

Outlawz, Die If U Wanna

[Napoleon talking]

All you fag niggaz gotta move on
(get the fuck out the way)
I kick up dust for real, nigga
fuck this rap shit nigga
you wanna see me, see me nigga
Nigga I'm the nigga to see
Punk ass mutha-fucka
Don't get your pockets pulled nigga

(check it out uh-uh)

Hold the fuck up nigga why you lookin so tough
You don't know that I'm an outlaw and I'll fuck you up
Punk nigga, the street change everyday,
But I'ma change a long will cuz the streets where I lay
Nowadays it ain't about runnin your mouth
It's bout (gun cocked) and (gunshots); assed out
Turnin me out nigga, I turn the streets out
With this underground thug shit that killers come out
Where the gunz be at, where the money be at
I stand full, nothin but the uncut shit I'm hardcore
And ain't nothing changed since back in the day
Just new money frays and new hand grenades
When the war pops off I'ma knock the street lights off
Y'all some paper back soldierz nigga you too soft
And killin in my raps I'm too real for that
But if I say I'ma do it, if you say you have too, prove it to me

[chorus]

It ain't nothin but a freshin to me
And if ya fuckin with me,
Then you can die if you wanna nigga
And all my life I had issues with me
you try trippin with me
Then you can die if you wanna nigga
The street made a slight killah for me
And if you soft too me
Then you can die if you wanna nigga
You act tough
And you can die if you wanna nigga
You in a rush
And you can die if you wanna nigga

I'm a street nigga, check my background
I did a couple of driveby's with the fo-pound
And I was never ever scared to bust a couple of rounds
It's all in me, my whole family was raised wrong
Nigga, my whole team strong, buck buck, double glock dead wrong
And imitatin Pac nigga, you know you wrong
And runnin your mouth will get a gun in your house
There is money down south so I gotta take some
There is money on the west coast I gotta chase some
There is money on the east coast I gotta take some
So I bought me a gun, I'm bout to rob everyone
It's like a 2000 jack the rapper, fall down
Empty down your pockets nigga and pass it around
And what was you thinkin when Pac was around
He wasn't trainin Outlawz to burn shit down
I strategize for the dough dough, cock block with the fo-fo
send four more at the po-po, his whole ass like Zorro
it's real nigga so I'ma bleed for mine
with money on my mind I'ma get it, it's mines nigga

[chorus]

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