Lord Hector Diono "Breathe"

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Intro-Ride with me-I said ride with me-I said ride me Lyrics

Why dem kids didn't make it out?

Why ya baby momma scream and shout?

Pressure building I can feel it man probably why I keep that gun hand red roses in the garden grow purple haze all my homeys blow give it time Imma let it go until then make angels in the snow

He was seven when his momma died he was seventeen he saw his father cry aint have now dreams just wanna live his life but two killers wanna see him die he kept his grades up and helped you too why yaa^{TM} II kill that boy for his shoes? Boy if yaa^{TM} II fake Gsa^{TM} only knew...it good to give ya boy the blues (Chorus)

I just wanna see ya' II breathe a little longer-I just wanna see ya' II breathe a little longer-I just wanna see ya' II breathe a little longer-I just wanna see ya' II breathe a little longer-Breathe Verse 2-He got money he a trip now, I La Cosa Nostra youngin sit it down, He got stripes he did big time homey holdup I got stripes cause I hid mine can you dig it? Snitches come a dime a minute let' em tell it bet they can' t tell how they life was ended free my defendant. Why his chick it wanna get all up in it screamin and cussin like that gonna stop the block from buzzin so what they cousins should kept the fool with you, you in school could' ve taught' em life got repercussions my reapers rude we don't care about his alibi that hide his lies he too young to know that ride or die mean you really die, he too young to know that move in silence mean you move in silence even if you facing time Feds lying on your linemen why you think I stay trippin on thugs that be rhyming? Your pedigree aint no real O.G. you be lying (Chorus)

I just wanna see ya' II breathe a little longer-I just wanna see ya' II breathe a little longer-I just wanna see ya' II breathe a little longer-I just wanna see ya' II breathe a little longer-Breathe Verse 3-Look at homey with his head down, bully

knocked his books to the ground, all his boys standinâ \in [™] round laughin while the man thinking bout clappinâ \in ¦He aint scared of ya-scared for ya-yaâ \in [™] Il donâ \in [™] t knuckle up no more wardie he said he can give some blood every round if itâ \in [™] s gonna stop his thugs from gunnin all you down he donâ \in [™] t wanna see another mother sheddin tears another favorite cousin dead inside for some years youngin wake up take another look up the road can you see the coroner there with that overload we some Gâ \in [™] s cause our beat downs well known not because of all the guns that our goons own

(Chorus)

I just wanna see ya' II breathe a little longer-I just wanna see ya' II breathe a little longer-I just wanna see ya' II breathe a little longer-I just wanna see ya' II breathe a little longer-Breathe Song End

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