

## Dieter Krebs & Gundula

### "Would You Die For Me"

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[Knightowl]

That's right mothafuckas  
Sawed Off Records in the house bitch  
Some real mothafuckin gang bangers  
Representin to the fullest  
Who down to ride with me  
Who down to fuckin die with me  
You down to die for me  
Like I'm down to rdie for you mothafucka  
Sawed Off baby

[Slush the Villain]

I'm with my homies and I'm feelin elavated  
Liquor and weed gots me motivated  
My mind setated to go commit a crime  
On my enemies who will fuckin bleed when I ride  
Better hide cause if not your gonna get shot  
Infrered right between the head make sure that you  
drop  
Hear the power mothafuckas cause I'm gonna blast  
Now your ass is remembered in the past so piss on  
they grave  
Buck on all my enemies even in death  
Waitin for the day you take your final breath  
And that's on the real  
When you get killed I rejoice and laugh  
On your ass will be decompossin under the grass  
Fuck em all buck em all  
When they see me they now  
They just see me they go  
Where they screamin had it meanin for home  
Count up your shit that's deamed like a wealth  
Like when you need the cross  
You pray but get no help

[Chorus 1: Knightowl]

Would you die for me  
Like I would die for you  
Would you still be tossin it up  
When we bout to get fucked up

[Chorus 2: Slush the Villain]

If I you ride for me  
Would you ride for me ese  
If I die for you  
Would you die for me

[Chorus 3: Knightowl]

Would you die for me  
If you's to ride with me  
Would you be down to blastin 80's  
See the penetentary

[Chrous 2]

[Knightowl]

Who wants to step to this loco  
I'll put the vala in your coco  
Intoxicated off the hennisse  
I got the mind swurvin  
So fuck any one disturbin  
The mente I'll fuck you up like Presidente  
Cause I'm a sick as mothafucka  
That be rollin through the caiyas  
And I got a lot of fuckin home boys up in the viayas  
Mi vala madre por que (?) madres  
Si queres bronca tu ase way que ronca  
Mothafuckas panic they haitn  
Cause they say I'm satin  
I'm conteplatin on my next plan to kill the man  
I got my dawg on the side of me  
Drinkin brass moneky  
Nan Dog gettin all fucked with me  
Smokin on the lleno  
Then I pass it to my dio Manuel  
Shit all good fool we bang in the same hood  
Presidondo the big 1 3 at up in Cali  
Who's down for this murderous ralley

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 2]

[Chorus 3]

[Chorus 2]

[Bokie Loc]

Nigga my soul is my own  
Chrome made for the wails  
Trippin before we had those hot rocks in your grill  
Like mister missed me with that twisted

Get him with some shit hey  
My niggas from the OC and the SD my little nephew Dre  
So we can put it on em don't need no oppenent  
Chooosed to get them gangstas and them money  
makers on em  
Cause real time is crucial wicked  
All up in my mind to prevent the kick it  
All up and rise for the meal ticket  
Get ready to ride like roller coasters bitch  
Hit a switch in my lo lo all ain't knowin the Bokie Loc  
Yes ya'll playing niggas like ball  
If you wanna talk shit you ready to get hit  
With my strap oh take a dirt nap  
6 feet deep and sleep if you niggas won't freak  
Old school sheep got ya niggas shook  
If you ain't knowin the rhyme nigga read a book  
Bitch

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 2]

[Chorus 3]

[Chorus 2]

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