

## H.W.A. "To Live or Die"

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[Verse 1]

It all got started on a hot summer day  
A shot was heard, a bitch was shot that day  
The hoes were taking over, riding three deep  
Lorenzo rims in a black cherry Jeep  
The bitch violated, her name was Terri B  
Riding the coat tail of the rapper Eazy-E  
Now I'm a give you an F cause your ass'll stand tall  
A funky white bitch with a little bit of ball  
Ruthless, that's what you think you are  
A hoe is on the beat, so you won't get very far  
Talking that shit on a murder you wrote  
Bitch try again, that's a motherfucking joke  
Wicky-wicky-wack, that's what I said  
Now a wacked assed bitch got a nine to her head  
Don't lay back, and start to cry  
It's a hell of a choice: To Live Or Die

[Chorus: 4X]

To Live Or Die  
Die Bitch

[Verse 2]

I'm a motherfucker, I'll put you through a test  
You're another sucker I had to lay to rest  
Blood sweat and tears running down your face  
I ain't even pull a trigger, now I got a murder case  
I'll drop your ass right down to your knees  
You're begging like a punk, baby girl please  
Fuck you, yeah I said it again  
I'll kick your ass while I count to ten  
The choice is yours, you'd better make it fast  
Five more seconds, the nine up your ass  
I'm wasting my time, cause it ain't no fight  
I'm a fuck you up when we touch the mike  
My rap's so strong, like an armored tank  
Step back bitch, cause you're about to get ganked  
HWA is in the place  
Kicking funky rhymes all in your face  
Murder, murder, is what you preach  
You wouldn't kick sand on a motherfucking beach

Your record deal is a mystery to me  
You must have give Eric some white pussy  
Bitch, you think you're hard, but you're softer than  
butter  
Trying to hang around the Compton brothers  
You want to be black, and that's no lie  
Bitch, make a choice: To Live Or Die

[Verse 3]

I don't know where you're from, but it sure ain't the  
streets  
Cause you're walking around sweet and petite  
I'm the baddest, hardest bitch in the world  
Check my credentials, they call me baby girl  
Taking white bitches out iis a hobby of mine  
Fuck all that shit, Jaz pass me the nine  
Remember that test, bitch you didn't pass  
Now I'm forced to put the nine back in your ass  
Put the clip in then I blast you  
No that didn't get past you  
Your no rapping ass was bound to fail  
Now my motherfucking ass might wind up in jail  
I went to court and copÃ¢â¬âed my plea  
I had to murder, she was a wack MC  
The judge liked me and gave me a try  
Cause he liked my hit: To Live Or Die

[Chorus]

(repeat and fade)

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