

# If I Die

## French Montana

I can't sell these drugs no more,  
Got too many felonies  
I can't trust these hoes no more  
Bitches like my enemies  
They wanna see me burn through the fire  
Yeahhaah, AahhaahHe ain't never think it be his last day  
Saw him in the body bag zipped up half way  
Black glove and the ski mask  
Heard he had his baby on his chest made me feel bad  
Shit was all good just a week ago  
Now we pouring champagne at the funeral  
Remember dark skin Jermaine with the ceasar  
Heard he caught the body Tryna 'scape with the visa  
Shoulda seen the look on his brother when he came through  
Yellin' Ima catch him for the first 48 do  
Men turn to bitches, scared of what the state do  
Put you in a box with the numbers tryna break you  
Tone was the hustler, Jermaine was the killer  
He let the nigga stack it all up then he killed em  
I heard he got dropped from his main bitch  
Left the nigga laying stanking there ain't take shit  
I heard the nigga died smiling  
Like he seen the nigga face right before he shot him  
Cold game, then he hit the block like it's no thang  
When everybody knew about the whole thang  
Shit scary and they ain't even drop a tear  
Candles glowing in the air, help his mother get him buried  
Heard Jermaine went and got??????  
We was young niggas hustling, tryna make it out alive

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