

## **B.D.P**

### **"Leva Die"**

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Leva, leva, leva, leva  
Leva, leva, leva, leva

[Triple C]

You better run for cover motherfuckers and think of something fast  
Before you end up just another bitch who couldn't last  
Ain't no game to be played unless you ready for some combat  
It's 1998 and all these jealous got me strapped  
Sleeping with my eyes open, quick to draw my gun  
Got me hoping and praying, that I don't end up the next one  
Don't make me unleash a couple of rounds, shoot some down  
Didn't you know this little motherfucker ain't afraid to unload  
Dumping shells all over the street, steady serving heat  
Til I'm the only soldier still standing on my feet  
I'm really trying to make this situation very clear  
Ain't a man alive, on this earth, that I fear  
Now we can handle this confrontation, any way you want  
Just as long you don't act like a bitch, or a cunt  
I must admit that some try look at me no respect  
For those who've lay it, so hold on tight, to your life  
Cuz we just might have to take it  
Locked and loaded fully automatic, just in case  
Finger on the trigger, spitting hollow points all over the place  
Ready to rumble, got a gang of ammuniton, prepare to retaliate any competition

[Chorus: Triple C, (Lil' Rob)]

Leva, leva, leva, leva  
(Leva take a bullet in the eye)  
Leva, leva your gonna die  
(From the 8-0-5 to the 6-1-9)  
Leva, leva, leva, leva  
(Go for your's, I'm gonna go for mine)  
Leva, leva your gonna die

(Cappin' the fools who makin' waste of time)

[Triple C]

A rough motherfucker from '75  
A down ass Mexican, I'm still alive  
Corazon in the heart is still motherfucker  
Flowing on the mic, and no big deal, because I'm down  
for mine  
I'll rob a puto blind, take his life holmes, I don't waste  
time  
He won't have the time to drop a dime on me the A-R-T  
the motherfucking T  
Another mission so I'm on the run  
I'm not God, but I had to take your life with a gun  
Killing motherfuckers just ain't no thang  
If I ain't gonna do it, he's gonna die anyway  
From a gang-bang, or a drug thang, swept of his feet,  
from a coke slang  
Who of my partners gonna die next  
Either torcher'd in Hell, or sent to Heaven to rest

[Chorus]

[Lil' Rob]

Lil' Rob coming back to haunt ya  
What you got to say about what you did to me  
You gotta be kidding me, bullshitting me  
I can give a fuck about your vida  
You better believe you'll meet the nine millimeter  
So be a, walking dead man until I arrive  
Caps stinging your ass like you were playing with a bee  
hive  
Look behind you, what you find  
My mind's on your murder and your murder's on my  
mind  
All the time I try to think about something else  
But I see the murdering you  
What kind of motherfucking self  
And I don't think it's time for me to go quite yet  
When it's time for me go, I won't go quiet  
Sounding like the 4th of July, when I die  
Or maybe a World War II, as I drop the fucking bombs  
on you  
But what the fuck you gonna do? Lil' Rob be the fucking  
baddest  
Mexicano born with the baddest, leaving you levas in a  
casket

[Chorus x2]

Leva, leva, leva, leva

Leva, leva, leva, leva

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