

## **Dolly Parton F/ Emmylou Harris, Linda Ronstadt**

### **"Die One Day"**

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[Verse - Lloyd Banks]

I keep my hip on pound 'cause she gets hectic in my town  
Drag my family with me 'cause that's how real niggaz get down  
If it wasn't for 50 I probably wouldn't be around  
Caught up in the temptations, sitting in jail or underground  
And for that if you snap a finger I'll lay a nigga down  
Its fucked up when your only facial expression is a frown  
A hood rat a put a future in a fools pants  
Till she find out you cant buy furniture with food stamps  
A year ago I made a decision before I shut my eyelids  
Pray to God I get shot tomorrow 'cause I don't like surprises  
When you hot as a oven, they embrace you with open arms  
When you cold as a freezer, niggaz treat you like they don't need ya'  
Some people call it they vapors, me I call it amnesia  
Live my life principle driven, never bite the hand that feeds ya'  
Never mind all the haters, fuck them all, let them die slow  
All I need is my niggaz, money, liquor, and hydro  
I know!

[Chorus - 2X]

Everybody gon' die one day  
Whether its natural causes or gun play  
But fucking with me you sliding down a one way  
I keep it gangsta from Monday to Sunday

[Verse - Lloyd Banks]

Don't blame me, blame my mom and pop for breeding this  
The game needed this  
Lloyd Banks, a.k.a. Mr. I don't feed a bitch  
Or need a bitch, I state it when I meet a bitch

If you wanna trick you need a switch  
'Cause I don't trick Adidas bitch  
This is all I got, I have to blow  
So whether its fast or slow  
Platinum flow is making it easy to kidnap a hoe  
Pop the bag, pass the dro'  
Blow about a half a O  
Legit citizenship, my pimp is international  
You gotta agree, these motherfuckers a probably have  
me Latin  
Before they find a nigga hotter than me  
We on top as far as I can see  
And since the hood watching me  
My regular trip to the mall is a shopping spree  
I'm the number one draft pick, none of y'all topping me  
I move around with the plastic, you ain't dropping me  
The show me love in my city  
They fucking with me and I'm fucking with them  
Nigga G-Unit till the end

[Chorus - 2X]

[Bridge - Lloyd Banks]

Your six inches from a coffin  
So I suggest you stop talking  
And make me resort to violence  
And You'll no longer be walking  
Your six inches from a coffin  
So I suggest you stop talking  
And make me resort to violence, nigga

[Outro - Lloyd Banks]

Yeah!  
You gotta love it!

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