

Andre Nickatina & Equipto, Morire Da Solo (Die Alone)

Andre:

man ima die alone, lonely with a hole in my soul
sorta like poker when you fold, wearin hot furs in the cold
man ima die alone, you feel the greed all in my bones
excuse my religion for the cash, how long will it last?
I see the future in my weed bag, man ima die alone
the bitches even said on the phone, im in the zone in my own home
i spit it like a cobra, im right over yah shoulda
my zodiac signs in yah mind till it's ova
man ima die alone, man i can feel the hands of the gods
they come when i open tha koran, cause even when i'm gone
man get an ipod, man it'll let you know that im a kappa not a don
man god khan, i spent years like my last days here
i work it from the back, to the front, to the rear
yes dear a real rap cats in the buildin before i leave
tell me how yah feelin, man ima die alone

Equipto:

You can't creamate me down to the ashes
don't wanna see my momma cryin' over a casket
now fast i like man my life's like a party
envisions of me diein like im were cindy and marchy(?)
i was real deal razor, playin through all the drama
from coke deals high heels all of the karma, comin back
every breath fufilling a slow death
although you know i can't expect anythin less
i was the front line just to fight your battle
like the chay at the bay, it's just me and my shadow
i handle it till im gone, and old with arthritis
the grinds and the hustles drugs and all nightas
i went through all the static, hoes and automatic
back to back cravin the bad habit, drugs
you know ima tell it all on the microphone
and i feel it in my heart ima die alone

Andre:

Die alone
it might be a reala cou de thai
imagine if you heard every rhyme
man picture every line
man touch every fine ass dime
man magic on the tire make em shine
man ima die alone, its just like the bullets and the chrome
your there but your really not at home
you hear the death tone through the phone
laugh and yah gone, everything right i get wrong
man im the vegas type, man what the paper like
man holla back homie when you get yah paper right
man ima die alone, roll in a benz all alone
wrapp me like a mummie, egypt pharoah
man sock it to my pocket like a rocket
forever deeze words i keep my photo in your locket
man sweet as cotton candy, or even jolly ranchers
the fo fo matters cause its about pink gathers
man im alone, i can't put my wings on my own
i look like an eagle when they get fully grown
on the ropes, the gods say roll up the dope
and like stacey lathersahl hit ever note
till im broke, man even tho it's butta
they say yo soul retreats to the gutta
with all the othas, no happiness shown

they show you from the gate baby you can die alone

You can die alone