

Knightowl, Would You Die For Me

(Knightowl)

That's right mothafuckas
Sawed Off Records in the house bitch
Some real mothafuckin gang bangers
Representin to the fullest
Who down to ride with me
Who down to fuckin die with me
You down to die for me
Like I'm down to rdie for you mothafucka
Sawed Off baby

(Slush the Villain)

I'm with my homies and I'm feelin elavated
Liquor and weed gots me motivated
My mind setated to go commit a crime
On my enemies who will fuckin bleed when I ride
Better hide cause if not your gonna get shot
Infrered right between the head make sure that you drop
Hear the power mothafuckas cause I'm gonna blast
Now your ass is remembered in the past so piss on they grave
Buck on all my enemies even in death
Waitin for the day you take your final breath
And that's on the real
When you get killed I rejoice and laugh
On your ass will be decompossin under the grass
Fuck em all buck em all
When they see me they now
They just see me they go
Where they screamin had it meanin for home
Count up your shit that's deamed like a wealth
Like when you need the cross
You pray but get no help

(Chorus 1: Knightowl)

Would you die for me
Like I would die for you
Would you still be tossin it up
When we bout to get fucked up

(Chorus 2: Slush the Villain)

If I you ride for me
Would you ride for me ese
If I die for you
Would you die for me

(Chorus 3: Knightowl)

Would you die for me
If you's to ride with me
Would you be down to blastin 80's
See the penetentary

(Chrous 2)

(Knightowl)

Who wants to step to this loco
I'll put the vala in your coco
Intoxicated off the hennisse
I got the mind swurvin
So fuck any one disturbin
The mente I'll fuck you up like Presidente
Cause I'm a sick as mothafucka
That be rollin through the caiyas
And I got a lot of fuckin home boys up in the viayas
Mi vala madre por que (?) madres

Si quieres bronca tu ase way que ronca
Mothafuckas panic they haitn
Cause they say I'm satin
I'm conteplatin on my next plan to kill the man
I got my dawg on the side of me
Drinkin brass moneky
Nan Dog gettin all fucked with me
Smokin on the lleno
Then I pass it to my dio Manuel
Shit all good fool we bang in the same hood
Presidondo the big 1 3 at up in Cali
Who's down for this murderous ralley

(Chorus 1)

(Chorus 2)

(Chorus 3)

(Chorus 2)

(Bokie Loc)
Nigga my soul is my own
Chrome made for the wails
Trippin before we had those hot rocks in your grill
Like mister missed me with that twisted
Get him with some shit hey
My niggas from the OC and the SD my little nephew Dre
So we can put it on em don't need no oppenent
Choosed to get them gangstas and them money makers on em
Cause real time is crucial wicked
All up in my mind to prevent the kick it
All up and rise for the meal ticket
Get ready to ride like roller coasters bitch
Hit a switch in my lo lo all ain't knowin the Bokie Loc
Yes ya'll playing niggas like ball
If you wanna talk shit you ready to get hit
With my strap oh take a dirt nap
6 feet deep and sleep if you niggas won't freak
Old school sheep got ya niggas shook
If you ain't knowin the rhyme nigga read a book
Bitch

(Chorus 1)

(Chorus 2)

(Chorus 3)

(Chorus 2)