

# Caine House

## Do or Die

Chorus  
So I told you where I hang out  
Ya got some sellin then  
Haller my name out  
Remember man me an you  
Runnin up out the cain house  
Nigga just for you I blow his brains out  
I blow his brains out  
Ill blow his mutherfuckin brains out  
So I told you where I hang out  
Ya got some sellin then  
Haller my name out  
Remember man me an you  
Runnin up out the cain house  
Nigga just for you I blow his brains out  
I blow his brains out  
Ill blow his mutherfuckin brains out

Verso One  
Two of my hommies got killed  
From the hollow point tips  
Cepts it looks like hell  
Three point five million  
From those narcotic sells  
Gang signs thats maile  
Seventy two hours incarcerated  
All becouse my hood floss bloody body's  
On the pavement  
That playa hater shit  
Is what brings that type of drama  
What a nigga need to start doin  
Is just kidnappin your mama  
Catch me in the game for 8 years  
So watch my nigga catch stripes  
In the middle of the night  
Seein fiends smoke pipes  
Dub sacks an Coniac  
helps me deal with these phonies  
Busters sellin for G's that I stack  
From the back to ponies  
I got hommies with L's on they backs  
Who fell through the crack  
And hidin shank's under they mattress  
Where were you  
When will you realise  
When cockin Glocks

To pop those cops  
Makes a Mil of these blocks  
Ride in drop tops  
Be foolin with G-nocks  
Dont trust those bitches  
They choose to squish and let em squeel  
Go ahead and trust em  
You'll have no money screamin BIAATCH  
To tha billi ba-bang  
The reflections drummin like solo  
Hold on like En Vogue  
Put out that Endo  
Let down the window  
Tec's to our set  
Seventeen to mix with the bullshit  
Lettin em know at the do' with the full clip  
When you bust at me  
That nigga slip  
They steady runnin  
The gun  
To keep the nigga off that lay low  
Got niggs on the pay roll  
That'll kill when I say so  
Three hay-lo's  
It gets so fatel  
On Warnell talk to no one  
Sometimes it gets to the point I  
Cock my ho's see what Im sayin  
ChorusVerse TwoThe lord is smokin  
Thats why my life  
Has been this livin hell  
For the thug life up on the street  
And to the prison cell  
Unlawfull use is what  
They caught me with a Tec-9  
An do they got probable cause  
They never did take no time  
Steady use of prison  
Took another brothers man hood  
They choose next time  
Up under the bench  
They say its all good  
But I was young  
Didnt know any better  
Although I did comp out the bootcamp  
Fly to give a brotha seven  
Years of prison teirs  
My hommies pourin beers  
I guess this henny

Should be life of what a thug lives  
My only hurt  
Maybe wont be my last  
But heres a tip for these cops  
Next time Im goin out with a blast  
So if you look up in this black man's  
Eyes of straight madness  
Ready to buck you down  
Upon the ground  
For all my past teachers  
Give your souls up  
If your showed up  
Dont hold up  
We Do or Die  
And you know we  
Straight soldiersChorusNigga I got your back  
You got mine  
Lets keep it comin  
Throw your guns in the air  
Uh-uh no time for runnin  
They'll miss the gunnin  
Its Do or Die  
When we ride out  
Niggero you comin  
Lets leave the scene  
And go and hide out  
An miss the trippin  
Trippin an clippin  
Lets get to dippin  
Mutherfuck gonna die  
Becouse he lied  
About my hommie flippin  
Swole head and a broke jaw  
Fuck that  
My nigga you dead an gone  
But you better believe  
Im bustin back  
Aint got no time  
For individuals  
Who just wanna trip  
You done broke his jaw  
You done broke my law  
So now I gots to dip  
Now whip  
Up on that ass  
With this nine milla  
You aint fuckin with a ho  
You fuckin with a po  
That be a stone killa

My nigga dead an gone  
So rest in peace an close his casket  
Thiers plenty more chances  
If it takes ten years  
I swear ill kill this basterd  
To war zone grab that chrome  
Plus the clip that matches  
Retalliation is a must  
Thats why Im kickin asses  
These BHN they straight be trippin  
Cus the hood I come from  
Thats why Im packin  
Fully be jackin  
Cus these ho's dont want none  
Cant get along  
Keep this mo  
Im talkin player rythem  
Got niggas on the side  
Whose bitin ears  
By spittin negativism  
I got my ninner  
Off of safety  
Ready to try it out  
What made me do it  
It was hood when I ride out  
From north or south  
To the east to the west  
Who rolls the best  
So fuck your chief  
His ass gonna die  
When I load this tecchorus  
To them niggas in the pen  
Who got sent up for this bullshit  
Yea pullin triggas fo' bigger figgas  
Thats it them niggas loyal to this game  
And some of these niggas aint your hommies  
The niggas you think are your hommies are not your hommies  
So when you look behind your back  
That mutherfucker might be havin a knife stabbin you  
So you watch that shit  
Its real  
About that pen nigga  
To the niggas on the street an in the pen yea

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>