

Lyons Dana

"Everybody Diez"

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Everybody dies!
Everybody dies!

[Madrox]

Patchwork, sewn together from dues to dirt
From earthgrown and weather conditions of the desert
And everyone's a part of it, Some more then others
Sons, daughters, and brothers, laywers, accountants
and even grandmothers
New comers and old faces, people of any races, and
familiar places
Parents and teachers, prostitutes and preachers
Throw ya hands to the sky and pray that he can see us
Living how we gotta live, and doing what we gotta do
Praying for another day so we can fight and make it
through
Some of us are designed for crimes, some of us
designed for rhymes
Still we congregate in unemployment lines
One of a kind, and still kinda strange, same book same
world
just we on another page, one more time
One of a kind, and still kinda strange, same book same
world

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Come on, We on another page
(Everybody dies!)
Come on, We on another page
(Everybody dies!)

[Monoxide]

Once I lit a smoke off a bitch I fried
And I ashed it in her face when she died
Who you bitches you calling regular when you out of
my zone
Like a celluar phone that's stuck on roam, now get ya
mind blown
That's me and my man at your door, and we looking for
a reason to start the war
You should of never tried to take a stab at us

And you NEVER should of rapped on us
We see the game from way the others hurried and rush
We broke them down, rolled them up, sparked the
flame
and smoked them all in the dust - what?
You couldn't touch me bitch, not even if you wanted
Bitch I'll have your whole block haunted
Flaunt us like the bees in your chilli, we all know the
really really
Monoxide slap your girlfriend silly
Big Willie get your throat cut and left bleeding
While my homeboy's banging your girl, while ya
leaving

[Chorus]

[Bushwick Bill]

What ya lookin at, where ya bitch at?
I'll make her bounce on til the back's up
Thinking your something that your other playas tap off
Holes in your stomach, til your whole waist snap off
Pour out some coiagnac, bite the bottle cap off
Hate it with a passion when a bitch nigga act off
Ride on ya hood everyday and never slack off
Never let it get squash, never let it slide
Die muthafucka die muthafucka die

[Anybody Killa]

Flip through a couple pages, looking into my
background
All you see is the dead around
Daddy always said there'd be days like this
Now daddy's dead and gone 'cause he wans granted
his only wish
I can't believe all the drama when it comes to death
Ain't nothing you can do but pay respect
Slip into the afterlife, feeling light as a feather
Everybody dies, so quit acting like you live forever

[Chorus]

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