

Die

Beanie Sigel

(Chorus)

We chapters of the same book, just a different page
Niggas in the struggle all out ta get paid
Doin' what we gotta do to avoid the raid
Before you get caged, but you can't avoid the grave
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Before you get caged, but you can't avoid the grave

(Beanie Sigel)

When you live by the sword, you die by the sword
I'll probably die in the vocal booth spittin' out raw
Die on stage, rippin' down tours
Die from age, trickin' out-a-town whores
Die cuz I didn't have one in the pipe
Might go out like Raymond, went out on his bike
And die on a death mission, two tec's spittin'
No vest section from my chest missin'
Die cuz the jewels in my necklace glisten
In a V twizzy in a wreckless collision
Or die in the streets over somethin' petty
Cuz a broke ass nigga tryed ta say I assed bet 'em
Die from a shot from a cig war glock
>From a kid on the block while sittin' in the drop
Or die cuz I was on, ain't see 'em comin'
Too late, eight shots got my body nummin'
Die for fuckin' his bitch in his bed
Die cuz a nigga thought I snitched ta the feds
Die wit a knife six inches in my head
I could die on death row, sentenced to the chair
Or die cuz a nigga pulled his Rosco out quicker
I was high off vodka, hydro, and malt liquor
Die cuz I knew I shoulda laid that man
Die cuz the cops tricked me ta say that man
Die cuz I hesitated ta spray that man
Die cuz I hesitated ta pay that man
Die cuz my man passed me a empty tool
Die cuz I panicked, I couldn't keep my cool
Die cuz I mixed all them pills wit Hennessy
Or die cuz them niggas in jail, envyed me
Die tryin' ta steal the fate of my enemy
I could go out from a case of mistaken identity

Or die cuz the door wasn't open, it was locked
Die cuz the 4 was broken, it wouldn't cock
Die cuz a nigga wasn't focused on the block
Die cuz them niggas thought tha coke was in the spot
Die cuz another nigga said I said somethin'
Die cuz that newsy bitch said I did somethin'
Die cuz a nigga was tryin' ta get a name
Or die cuz it was just my time ta feel the flame
Might get sparked, might not feel no pain
or Might go out like dark-skinned Jermaine
Take a couple shots ta the heart, or ta the brain
Got all the dough, don't know the cost of the game
Young buck didn't wanna come off the chain
Couldn't handle the rock, got horsed in the game
I could catch a bad break like Big or Pac
I'd rather go out in the masjid makin' salott

(Chorus)

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Niggas of the struggle all out ta get paid
Doin' what we gotta do to avoid the raid
Avoid the cage, but you can't avoid the grave
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Niggas of the struggle all out ta get paid
Doin' what we gotta do to avoid the raid
Avoid the cage, but you can't avoid the grave

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