

DJ Tururu

"We All Die One Day"

Visit "[We All Die One Day](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Tony Yayo]

Yeah! You riding with the talk of New York, Tony Yayo
Shady Aftermath and Soul Assassins, here we go!

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

Niggaz, know what I'm about out here
I don't toot my own horn cause I don't have to
You could run your mouth I don't care
But if you get to close I'm gon' clap you
It's too real out here to be scared
A real nigga gonna do whatever he has to
A man is a last thing you should fear
It ain't considered a crime unless they catch you
We all die one day

[Obie Trice]

Niggaz when I step up in a bar, faggots wanna loot
like you muh'fuckers got Obie Trice shook
Like I'm gon' stand here as a man and
let some queer ass, funny looking nigga get the upper
hand
I got issues, got no time, got guns that mourn nigga's
moms
Shoot up clubs and destroy niggaz vibes
Everybody running for their motherfucking lives
Tough club niggaz we leave early cock back surely
Open up your fade your grade brain meets Motor City
pave'
Your nervous system still twitch off Jay-Z
Hoes and animals skirts get murked
Don't ever let a nigga tell you slugs don't hurt
Don't ever let a nigga tell you to play the bar hard
Trust in God cause youse about to get catch a bullet
scar
I give a fuck where you from who you be with
Keep this secret {*whispers*} right by the nuts
A 4-5 that'll light niggaz up and this 4-5 high make not
give a fuck

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks]

But as long as I'm here I'm gonna grab checks
And make my cash stretch longer than giraffe necks
Poverty make your ass bet on words
Touch niggaz in jail make them wanna finish they last
sents'
They say you live by the gun, you die by the next nigga
gun
If thats the case then get a bigga one
You don't think I pack the pump cause I'm out the hood
That's a stereotype like everybody that's black and
jumped
I'm in the white mink the fabric is done
Got rings like Mike, Bird, Magic, and them
Out of Dallas to the palace where the Mavericks is from
Living lavish I'm established, so the cabbage'll come
I'm in the cloud you don't see me on the trains
I travel first class you aint even got a TV on your plane
You should be easy on my name cause I aint going
back and forth
Your boss and your captain soft

[Chorus]

[Eminem]

Cause we gon' bring it to anybody who want it
You want it? You gon' get it
name 'em we gon' hit 'em chew 'em up and spit 'em out
{*hoch spit*}
Too much venom and if you roll with 'em
we gon' fuck you up with 'em
I got to much momentum moving in my direction to
lose
My shoes will explode as soon as you go to step to
them (Broom)
You know how we do it when we do how we do it when
we come through
G-Unit, D-1-2 and Obie we all move like assassins
Ski mask and gloves consider this as a warning
Disaster comes faster than you can react to it, just ask
Muggs
But we are fizast, fuck your little bitch ass up
We are not killers, my vato will have you shot though
Drag through the barrio and fucked like Kim Osario
Little sorry hoe ass, go ask B-Real
We burn Source covers like fuckin Cypress Hill
Did in the 90's when you was in diapers still
Shady Records you better believe the hype is real
This is no joke, I don't smoke
But I toke enough secondhand to make my fucking P.O.
choke

I'm an OG, your fucking with a G.I. Joe
Bia Bia, mia mio a vida loco
I'm a psycho Mariah ain't got shit on me
When I retire I'll be spittin baby food on people
A tent siged on her ranch huddle up next to her
with Hello Kitty slippers on, humpin her legs
You ever had your cap peeled back or your shit pushed
in
I put my blade in you like a fuckin pin cushion
slice your ear clear off, Smirnoff and Hen-dawg
I'll show you to kill a fucking man like Sen Dog
Nobody told you that I'm loco ese?
I lack every sane chemical in my membrane
I'm Slim Shay... D and the 'D' is for deez nuts
And you can get each one for free so feast up
I pee in a cup for three months
I'm having an E party for Easter please come
Cause we-

[50 Cent]

We gon' bring it to anybody who want it you want you
gon' get it
You Name 'em and will hit 'em, chew 'em up and spit
'em out {*spits*}
To much venom and if you roll with 'em
We gon' fuck you up with 'em
You can do all them push ups to pump up your chest
I got a twelve gauge Mausberg to pump up your chest
Have you gasping for air after that shell hit your vest
Fear me like you fear God cause I bring death
Silverback gorilla in the concrete jungle
I'm the strongest around you know how I get down
I watch gangsta flicks and root for the bad guy
And turn it off before it ends cause the bad guy die
If you tryin to buy guns from a nigga to look to
So what they got bodies on them they still look new
You can raise your voice like you fend to touch some
When I raise my knife shit I fend to cut some
See I walk like Ron O' Neil but talk like Goldie
If the bitch think I love her the bitch don't know me

{*laughing*}

[50 Cent] Sorry Kim
[Eminem] Oh Sorry, Oh

[Chorus]

[Eminem] Soul Assassins y'all, what up Muggs?
[DJ Muggs] What up Em?
[Eminem] We outta here...

Visit [DJ Tururu](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.