

# Till I Die (feat. Big Sean & Wiz Khalifa)

## Chris Brown

Yo, this Virginia  
Straight from the country, right there wit my kinfolk  
Golds and my mouth and they put 26's on Benzo's  
Dirt roads, back wood  
They got weed but I've been dope  
Ratchet, n-gga we act hood  
But I'm getting money with these white folk  
Sippin and I'm faded, super medicated  
Said she wanna check the pole  
I said Okay Sarah Palin, so I lay down and lay in  
A n-gga gon' be faded, sll the way to the AM  
More drink, pour it up  
More weed, roll it up  
Whoa there ho, you know wassup  
Quit hoggin' the blunt b-ch, slow down  
Pimps up, hoes down  
Ass up, nose down  
Damn b-tch I do it And this the live we chose  
Workin' all night  
Swear I'm never going broke  
And I'mma do this till I die  
And I ain't talking sh-t just cause I'm, just cause I'm...  
(I'm high) Oh God, oh God  
Ok, wow, bow  
Look at me now, chief like a indian  
Talkin in clouds, I'm high as a b-tch  
I'm talking to clouds  
Off tree every night like I roam with the owls  
I super soak that ho, show 'em no love just throw em a towel  
Still rocking Louis Vuitton condom, cause I'm so f-ck-ng in style, wow  
New crib, crash that  
Drove here, cab back  
Now knock that pussy out, yeah that's just a little cat nap  
Hold up, hold up woah  
Don't be smoking my sh-t, I be smoking that fire  
And she be smoking my d-ck More drink, pour it up  
More weed, roll it up  
Whoa there ho, you know wassup  
Quit hoggin' the blunt b-ch, slow down  
Pimps up, hoes down  
Ass up, nose down  
Damn b-tch I do it And this the live we chose

Workin' all night  
Swear I'm never going broke  
And I'mma do this till I die  
And I ain't talking sh-t just cause I'm, just cause I'm...  
(I'm high)Smoking, choking, always rollin' something  
I don't need a key to start my car  
Bitch I just push a button and did a show and  
Got a half a mill and spent it like it's nothing  
Money flowing, never sober  
Smoking till I got concussion, no discussion  
Man I got a condo and got a big crib  
Pounds all over my kitchen is  
If I ain't on the road gettin' it  
Then I'm in the hood where my niggas live  
Did a tour, sold it out, just bought a pound 'bout to finish it  
Now all my pasta got shrimp in it  
You talk about and I'm living it  
Fucking little b-tchMore drink, pour it up  
More weed, roll it up  
Whoa there ho, you know wassup  
Quit hoggin' the blunt b-ch, slow down  
Pimps up, hoes down  
Ass up, nose down  
Damn b-tch I do itAnd this the live we chose  
Workin' all night  
Swear I'm never going broke  
And I'mma do this till I die  
And I ain't talking sh-t just cause I'm, just cause I'm...  
(I'm high)  
Real n-gga never frontin'  
Cause when you got it all  
Everybody want somethin'  
Middle finger in the air no fist pump  
And me, Sean and Wiz got this bitch jumping  
Ah! Finally got this b-tch jumping  
Got this b-tch jumpin'  
Fly... that's me...

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