

Yung Bleu, Die Under The Moon

He put his life in his words
Shine brighter than jewels
To the point where you feeling stronger than clase' azul
You niggas softer than pillows
Deep in the trenches where niggas whip it like willow
Turn yo wife to a widow
'Cause money tend to turn a real nigga to weirdos
My shit harder than dildos
I'm in drill mode
War shot, kill mode
'Fore this rap shit it was hard hats and steel toes
But I still rose
I'm at dinner up in Melrose
With two bad bitches rubbin on my earlobes
We probably never rub elbows
He aint in my salary cap
Niggas say they getting money but I'm calling it cap

Ah, look what we done
We took a bad situation and made it gravy
He got 20 years it was drug related
And he took the plea deal
That goes to show you just how much the system hate us
How come nobody congratulate us
When we make it out the slums
We Come from ducking 100 round drums
And the school system treat us like we dumb
Thats why I'm in the hallway
8th grade I was trappin in the hallway
Yea, I was just in puberty
I was tryna rule my whole community
And do this rap shit for you and me
Damn, I was on that get the whole clique rich
You was on that get rich quick shit
Hangin with them niggas I aint mix with
Playin both sides be realistic
How you not gone get hit with that heat stick, nigga?

And this shit deeper than words
Shit deeper than words
Deeper than just rap
Covered in ice you'll think I sponsored a meth lab
Uppin the price
On a private jet I got jet lag
I spit this shit they gone hit ya heart like a chest pass
And I got love for the streets but I couldn't stay there I told her wherever he pay he gotta lay there
I got some niggas dead and gone I took a whole 'nother path
Came home from my first mission, took a blood bath
Ran up a ticket like a citation
I probably quiet 'cause I'm just checkin niggas vibrations
Came back to bust it down with them project babies
Back when we was robbin everybody but the candy lady
I remember beefin' with my cousin, that's my nana baby
Shit crazy, anybody cross you
No family support so I was feelin like a foster
Nobody talk about the wins and the losses no'mo
They only love you when you up but it's too late for that
Kill my lil brother just be patient you gone pay for that
I heard they tryna catch me on the phone and build a case wit that
They caught him slippin now he on that shit blood was laced with that

Die under the moon (And when we die)
Hey, and when we die
Die under the moon (Hoping we die under the moon) If we die

Die under the moon (Under the clouds under the stars) And when we die
Die under the moon (With a smile)
Ahhhh
Die under the moon

Thank God for the ups and downs
Thank God that you came around
Thank God that I'm here right now (Here right now)
Thank God for the highs and lows
Thank God for oh-no-nos
Closed doors and the deaden roads
Thank God

Deeper than words take me to church Bruises and burns that make me stronger Make me stronger
Whoo-hoo
Thank God
Yeah, Yeah
Thank God