

## **Do or Die f/ Kanye West**

### **"Paid the Price"**

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[Sample] My world came to an end And then you came back I think you brought it back together Now I know There is no (there is no) Way (there's no there is no way) That I can go on without you baby [Verse One: Kanye West] Yeah, history in the makin, Do or Die Yeah, yeah, uh, uh, uh Me and Do or Die got maneuvers Cold pimp tactics all in one package Hollerin' at a chick that could of been a actress Right now her back is layin' on my mattress Why your team pissed like urine Only rock things made for a king Tell me tell me it was the LV Bigger that the jeans of the Rap floor green That's how I gotcha So I you want a role model to call like Patra Quit hollerin' at them losers And get with this shit that Got his own business an entrepreneur [Verse Two] Off the block now Shit got the pipe down Industry niggas I just got bomb Track from Kanye West pass the bomb aye Kick the doors down like Desert Storm Where's the millions I'm the chameleon Transformatin', rock a show like God Drivin' for status Big my apparatus You gotta now I'm getting all that dough Hotter than your shit Bullshit, got a full clip Think I'm a punk then get your back broke slow I'm the shiznick down to my diznick Lyrics so hot enough for frozen snow Feel of the bomb again and get fucked the he say she say He say she say I ain't gon make it The throne is my mine Chi-town where's the crown From the days of Capone, nigga You know we gon take it I wanna vint Vivian and own my own block Print my check like Johnny Walker Scott Damn if you do or you don't you move over Save some room for the black Casanova Ladies and gentlemen. You is tunin' in to Do Or Die (thank you) Kanye West Chi-town finest. World clap your hands for us one time It's the world premiere, You don't understand though Man we got the plan. We gon put it in your hands like this It ain't nothing happenin'. You know what I'm sayin'? We make it happen. Bullshit ain't nothing Joe. Chi-town finest You know how it go. Come on. Come on Uh, come on, come on [Verse Three] This the last time you see my like this here stuntin' 16,5 & 3 ain't that somethin'? As long as we makin the paper the hoes comin' Suppose I get behind the mic and flow somethin' Kanye show the

chain ladies expose something With a hummer H2 with  
the Benz there's no frontin' With some ice you can  
skate on Now I got no weight on It's gettin to the point  
when the ballas try hate on Proticops I stayed on And  
made a lot of hot songs Do you think I'm a P.I.M.P. In a  
SL5 Halle Berry colors scoop me Groupies and Gucci  
you know you can't exclude me Ladies get around be  
like "He's so cool G" No I'm not booshie just Eric and  
Young Stoopie The black Hugh Heffner [Verse Four]  
Tell me tell me Lord can you hear me? Sometimes I  
walk these streets and get weary Most of the times I  
can't let these niggas get near me With this hatred,  
jealousy, and envy I went to church and they said you  
had a remedy A remedy to set me free and take away  
my enemies So I pray to the day when I get to see All  
the faces that put me down up in the industry So from  
the street to the club It's ya boy show me love We gotta  
keep it gangstas that's how we gettin love Never fall for  
the love of the dough Stay true, straight to the facts  
and the game to show Sample

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