

8 Ball "I Don't Wanna Die"

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Gloomy days got my head twisted
Mystic visions of a razor blade
Cut my blunt with precision
Stuff it till it's bustin'
Sippin' on some Tussin
Imagine it, gothic hustlin'
Men tusslin', women fussin'
And they babies in the corner cryin'
Young niggaz bang, and they ain't afriad of dyin'
Pistol keepers, mobile phones and beepers
Cars and hoes, and plenty dust for the geekers
Me, I'm a break beater, microphone eater
Weed leader, siizlin' like a fajita
But it's so hard for me to stay out the streets
Behind tint blowin' cheap
Fuckin' with freaks
What kinda role model, I'ma be?
Don't get it twisted
Gifted, linquistic. graphic and realistic
God, deleiver me from harm and arm me with,
Sense enough to know when to quit

[Chorus:]

I don't wanna die
I don't wanna die (lord forgive me for the anger that I
feel today)
I don't wanna die
I don't wanna die

Thinkin' about what my eyes witnessed
Thinkin' about what my kids gon' see
when they get grown and independent
What you doin' baby?
18, strippin' daily
A small ass apartment, tryin' to flip a Mercedes
I don't knock shit, unless you a fiend
Tryin' to hock shit
Protectin' myself
I gotta grab the gock and pop shit
I guess that's the problem with the world today (what?)
Black, white, asian
So many people think this way

Fuck with me and I'll shoot ya
We live in, what used to be the space age, future
To acid droppin' hippies
Now they run the country
Drug smugglin' with my tax money
Bomb makers, nuclear, death creators
White power, skin head, Jew and nigga haters
All of this, plus I gotta watch the nigga next door
What you think I pray for, man

[Chorus]

Life ain't nothin' but preperation
For the angels and the demons that we all gon' face
when,
The soul and the body seperate, that's death
Nothin' left but darkness, after your last breath
Well, all of that shit is in the past
Enjoy it while you got it, cause you can't take it with
your ass
Where I'm from, any day can be your last
That's why them thug niggaz live life hard and fast
Slowdown, and find yourself surrounded by the
lowdown
Unaware, a showdown's about to go down
Why we gotta clown instead of bein' kinfolks
Why do white folks, think all we know is sellin' dope?
Some can't cope, and got out hangin' from a rope
Slit wrists, found shakin' from an overdose
Tupac and Biggie got they life snatched away
Nobody knows when they gotta go, mayne

[Chorus]

That's all baby,
You never know when you gotta go
Deaths around the corner
Your nobody, till somebody kills you
But I don't wanna die
I don't wanna die
Hey, I don't wanna die
Can you hear me?
I don't wanna die
I don't wanna die
I don't wanna die
Die, die, die, die, die [repeated till end]

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