

## Raekwon

### "Doe Or Die"

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Yeah, New York undercover baby  
Whole lot of things done changed  
Yeah, it's a lot of people puttin' black eyes in the game  
You know what I mean? Alright, let's do this

Check it  
I had a block locked but took a fall now I'm off my feet  
I gotta eat, so it's back to these fuckin' streets  
And I will grow 'cause I'm an old timer  
I bring the drama to any nigga, his babies or his fuckin'  
mama

I gotta look like Tevin Campbell, but still I gamble  
Hustle and scramble 'cause money is muscles in this  
damn zoo  
And in order to make it, you gotta take it  
Be the boom blast boom spin, break but don't fake it

That's why there's no guilt for these trife niggas bloods  
I spill  
Took what they built, flippin' their drug game on tilt  
'Cause in New York, dealin' drugs is a sport  
You either sell it, smoke it shoot up or snort, either way  
you're caught

And since I'm in it, now I'm in it to win it, skies is the  
limit  
So no mo' bein' some motherfucker's lieutenant  
Shit, from this point that's how I feel, I wanna fly  
Yeah, it's either doe or die

It's like a jungle sometimes  
It's like a jungle sometimes  
It's like a jungle sometimes  
The weed smoke makes me wonder  
How I keep from goin' under

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And other hoods I hang with, mix slang in they  
language  
Love, kickin' that gang shit, sellin' on the same strip  
Hustlin' hard, no matter how much we hated  
So dedicated, even our dreams are drug related

Shit, puff bananas, not even the cops can stand us  
'Cause of the way we vanish, every time they come to  
can us  
25 we get the money live, fuck all that funny jive  
The streets is our only source to survive

And before any teeny boppers think about tryin' to stop  
us  
I rather put your head, through the propellers of a  
helicopter  
'Cause all my peeps be playin' for keeps  
Straight out the litter, so bitter, these bandits don't  
even need sweets

Bringin' the ruckus, like some mad motherfuckers  
Move at night like truckers when suckers see us, they  
duck us  
Shit, only the real can relate to the things a hungry  
man'll try  
It's either doe or die

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And ever since I was a tar face baby watchin' Scarface  
I dreamed of guns and tons of coke on a car chase  
A fat connect with a kingpin Colombian  
Plus props for crooked cops, payin' him tops not to run  
me in

Keepin' my toaster in a shoulder holster  
Havin' hoes playin' me closer, sexin' on a silk sofa  
Livin' the life of the rich and trife  
Rugged but sharp like a kitchen knife

Without stress from some bitchin' wife

What a life, that's why I be on what I be on  
Always ready a war for, score a shoulder put me on  
And until then, I won't sealin' what I'm feelin'  
It was inside that I cried, but now it's spillin'

I'm goin all out until I fallout  
So much of a menace, when I finish  
Milkin' New York, I'll have to call out  
On the run, 'cause I know feds will try and knock me  
And railroad my soul to a hell hole if they got me

But not me, I'm goin' out fightin' until I fry  
From hot lead no lie  
Like I said, "It's either doe or die"  
Doe or die, doe or die, doe or die  
It's either doe or die

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Visualizin' the realism of life and actuality  
Fuck who's the baddest  
The personal status, the pimps or salary  
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If not why not  
Either you're in it, or you're in the way baby pa  
New yields, no quills  
I want it all

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