

Little Lyrics by Rolling Stones

"Do or Die"

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[man preaching]

Either you choose life or you choose death.

Either you choose life or you choose death.

Based on the decision that you make

God has come and offered you life,

Your enemy can only offer you death (deathrow)

If you choose to stay wid your enemy

Then you choose death (deathrow)

If you choose to leave the enemy

and strike out into the unknown.....

Hook: Tommy Wright III

Die motherfucka cause you knew this was a do or die

Either you gon' die or I'm gon' die,

I-I-It's a homicide

(4x)

[Verse 1: Dirty Red]

In my situation, of total devastation,

Spread my hustle all across the motherfuckin' nation

Niggas wanna click-a, it don't matter cause you'll get
buck

I'm tryna make some bone first, cause I'm tearin'
patches out yo heart

When you start to stir like you come from Corna
Village,

Blood gon' start to spilly, my gat gon' start to drilly,

Niggas in the head wid that infra-red beamin'

Blood is steady streamin', you fuckin' wid ah demon

Niggas I and murderers in the South is where I dwell

Wid plenty ah clientele and I got them gats as well

So don't try to run up, cause I'm quick to pull that gun
up

I'm askin' questions last, cause I'm sure as hell gon'
blast,

A nigga in the past wid that muthafuckin' dumb shit

You don't know who you fuckin' wid, I run, wid a
gangsta click

D-I-R-T-Y, R-E-D is not afraid ah you hoes

You gon' die or I'm gon' die, and that's just how the

story goes

[Red talks]

Yeah Dirty Red up in this bitch
And I want you boys to know on Corna Village
I'm not runnin', and I'm not hidin' from anyone ah you
hoes
You know what I'm sayin, a nigga look for me if they
want to
or get they ass blast, what's up my nigga Lil Bay

Hook (4x)

[Verse 2: Tommy Wright III]

Down for my crown, ten toe down, Tommy ain't givin' a
FUCK!
Runnin' and gunnin' a tech in my coat
When I open my trench if a nigga's best built
Niggas who trippin' and scrapin'
a bullet on side ah they face just for fuckin' wid
Tommy,
The nigga that's creepin' and sneakin' and peekin'
and bustin' wide seekin' the beautiful money,
Isn't it funny how a nigga get scared,
Watch me put a forty-five to a nigga head
Please don't shoot, first thing that he say
Then he hit his knees and begin to pray
Trick quit cryin' on my motherfuckin' grain
Here leave him at a stand still once he hear it cock,
Look him in the face, put the gun between his eyes
Piss runnin' down his leg, Tommy Wright ain't surprise
Do or die, cause a head know gotta go
In the midst of the pistol smoke,
Mind of a criminal makin' me dog out a dirty hoe
when I be going for broke,
(Die motherfucka, die motherfucka, die)
Since that day I seen Boyz In Tha Hood
I always wanted to do a drive-by,
Buck a nigga down to the ground hangin' out the
sunroof
wid the glock cocked ready aim fire,
Grippin' the forty-four, lookin' from side to side
Tryna find business to be in a drive-by
On the mission, as I creep deep wid a click thick as John
Gotti
Doggin' the bitches and hoggin' the riches
and fillin' these ditches wid dead bodies....

[Tommy talks]

Straight from a hood called Memphis Tennessee,
Do or die no lie, this shit ain't gon' stop till my casket

drop

One man gang Tommy Wright the third known as
Tommy three (III)
Down wid ten wanted men till the world end, Street
Smart in charge

Hook (4x)

[Verse 3: Project Pimp]

Thinkin' of a plan, do or die you can try
Project Pimp gon' spill yo blood,
Comin' through the door who is that, finna blast wid the
mask,
got ah all tight glove, lunatic lunatic beggin' for mercy
one hit now yo Tommy's they covered wid holes,
Psycho Pimp maniac devious ready to shoot a bitch
leaving yo family froze,
P to the R to the O-J-E-C-T to the P-I-M-P blast
Four to the four what it's cold to ya face
What'cha say, I'm finna kill yo ass
Fillin' you up wid hollow tips
If you pray nigga you'll probably catch a slug
Fuckin' wid one ah these here, nigga die
nigga makin' you lose a pint ah blood,
Jumpin' up outta the Chevy in the bush
I will scatter and leavin' you dead in the street,
Project Pimp buckin' you bitches
so quicka-ly puttin' you sissy ass bitches to sleep,
Lockin' him up in the trunk for those nites
he was screamin' and hollerin' I know he was scared,
Forty-four buck in the trunk outta luck
no more bitch and I know that this nigga was dead,
Runnin' and gunnin' for runnin' and funny
how suckas can call themselves killas and thugs,
Blastin' that hoe he was snitchin'
he got a gun fillin' him up wid them forty-four slugs,
Killin' and pimpin' it's all in my system
so bitches and niggas got trouble for real,
Rest in peace sucka don't fuck wid me
Project Pimp nigga you only got one life to live, BITCH!

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