

Eazy E F/ B.G. Knocc Out, Gangsta Dresta "Day You Die"

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[Chorus]

From the day you're born... till the day you die
If you're one of the poor ones, you just gotta work hard,
you know what I mean
A lot of pain, lot of sorrow, blood, sweat and tears

[Verse 1]

I'm like a one man crew, a one man clique
Iceberg Slick, sick like horror flicks
I put a burner on a heat when I (?) the street
Nickel-plated poetry mad deep
The intellect interacts with raps
Cartel rocks well, baby, I'm strapped with gats
Yo son, had to bounce cos the block was scorchin
I'm camouflaged down like a Soldier Of Fortune
I paralyze your mindstate
Then crush your egg frame and watch your whole body
break
Look at yo' broke-ass clique on the corner
Talkin shit about a nigga cos he does what he wanna
Cousin, pull the record back counter-clock wise
K-Def got the spliff lit spinnin with the red eye
That's from all the lye he smoke
Yo loc, time to go, Larry-O slit your throat
Just for runnin your mouth you gots to fall
Chill dog, no need to speedball
I got everything under control
Got the coke and a smoke, and we about to roll

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

When the Real Live arrive y'all motherfuckers slept and
slipped
They slept on the architect of wreck
The nigga with the lucci, coochie, clothes
The sniper with a rifle fuckin up foes
Seriously, not deliriously
Son, you could be missin mysteriously
Guns run through my crew like animals in a zoo
Flippin coats, sippin Mo'rt with nothing to do

Karate niggaz, crushin niggaz for big figures
They pay the price to wear ice
You rollin with scared dice
The streets got no room, saturated with tools
I been a major player since niggaz were smokin Kools
A mad felon breakin bread where murderers dwellin
In the realm of chaos, duke, my pockets be swellin
I don't know how to act, a 12 pack plus 20 sack
Put a big fat motherfucker on his back
Now understand, the man has stacked many grand
And remain king, I count it till my hands turn green
But I watch my back and keep my head to the sky
From the day I was born till I die
Motherfucker

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

A thug recruiter, sparkin Buddha, rap tutor
Celo sharp shooter, got code crack reports in
computers
Discussin money makin moves, you dig
With thug milionaires, entrepreneurs and the big wigs
But now we lace hit after hit
Bangin niggaz for real on some Real Live legit shit
The motherfucking pinnacle of lyrical
The eye of the storm, hoes be soft and warm
Plus thick, the Rolex watch he had was slick
Took it to the crib piece, hit her with the
"Did you know my lifestyle was wild?" broke niggaz-
profile
You can fool 'em bitch niggaz, pussy, I know your style
With excellent individual evidence of bein true to the
game
Regardless of fame, countless G's, oz's, trees, ki's
Please give up your quest, you up against the best
motherfucker you ever seen
While I continue to amaze with a phrase that's mean
And when we put the shit together we was definitely
high
From the day I was born till I die
Motherfucker

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