

Papoose

"Die Like A G"

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(Intro)

They say you live by it, die by it
The life of a G...

(Hook)

If my death is anything like my life
Then I'ma die like a G
Throw your hammers up in the sky just for me
I don't live in the Stuy, the Stuy live in me
Nigga what! Hit you up with the Mack
Nigga what! You ain't fuckin' with Pap
Sendin' shots at me, I'm bustin' 'em back
So I ride around the town with the gun in my lap

(Verse 1)

Ayo my bond is my life, my word is my bond
You pull the 2-5, I'ma pull the FoFo long
Niggas can't stop my reign, my buzz too strong
I was here when you came, I'll be here when you gone
Keep talkin' like you tough when you're singin' ya song
I blow ya head off, make the morgue sow it back on
Niggas catch beef in the night, and slip in the dawn
That's why the most bodies get dropped in the early
morn'
When the body gets scooped up and shipped to the
morgue
The killer go in the crib and pillow talk to his girl
Baby mom say she gon' send him where he belong
Call the cops that's what happens when the woman is
scorned
At the end of most arguments somebody get warned
Always gotta be right, just admit when you wrong
Say you gon' ride through the hood and blow your
chromes
But you just bop through the hood and blow your horn

(Hook)

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(Verse 2)

Feel like I'm Tarzan, aw man, my girl Jane
My homies wild like the animals we all bang
Lookin' for this coward 'cause he owe me some small
change
Heard he in the gambling spot,
How you gon' gamble while you owe me homie?
I ran up in the card game with that long thing
I'm puttin' dots on they heads while they playing poker
I ain't playin' with ya'll lames,
Man I gave them niggas polka dots like Charmane
Sayin' they killers, man when they gon' start killin'
When blood starts spillin' ya'll start sayin' ya'll chillin'
Let them outta town niggas catch ya'll slippin'
Pump work on the block, took food outta ya'll kitchen
Flossed in ya parties, sexed all of ya'll women
You runnin' round talkin' bout you ain't got no hard
feelings
You ain't got no hard feelings 'cause you're really a
broad
This nigga soft, I don't feel him if his feelings ain't hard

(Hook)

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(Verse 3)

'Cause snatch you sharks out the ocean, and watch you
die
Take you guppies out the fish tank and let you dry
Kill you piranhas at the blink of an eye
But I ain't thinkin' bout you I got some bigger fish to fry
'Cause when a nigga live the thug life and somebody
hit 'em
The family always wanna blame the person who with
'em
So if you was with your homie and ya'll got hit up
And he ain't make it and you make it then you better
grip up
Now it's more homicide, more bloodshed

'Cause all they really wanna know is why you ain't dead
A nigga follow my whip I ain't gon' scream and shout
I'ma lead 'em to his death, that's what I'm about
Call my homie on the cell, you chillin no doubt
These niggas followin' the whip, they must think I'm a
slouch
I'ma ride through the block, by the club house
When you see the car behind me, air that shit out

(Hook)

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