

# Lupe Fiasco "The Die"

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**(feat. GemStones)**

I present, the death, of tha cool

*[Verse 1]*

*[Lupe]*

Well I heard like group of cows

That all your enimies wanna shoot you down

They got ak 47's and a bunch of mac 11's

Semi automatic weapons that produce ka pows

Word on the street is, they all got heatas

They gon hit you up and you ain't even gon see it

You gotta lot of money, I ain't tryna be funny

But they say where you goin, you ain't even gon need it

They see you ridin round, shinin with your fine round  
diamonds

Pretty green eyed lady

Been on tha sideline poutin, while you primetime  
poppin

Hungry niggas want a peice of your pastry

I suggest you protect your bakery

Cause they comin for your head,

And its a bounty on that chain thats hangin from your  
neck

They said

*[Chorus]*

I don't know

What you been told in your ear, but I hear its goin down

Somboddy gotta

DIE!!!

Don't know what you been told in your ear, but business  
goin round

Somboddy gotta

DIE!!!

*[Verse 2]*

*[Gemstones]*

Hitta nigga wit tha mini mac strap, clap

Any nigga think he gettin keys down here

Any meeta, any nigga gettin money, or my honey, man  
heard micheal young is the reclown? here

Run up on a nigga from tha back wit a mac

Or be strapped cause a nigga finna squeeze off 10  
Run up on his nigga lac ratta tat tat,  
Click clack where this nigga at  
I need sin  
Shit is goin down if i see him  
Bump a nigga out like oxy ten  
And keep a couple of dollas up in tha wallet  
To pay they cops so they can never box me in  
DIE!!!  
Thats what im thinkin  
While ridin around polishin this big pistol  
Imma catch him in tha wind  
Pray tha gun don't jam  
So until we meet again  
Nigga its cool!

*[Chorus]*

I don't know  
What you been told in your ear, but I hear its goin down  
Sombody gotta  
DIE!!!  
Don't know what you been told in your ear, but business  
goin round  
Sombody gotta  
DIE!!!

*[Lupe chatter]*

Man, man you can't beleive none of that. Man you need  
just need to, you just need to relax  
Man. Trust me

*[Verse 3]*

*[Lupe]*

Don't pay them niggas no mind  
They hatin on you ain't nobody witta shotty  
Planin on doin a robbery  
Itchin to catch a body

Creepin in a stolen jalopy  
Out there waitin on you

*[Gemstones]*

sittin in a stolen car, finna rob this nigga  
Should i let the mini mac or tha shotgun hit him?  
I been waitin all day tryna spot this nigga  
I can't let him get away, im gon pop this nigga! UHHHH

*[Lupe]*

Plus they don't know about the choppa in tha trunk  
Tha glocks in a box and tha nine on tuck  
The bullet proof glass the 40's in tha stash  
You pull tha steerin wheel and it pop on up

*[Gemstones]*

40 caliber stashed up in tha stash box  
Bullet proof windows, you couldn't break em wit a  
padlock  
Ak in tha trunk, where tha sounds bump  
Two twin glock 40's and a nine and this damn clock?

*[Lupe]*

Maaaaaaan  
We tryna go up in this club  
Show a little love  
Get a few drinks  
Holla at some girls  
Snatch up a pair  
Leave outta there  
Put some dro in tha air  
And then go and get some grub

*[Gemstones]*

We finna go up in tha club  
Show a little love  
Get a few drinks  
Holla at some girls  
Snatch up a pair  
Leave outta there  
Put some dro in tha air  
And then catch a few slugs

*[Lupe]* ay pull over right here, i gotta take a pee  
And don't go nowhere nigga wait for me  
And if some niggas do kill you in the next few minutes  
Just remember my nigga its a heaven for a G.

*[music stops]*

*[The cool plays on the radio inside of a car]*

*[Lupe]* Ay ay hold this right there.  
I'll be, i'll be right back i gotta take a piss man hold on.  
Fa sho. Ay man, ay don't leave i'll be right back.  
Ay don't leave i'll be back.

*[Gemstones]* Hurry your ass up man. Damn.  
Coolest nigga what, coolest nigga what, coolest nigga  
what.

Hustla for life!!!  
Ay man, nigga hurry your ass up. Shit.  
Imma cool ass nigga man.  
Fuckin three in tha mornin.  
I'm tha coolest muthafucka in tha world man.  
Niggas ain't fuckin with me man.  
Nigga i'm high, smokin. Fly ass car.  
I run these muthafuckin streets, and these niggas out  
here lookin for me.  
Man i wish a muthafucka would...  
Ay nigga hurry your ass up, nigga. Damn  
*[footsteps and a gun cocking]*

*[random voice]* Whats up now nigga?  
Ain't to cool now is you nigga?

*[Musics slowly fades to a stop]*

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