

# 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)  
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)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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