

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]