

Till I Die (feat. T.I.)

K CAMP

All my niggas get reckless, I got your rent on my necklace
She keep calling for seconds, between her legs is a blessing
Might just fly out to Texas and stack it up just like Tetris
Spare my heart in these sessions, I let her go learn my lesson
And know we all 'bout the bankroll
But got a car for every color of the rainbow
Fuck all that going back and forth with a dirty bitch
I shoot that hoe with the .44 I'm ridin' dirty with Countin' money blowin' weed in the back (in the back)
Hundred K, two or three in the sack (in the sack)
And all we know is double up and stay fly (stay fly)
And run that check up, be a hustler till I die (till I die) Okay now bank, bank, R-O-Double L, only thing a young nigga stack
Niggas ain't tryna get racks, they rather sit on their ass, nigga what the fuck is that
Nigga that's from [?], side note I want a mill
Pea coat dressed to kill, introduce you to the real
Remember them nights I was dead ass broke, while I still had a milly on my mind
Still had dreams I would get it, still had dreams I would win I ain't waste no time
This that trap music, urban legend Bitch I'm a urban legend, carry 'round a Smith N Wesson
Case a nigga wanna test me
Fuck it man, motivate all my niggas, I'ma stack this shit up with my team
Went from rag to riches now I keep them bankrolls in my jeans
Drag racin' on Peachtree, that's some shit that you've never seen
Now I'm here with the king And know we all 'bout the bankroll
But got a car for every color of the rainbow
Fuck all that going back and forth with a dirty bitch
I shoot that hoe with the .44 I'm ridin' dirty with Countin' money blowin' weed in the back (in the back)
Hundred K, two or three in the sack
And all we know is double up and stay fly
And run that check up, be a hustler till I die Hold up, what it look like I got your girl with a girl like a bulldagger
Going hard, on an all-nighter
And then I give it back to ya nigga I don't like her
Did shit easy or 1-2-3, 911 in emergency
If I swerve this lac and spill this cognac [?] ho check it
Looking for some trouble well your ass gonna get it
Never hesitate and share a time my peasant
Pussy nigga ever did respect my presence
Fully automatic let you have these pellets
Pellets, pellets, pellets, pellets, pew your bed gone nigga
We're puttin' on nigga, got long scrilla
Got a bad bitch with no thong with em

And she walkin' out like King Kong hit her
So good made her running back
She said she gave it all to the wrong nigga, he made a mill I made a double that
The nigga had her eating double stacks
I fill her pockets full with double stack
She doing right, get another rack
Crib with a hella pad, full of fine bitches hella bad
Ran out of cab nigga never add And know we all 'bout the bankroll
But got a car for every color of the rainbow
Fuck all that going back and forth with a dirty bitch
I shoot that hoe with the .44 I'm ridin' dirty with Countin' money blowin' weed in the back (in
the back)
Hundred K, two or three in the sack (in the sack)
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And run that check up, be a hustler till I die (till I die)

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