

Man, we finna go up in this club, show a lil' love  
Get a few drinks, holla at some girls  
Snatch up a pair, leave outta there  
Put some 'dro in the air, then go and get some grub

I say we go up in this club, show a lil' love  
Get a few drinks, holla at some girls  
Snatch up a pair, leave outta there  
Put some 'dro in the air, then catch a few slugs

Ay, ay, ay, pull over right here, I gotta take a pee  
And don't go nowhere, nigga wait for me  
And if some niggaz do kill you in the next few minutes

Just remember my nigga, it's a heaven for a G

Ay ay, hold this right there I'll be  
I'll be right back, I gotta take a piss man hold on  
Fo' sho, ay man, ay don't leave I'll be right back  
Ay, don't leave I'll be back

Hurry your ass up man, damn  
Coolest nigga what, Coolest nigga what  
Coolest nigga what, hustla fo' life, ay man  
Aiyyo, nigga hurry yo' ass up, man

Cool ass nigga man, fuckin' three in the mornin'  
Coolest muh'fucker in the world man  
Niggaz ain't fuckin' with me man  
Nigga high, smokin' fly ass car

I run these motherfuckin' streets  
Niggaz out here lookin' for me  
Nigga, I wish a motherfucker would  
Ay nigga hurry yo' ass up, nigga, damn

Wassup now, nigga?  
Ain't too cool now, is you nigga?

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