

## **Double You F/ Alexia**

### **"When I Die"**

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[Krayzie]

Man what the fuck is we gone do man?  
Shit man I can't believe this shit man  
Them motherfuckers done killed him  
We got to ride for this nigga  
On them old hoe ass niggas  
I say we ride over right there right now  
That's what I'm talking about let's roll

[verse 1]

As we delve through the mud and rain  
Straight shots of Tange ease the pain  
As we put to rest one of my niggas that got cut up and  
lost half his brain  
Shit ain't the same niggas is dangerous  
Buckin like it's the thang to bust  
When I looked at my nigga fucked up  
I couldn't help thinking this could've been aimed for us  
Niggas do hate like that, nigga you never know  
He say a friend but I smell foe  
So I sit back and wait for the day niggas try to kick in  
my door  
So I sleep with the big fo-fo  
But what if I fuck up and pull it too slow  
You know what they say gotta go gotta go  
What if I be the one breathing no more, oh well  
When I die I want all my motherfuckers to ride [for me]  
On the niggas that did me killed me committed my  
homicide  
Gather up after the funeral [posse up] and pull out all  
the big guns  
Go through every hood poppin till somebody tell you  
somethin  
How in the fuck can I rest in peace when I wasn't ready  
to die  
So I'm begging my niggas to get my revenge  
And do it the same night they put me under  
Now I'm gone but this thug shit gone live on  
Just write on my tombstone he was that thuggish  
ruggish bone

[chorus]

Murda mo niggas gone kill some more [nigga you  
never know when you gone die]

Murda mo niggas gone kill some more [ say never  
know when it could be you]

Murda mo niggas gone kill some more [they leave yo  
house and don't come back]

Murda mo niggas gone kill some more [this shit is real  
and oh so true]

[repeat]

[Fat Joe]

When I die I wanna see about a hundred niggas cryin  
Lying talkin bout they all love Ryan

And Joey too, you should've seen him at the funeral  
Sporting the top hat tuxedo was royal blue murder who  
Nigger I died in the car chase shot the place like the  
last scene in Scarface

Now I'm in the far place chillin in the whites of the sky  
Terror Squad till  
the day I die

[Big Pun]

I'ma thug I'ma die high O.D. off the la-la  
Niggas tell me get off that weed I'ma keep smoking on  
that thai-ai

Nigga fuck that I'ma keep hittin that  
[Puff puff] till my lung collapse what's wrong with that  
You hypocrite just a little bit you know you down with it  
It's all good in your hood having laughs

Puff weed to clear my cataracts  
Never thought I'd see the inside of an ambulance  
But now I'm there too many dead brain cells, runnin  
round inside my head  
That's when I died my eyes were blood shot red

[Cuban Link]

Now picture me dead still getting head in the coffin  
flossin

Bitches fightin cryin tryin to get a bigger portion  
My niggas talkin figuring how to get my fortune  
While I'm lost in space waiting for satan and his  
horseman

Walkin through fire sparkin my lighter cloud the sky up  
Rising higher and higher eye to eye with my messiah  
Viya Con Dios as I cross the gates of hell  
I faced the devil with a shovel and told him brace  
yourself

[Krayzie]

Reporters steady ask why KB be talkin bout murder on

all the songs  
I say cause I could step out the door somebody could  
pop and I'm gone  
Then they wanna know why I pack chrome for one I'm  
paranoid  
Smoking too much of that weed what's that I just heard  
a noise  
Get the 12 gauge and I call my boys  
Motherfuckers is plottin to get me I know when I'm  
dreaming this  
So that's the meaning of this  
Nine millimeter heater strapped with infrared beams  
and shit  
So nigga don't trip the reaper seem to be getting closer  
So I'm running from that motherfucker swervin and  
duckin murder  
Pistol grip pump protected by the gauge  
Mr Sawed-Off Leatherface reload the clip and into the  
crowd I spray  
Murder murder mo murder murder kill kill kill  
Shit it's selling but what they ain't telling niggas is that  
it's real  
But you better realize for it be you in the casket  
dropped  
Better get you ass a shotgun and go get a plastic glock  
Nigga don't take murder for no joke that's like slittin  
your own throat  
But I tell you what'll help for sure is if you bust back at  
them hoes

[chorus]

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