

## Scar Symmetry

### "Dyin Wit'cha Boots On"

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Trouble seems to catch a motherfucker with his cards  
down  
Gotta keep my drawers up, shit's gettin hard now  
These motherfuckin cops be plantin shit on these  
niggas  
Simply because these niggas got bank accounts that's  
bigger  
I just can't get no peace from you motherfuckin rollers  
Everytime I pull my benz or what, 'cha pull me over  
I'm sick of motherfuckers who be checking whitey's  
coke tip  
Blacker than a motherfucker, sweat me 'bout my \*?  
dope-sip\*?  
Niggas just take your cut and get your ass up out my  
face  
The only thing you probably get from me is a cock-  
sucking pistol case  
Unless you plan on plantin a lil' somethin in my shit  
Just because you ain't got shit, bitch!  
Give em a badge and a trigger and that makes em  
figure  
That they can fuck with a million dollar nigga  
They got you mixed up, fixed up at the segas, shookin  
indo  
Gettin fucked up in the gank-hole  
The only way you'll whip that motherfucker is when you  
whip that  
Motherfucker  
And we choke the motherfucker (me stuck the  
motherfucker!)  
So when you hear my song and wanna get it on  
You better come prepared motherfucker, you dyin  
wit'cha boots on

Chorus:

(put ya foot in my shit and let me try on your hood)  
Dyin wit'cha boots on  
(put ya foot in my shit and let me try on your hood)  
Yeah

Interlude:(prison guard talking to inmate)

Guard: do you know how many years you're facing  
inside?

25 to life and that's on the real

So you better snitch on your partner

Inmate: fuck that! it was brad dawg, I ain't goin out by  
myself

Niggas gettin caught, doin time, so they snitchin

They pickin niggas up on a funky ass suspicion

We'll be goin down for some questioning we think

And end up gettin hit with the fuckin kitchen sink

Racketeer and laundering, kingpin wondering

If they got some unsolved murders, then give him  
some of them

Just because we're niggas and they figure we're no  
smarter

We sell each other albums, start frattin on our partners

They start bringin up shit that happened back in '85

And then comes the largest jury, bitch, they fuckin  
time!

You might as well play the state

Cos you come to day for day

And sellin out your homeboys ain't the shit

Cos y'all gonna have to die in this bitch, bitch!

Lobbin wit'cha white suits on

And dyin wit'cha motherfuckin boots on

(put ya foot in my shit and let me try on your hood)

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