

Stick to Your Guns

"Not Dyin'"

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[Verse 1]

If it wasn't for Kool Herc, hip hop wouldn't be created
That's bullshit, I would of created it tens years later
Niggas acting up till the guns is heard
I don't hear you poppin shit now, mums the word
And all you rapping niggas, what, that's all you got
Think you a thug now you doing songs with Pac
Gotta bullet in my stomach doctors scared to remove it
And 25 stitches above my dick to prove it
But I can't die, so I don't wear no vest
I'm like super nigga, gotta SF on my chest
Nigga I'll take a automatic and play Russian roulette
Just to collect, life is short expect my death
Told you once, told you twice
This is the last time you can boooooooooop give me a flat
line
Even if I bleed to death I can't die
Not even if I fell from ten stories high
Yo, I'ma rule the underground or get shot trying
No matter how many times I get hit with the hot iron

[Chorus]

I'm not die'n
What bring it I'm not die'n
I'm not die'n
What bring it I'm not die'n
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[Verse 2]

I tried everything swallowed pills slit my wrist

Made my own brother shoot me, X-1 fuckin missed
Tried to paint the walls with my brain but the gun
jammed
At my first shoot out, I stayed everyone ran
I want it rawwwwww, and more than ten different
women
Locked myself in the garage with the Benz runnin'
As a kid, they had to watch me carefully
Tried to put the blow dryer in the bath with me
Everywhere I go, I hear voices, who calling me
Doc said my brain damaged but I don't see nothing
wrong with me
Maybe that's why half the industry won't do a song with
me
I walked amongst the dead
Talked to punks with lead
An eye for an eye
We can all go blind
All you niggas talking about you ain't scared to die
I feel nigga, cause I ain't scared to kill you nigga WHAT
I'ma rule the underground or get shot trying
No matter how many times I get hit with the hot iron

[Chorus]

You can't kill me {8X}

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