

Die Tonight (feat. Upchurch)

Adam Calhoun

I might die tonight, but if I do Imma be okay
And if I die tonight, at least I stood by the stuff I said
I got two graves dug,
one for me and one for the motha fucker standing in my way
And if I die tonight, at least I can say I never ran away! Six foot deep, deep deep in the cut
Shovel and a tarp rolled up in the truck
Couple old bikers and they know whats up
And a child molester might end up in the mud
Bones in the shit of a couple wild boars
Teeth buried in the lot of a little white church
I be somewhere dog GPS don't work
When the cops all do things a little bit dirty
But they stay on my team, I got that baby face money
Ya'll can buy all that jewelry, I'll invest in my community
When we both go into the ground, fill it up with plenty shiny things
I got brass for days, pitbulls with teeth so razor sharp you'd think
My females slept with a great white shark
I ain't tryna brag but my A-Team too big
Some crazy mother fuckers on that 1900's shit
It's time for a change, ya I came with some buddies
Who don't mind getting muddy and bloody and standing for something
And putting some sense into this corrupt country
Go ahead big dog come over here and say something
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And if I die tonight, at least I stood by the stuff I said
I got two graves dug,
one for me and one for the motha fucker standing in my way
And if I die tonight, at least I can say I never ran away! You can get it, Imma fight until the
death of me
I ain't never been on the run from an enemy
Heavily armed to the teeth, got an army with me
And I'm ready to die if you threaten me
AK's, AR's, you ain't who you say you are
Bullets start flying, putting ghosts in the graveyard
Full moon lighting up the battlefield
Battle to my last breath and my blood splatter here
Just breathe a minute
Just think a minute
You don't wanna go to war
Or we could get it, yeah we could bring it right to your front door
I don't think you wanna go that route
I ain't known to fuck around

Imma throw a hundred rounds
Put your cold body in the fuckin ground
Get the point bitch, when I hit you with the hollow round
What the fuck you talkin bout
I don't wanna talk about it
Leave your body right there layin with some tarp around it
Why I gotta go so hard
Why you so fuckin soft
Call your man runnin bitch, you already fuckin lost
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And if I die tonight, at least I can say I never ran away!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>