

Tung Twista

"If I Die 2Nite"

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A coward dies a thousand deaths
A soldier dies but once

[Verse One]

They say pussy and paper is poetry power and pistols
Plottin on murderin motherfuckers 'fore they get you
Picturin pitiful punk niggaz coppin pleas
Puffin weed as I position myself to clock G's
My enemies scatter in suicidal situations
Never to witness the wicked shit that they was facin
Pockets is packed with presidents, pursue your riches
Evadin the playa hatin tricks, while hittin switches
Bitches is bad-mouth, cause brawlin motherfuckers is bold
But y'all some hoes, the game should be sewed
I'm sick of psychotic society somebody save me
Addicted to drama so even mama couldn't raise me
Even the preacher and all my teachers couldn't reach me
I run in the streets and puffin weed wit my peeps
I'm duckin the cop, I hit the weed as I'm clutchin my glock
Niggaz is hot when I hit the block, what if I die tonight

[Chorus]

If I die tonight [repeat 3X]

"Tonight's the night I get in some shit" - [Dr. Dre]

[Verse Two]

Polishin pistols prepare for battle pass the pump
When I get to poppin niggaz is droppin then they done
Callin the coroner come collect the fuckin corpse
He got it by killer, preoccupied with bein boss
Revenge is the method, whenever steppin keep a weapon close
Adversaries are overdosed over deadly notes
Jealous niggaz and broke bitches equal packed jails
Hit the block and fill your pockets makin crack sales
Picture perfection pursuin paper with a passion
Visions of prisons for all the pussies that I blasted
Runnin with criminals individuals with no remorse

Try to stop me my pistol posse's usin deadly force
In my brain all I can think about is fame
The police know my name, a different game, ain't a
thing changed
I'm seein cemetary photos of my peers
Conversatin like they still here, if I die tonight

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Pussy and paper is poetry power and pistols
Plottin on murderin motherfuckers 'fore they get you
Pray to the heavens three-fifty-sevens to the sky
And I hope I'm forgiven for Thug Livin when I die
I wonder if heaven got a ghetto for Thug niggaz
A stress free life and a spot for drug dealers
Pissin while practicin how to pimp and be a playa
Overdose of a dick, while drinkin liquor when I lay her
Pistol whippin these simps, for bein petrified and lame
Disrespectin the game, prayin for punishment and pain
Goin insane, never die, live eternal, who shall I fear?
Don't she'd a tear for me nigga I ain't happy hear
I hope they bury me and send me to my rest
Headlines readin MURDERED TO DEATH, my last breath
Take a look picture a crook on his last stand
Motherfuckers don't understand, if I die tonight

[Chorus]

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