

Mike D f/ Den Den, Mista MJ, Money

"Don't Mind Dying"

Visit "[Don't Mind Dying](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

Come on say uh, gangsta shit nigga
G shit come on what, uh say uh

[Intro]

This that gangsta talk, that gangsta music
That uh gangsta walk, how the gangstas do it - 2x

[Mike D]

Just when you busters thought, the game was all over
I'm fresh out the Pen, with backpacks on both shoulders
I got bricks in one, coffee cups in the other
OZ's getting baked, cause me I like em smothered
I get kisses on both cheeks, cause that's how don
niggaz do it
My people's give me work cheap, cause I run right
through it
I'm still gangsta nigga, doing what I wan' do
Ain't no breathing this summer nigga, we playing
spondu
His left hand give me, sky's the limit
Got that cash lil' daddy, but dog I got's to get it
Cause uh I'm a hustler, from my soul
And I rock the block, like I'm Billy Blonco
Catch me in the all black, tinted Durango
Stomping in my 9-5 Max's, and Kangos
I'm back in the deck, and bout to slam another do'
Wish a nigga would run up, I'ma fill him full of holes

[Hook - 2x]

I done told these niggaz once, I don't mind dying
And everything that I love, I'ma throw it on the line
When these niggaz go to tripping, I'ma duck aim and
fire
And bury motherfuckers, till the moment I retire

[Den Den]

See I was built from scratch, compounds of sticky
Daddy had me around G's, dressed in Dickies
Taught me how to use my hands, and box so well
And to bury motherfuckers, that might go and tell

See this world is real wicked, and full of shife
And your main fucking trigger, might take your life
I stay strapped with teflons, eyes on focus
Blowing on killer green, sitting on shit that's poking
Hoping and low poking, I might die of old age
So damn hard, not to hit the news page
Gangs like Sadaam, with the microwave cluttered
My fingers the whipper, come with grams of butter
Hustling like O.J., trying to beat the murder
I'm in a open stride, no time to st-st-stutter
And if you get in my path, I'ma bl-bl-bluck ya
Fucking with a real nigga, that's down to hurt ya

[Hook - 2x]

[Money]

It's gangsta, niggaz is fronting and let me get
You see I'm fired up, and two to one my life is sent
To bring em already, snap necks the close of kin
That be the bend, and the grass we stacking in
Real G's stack G's, on the code we falling in
With the sass name nigga, getting away I'ma route
ends
With some flying in, from all up for the triple win
I need a triple spin, everytime for the dirt we in
I got my money right, wanna go to war I'll take your life
Get money for your head, send your tongue back to
your wife
With a pair of dice with all snake eyes, you lost your life
I done buried a nigga once, don't make it twice
Cause I don't mind dying, storming the lot God forgive
me twice
Cause I'ma have to, take another life
I told these niggaz once, if I been in and being shife
Give me my money, don't give a damn just take his life

[Hook - 2x]

[Mista MJ]

I done told these niggaz once, won't be a second time
I done lost a lot of what I love, so I don't mind dying
Plus these niggaz keep lying, bout what I'm supplying
I'm fin's to start hog tying, and bitch nigga jaw wiring
So it's kool-aid for grind, you better get your guns up
You better put your funds up, cause I express wind up
And it's a straight come up, go on unlock the safe
And uncock your face, cause you gon drop me the
weight
And I ain't leaving without it partna, your wife'll get
raped
Put them kids in duct tape, fuckers stocking on my face

Cause I'm a basket case, I get away with no trace
And if you step out of line, I'ma put you in place
I'm getting down on my grind, with 44's by my spine
It's the M to the I to the S-T-A-M-J, everytime
I pledge allegiance to crime, I pledge allegiance to
rhyme
I pledge to bleed the motherfuckers, to the day they
out me down

[Hook - 2x]

Visit [Mike D f/ Den Den, Mista MJ, Money](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.