

Mr. Sancho

"Die Rich"

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[Mr. Serv-On]

Time to release this terror on you
Best believe in these letters across my stomach
I'm gonna blast on you, piss on you
Fuck what these coward bitches told me
Live a quiet life, take a wife
Fuck that I'm slanging this shit day and night
Gimme a bitch, 36 ounces to a crooked scale
A thousand pounds to a bail, nigga that's mail
If I fail to die with money in my pocket
Nigga blast from my side if I ride
I'm high-siding on you motherfuckers
Lot of you bitches made to suffer
For that cheese, so drop to your knees, and say please
To these young niggas, cap pillas, and they be candy
dealers
Ready to pistol whip and to die rich shit a jail trip
I'll frusterate your bitch
A nigga wanna be laying in them guts, nigga you know
what's up
I'm slanging this 'cane, from Youngsfolk, Virginia to
the bay
Every day, flipping them browns
Sharp me for my shit, I'm baseball whipping
Like pac man, niggas don't doubt it, been bout it
Rolling with my click, Prime Suspects
Ready to die rich or die a bitch
You know my trip, I'm ready to die rich or die a bitch
Nigga, you feel me

[Prime Suspects]

What's that music man?
Man what's the real Milly bro?
I said bro I got to get, we got to get rich.
Man that nigga Gotti
Lil Gotti
Fuck it, so lets go get it cause you know I aint no bitch

[Mac] Chorus

You either die rich or die a bitch
Hit that flow when my trigger finger itch

[Prime Suspects]
I want all that shit x4

[Prime Suspects]
Yo, I'm coming, you running, cause I'm gunning
My nine humming, 12 gauge to your fuckin stomach
Facing charges, my ??? is of runs and guns
Getting it done, for the fun, putting it down like
Torrence nigga
Run, be that killa California
Home if that nigga did one leave you soaked
Like a sonar, a No Limit soldier,
Been totin', fuck ghetto quotes
Murder he spoke, I never wrote
I live with the most, I left a note
PS undercover, pull the bluff from my coat, BITCH
You die rich or a bitch nigga

Situation too real so you bail
And when you see us don't bow, nigga kneel
Used to wonder how you jump ship in full throttle
But when a nigga got your heart too so you usually
follow
Now you screamin and hollerin, with that middle no ax
But the world can't hear you, with that deed off your
back
You gameless but you shameless
Like a five dollar hoe on the stroll
And it's gonna be ripped up to toe
Guarantee to die a bitch, block hardy
Not a prophet just a hoe ass bitch
Huh, realase that smoke from your ass, I hear you
hollerin, whaaaat

My momma raised me up a little bad motherfucker
At the age of fifteen told me slow down it brother
You bout to get our shit with all that weed hold firm
Don't be no bitch little nigga, get the riches of the world
So I'm a let know, I'm out for the gusto rippin some key
I can't be late cause this murder rate is at an all time
pace
Less your kicks up, you better duck cause I could give a
fuck
As for this tool I got, step poppa gave me this stuff,
nigga

Chorus x4

[Lil Gotti Gambino]
Four, five, mack 10, my only friend
Who can guarantee me papers till my end

Selecting my dividends I want it all
I'm macking a hog in 97, chasing down the cheddar
Down for whatever, hustling in any kind of weather
Running with killers, thug niggas, drug dealers,
You feel us, no limit thrillers, mob figures
Made niggas, livin the family of grave niggas
So misbehave, front page my mafia wave
Got me inches away from a cage my gat you display
On partners be played, my silent prayers be thug
haters
In thier grave I be a breeder
All my days can I take time out to pray
Cause momma said judgement day aint far away
So I be thuggin, pistol huggin, slug bustin
I wish a nigga would trip, I'm a do him wrong and split
his dome
To the moon, to the danger zone
And get dealt with, you either die rich or die a bitch
Lil Gotti, representing

I'm representing that whole Gambino Family.
Mia X, the farazano, unlady like, Mr. Serv-On
TRU, Prime Suspects, with that platinum shit
With the beats by the pound, P, the colonel, that nigga
Silkk
The Shocker, C-Murder, the whole No Limit family.
Represent, for you

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