

# Do Or Die, Don't Touch My Money

[Chorus 4X]

Don't touch my money man  
Don't touch my money man  
Don't touch my mothafuckin money man

[N.A.R.D]

Welcome to the city of big ballers and players and hustlers  
Where players be gettin paper from all these customers  
Even from touchin drugs y'all still aint touchin us  
We be the low key playaz in the back with all that dust  
See I keep my iced up while y'all gettin viced up  
Niggaz buyin nice trucks still get set right up  
Wrong move, cus see we check hoes with long spoons  
It's a must we gotta check 'em before they leave the room  
I'm all about my money deniero fetti and cheeseay  
Don't nothing please me unless my pockets gettin grieved playa

[Belo-Zero]

Don't touch my M O N E  
Why all you vultures at me  
Tryin to plot for the dough on the low key  
But when it come to the dust you provoke me  
Got silly hands out for a sawbuck  
But runnin off at the mouth get your jaw stuck  
Who that young boy got knocked out  
Little poopy lil brother with the big mouth  
See a pimp make move and sessions  
And get the money when its there no questions  
If he slip then he do it for the lesson  
Hush hush when I'm askin a question  
Cus if he new about hustle he'd be paid  
Cop land take flight in the light shade  
And a brother run up then he get sprayed  
Otherwise at the mall wanna get laid  
B E L O gone be paid  
B E L O gone be paid  
BE LO ZE RO don't touch

[Chorus 4X]

[AK-47]

See I'ma hollar at my muhfucka  
I don't fuck wit the bloodsucker  
Smoke a dub of love wit the city gettin gritty for fitty itty bitty  
Puttin it down like P. Diddy  
Do or die just be rollin up like P's  
Steppin outta the car and lil J runnin and slippin like Clyde Davis  
Get it like I spit it, spit it like I get it for cheeseay  
Better yet if its easy now get the paper-paper  
See they really wanna fade it fade it  
Had to get crossed tossed or lost in the cement  
2 double 0 1 Escalade and I ride like a veteran  
Had it been you touchin on the paper  
Get you left in a dumpster thats what you get for playin punkster  
When we come to pump ya

[N.A. Sean]

Want me to tell you bout ice you can keep that  
Wanna reach I'ma show you where the heat at  
On the side of the seat did you peep that  
6 left in the clip here keep that  
Don't owe me show me that dust  
Them boys on the block is dangerous  
Everywhere we go we got them thangs with us

We some big cats they don't wanna bang with us, (uh uh)  
Thats right, never let them tell you Na Sean aint tight  
I be on the paperchase day and night  
I been tryin to make a million all my life  
Ready to ride with do or die its no lie  
We be tippin hard on the city's westside  
And yea its kinda windy in the city called Chi  
But we don't hesitate to let the bullets fly  
Look him in the eye it's you and I

[Chorus]