

# Beanie Sigel, Die

[Chorus]

We chapters of the same book, just a different page  
Niggas in the struggle all out ta get paid  
Doin' what we gotta do to avoid the raid  
Before you get caged, but you can't avoid the grave  
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Before you get caged, but you can't avoid the grave

[Beanie Sigel]

When you live by the sword, you die by the sword  
I'll probably die in the vocal booth spittin' out raw  
Die on stage, rippin' down tours  
Die from age, trickin' out-a-town whores  
Die cuz I didn't have one in the pipe  
Might go out like Raymond, went out on his bike  
And die on a death mission, two tec's spittin'  
No vest section from my chest missin'  
Die cuz the jewels in my necklace glisten  
In a V twizzy in a wreckless collision  
Or die in the streets over somethin' petty  
Cuz a broke ass nigga tryed ta say I asked Betty  
Die from a shot from a said war golck  
&gt;From a kid on the block while sittin' in the drop  
Or die cuz I was on, ain't see 'em comin'  
Too late, eight shots got my body nummin'  
Die for fuckin' his bitch in his bed  
Die cuz a nigga thought I snitched ta the feds  
Die wit a knife six inches in my head  
I could die on death row, sentenced to the chair  
Or die cuz a nigga pulled his Rosco out quicker  
I was high off vodka, hydro, or malt liquor  
Die cuz I knew I shoulda laid that man  
Die cuz the cops tricked me ta say that man  
Die cuz I hesitated ta spray that man  
Die cuz I hesitated ta pay that man  
Die cuz my man passed me a empty tool  
Die cuz I panicked, I couldn't keep my cool  
Die cuz I mixed all them pills wit Hennessy  
Or die cuz them niggas was jel, they envyed me  
Die tryin' ta seal the fate of my enemy  
I could go out from a case of mistaken identity  
Or die cuz the door wasn't open, it was locked  
Die cuz the 4 was broken, it wouldn't pop  
Die cuz a nigga wasn't focused on the block  
Die cuz them niggas thought tha coke was in the spot  
Die cuz another nigga said I said somethin'  
Die cuz that newsy bitch said I did somethin'  
Die cuz a nigga was tryin' ta get a name  
Or die cuz it was just my time ta feel the flames  
Might get sparked, might not feel no pain  
Might go out like dark-skinned Jamain  
Take a couple shots ta the heart, ta the brain  
Got all the dough, don't know the cost of the game  
Young buck didn't wanna come off the chain  
Couldn't handle the rock, got horsed in the game  
I could catch a bad break like Big or Pac  
I'd rather go out in the mass jig makin' salat

[Chorus]

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Niggas of the struggle all out ta get paid  
Doin' what we gotta do to avoid the raid

Avoid the cage, but you can't avoid the grave  
We chapters of the same book, just a different page  
Niggas of the struggle all out ta get paid  
Doin' what we gotta do to avoid the raid  
Avoid the cage, but you can't avoid the grave