

# Bad Azz, Don't Wanna Die

(feat. Daz Dillinger)

[Police officer talking]

[Bad Azz talking]

I guess they think since Pac died, we gon' let up or somethin  
Rest In Peace Mr. Shakur, whyn't we let these niggas have it

(Daz)

?? back home, ??? for shit, c'mon  
Pick a couple of these niggas off, choke and it's on  
Nine millimeter tec's and big heaters  
We greet 'em with death and show 'em that they can't defeat us  
By any means, a call from here to get rid of y'all  
It don't stop, until my casket drop  
Get my palms red  
And it read one of us'll be dead a week later, L-Dog'll get it  
The beef, to make sure none of y'all get is  
Shoot up his crib and came back to show him what he did  
See there won't be no tomorrow  
Somebody got's to die, not tonight or tomorrow  
I blaze a blunt, and bring the funk  
Pop the trunk, get the gauge with the sawed-off pump  
Get Mr. Bad, hop in the back  
And skate out to show these suckas what we talkin about

[Chorus]

Don't wanna die  
And don't be ready, gon' ride  
Look into my eyes realize  
That a nigga's gonna ride  
Don't wanna die  
And don't be ready, gon' ride  
Look into my eyes realize  
That a nigga's gonna ride  
Don't wanna die

[Bad Azz]

Who me? I mean death before dishoner  
Find what corner they hang on so we can roll up on 'em  
Jump out on 'em, click, pull the pump out on 'em  
Whose the punk out of 'em, blast and dazzle, Bad mash 'em  
Thrashin, heat on these decilous streets  
Sayin shoot until I ruined all my enemies feats  
Nigga fuck rappin, we into killin and scrappin  
Over bullshit that happened, nigga duckin while we cappin  
And FUCK you niggas, hatin little Pac imitators  
Wanna be Outlawz, nigga Snoop the Top Dogg  
Turn rappers into ???, tell 'em who's the ?? Chronic  
These slugs, for you wanna be thugs, we stay up on it  
Nigga don't it feel good to be a D.P.G.  
We escaped from Death Row, you're still locked in the click  
I'm in Detroit with five niggas, two glocks in my mit  
When you see us better pop 'fore you shot, what you thinkin

[Chorus]

[Daz]

I'm out for the niggas who die, my instinct is prime  
Time to time ask why do guys shout "die"  
In a quick fast, I mash, that nigga Daz and Bad smash  
That's how your homie got satched  
We don't take shit, whether Blood or Crip  
You'll get your ass kicked nigga come talkin that shit

I'm ??? ??? murder in ???  
And yet, and still I ain't ??? 'em out

[Bad Azz]

And don't forget you're in L.A., fool stompin you out  
Anywhere out of town it's a gun in your mouth  
Me, I hate to have to turn and pullin burners  
We ain't learnin, it ain't healthy  
You'll turn up dead before you wind up wealthy  
So much jealousy and hate in every city, every state  
Since it ain't no love, say goodnight after I hate you  
Any playa that's in love with life, I can't relate to  
Just say God, please bless your soul, before they take you

[Chorus]