

Tommy Wright III

"Die Nigga Die"

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f/ Tini

Hook: Tommy Wright

Car jack, gat packed, hard head, wig split

Die nigga die nigga die nigga die,

Got a big clip wid a Jason mask

(4x)

[Verse 1: Tini]

Jealous bustas dwell, what the hell, it is me finally

Welcome to the game so glad that you came

No longer vampin' from the scene missed Tini

Nineteen-tini five wid the solo

Told you I was gonna creep, so here it is God damn

Everybody gotta put a hold on they tape

cause the muggin' family is goin' to the top man,

Peepin' robbin' chiefin' everyday life of a thug,

Gimme love, robbers steady creepin' to the east

A quarter after eleven it's almost that time for the
leprechaun to creep

Tini just in back get my gat plus my back pack

Creepin' up from out the dark I gotta get'cha fool

Seven Jason masks wid the buckshots and the anna
cannons

How in the fuck can I lose?

Hook (4x)

[Verse 2: Tini]

Grippin' on my glock, lookin' down my block,

Seein' what's up by the bump,

Before I hit the track get my back pack

makin' sure I got another clip for my gat when I rat-tat,

Did you see me?, hocus pocus in the dust

from the quickness I be ventin' never seen,

It's a drought, no doubt, no rocks, on my block, spray
the cops

I'm a robber so let me count my green,

Two fifteens, bumpin' in my trunk, detachable face
partner

Chevy thang wid green oxy trevols spark it wid the
vogues

wid the gold stole from the white folks,

Slowly I approach, to the car,

Smack you buck up bitch and get yo ass out

Open up the door, fuck the kids, shoot the dad kill the
mommy

Your ass shouldn'ta stopped at the red light

Got a Lexus, and it ride so smooth

Finna dodge this motherfucka 'fore I give it up

Got it right into the chop shop

Then it's downtown ridin' from the po-pos where I'm
never found

Then I turn it in, seven Gs in my pocket flat

got a fat knot swellin' from my right thigh,
Keep a hustle anyway I can, to the night I die stay high,
No lookin' back, danger lurks and it hurts
if it catch, then I bet'cha that it's me too,
Don't set to rinse say what'cha gonna do
Cause when you slip don't make a move,
It's kinda sad though, they got me mad into the game
and when it's time I'm steady bustin' at my jealous
friends,
Got a guage, hangin' out the window,
Niggas in my neighbourhood sippin' on Hen
Hook ('til fade)

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