

## Paul Cain

### "Can I Live"

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I've been having some deep thoughts when that L  
blowin'  
Niggas in jail know it when you do it  
Do it yourself and never tell no one  
You see them shells blowin'? I go to hell knowin'  
That I had them eagles sitting down like Terrell Owens

I spell evil backwards, I gotta live  
If money's the root to evil then fuck it, I'm an evil  
bastard  
You know that diesel acid when it reach the masses  
I swear to God, it'll burn, turn these streets to ashes

Dope in the charger, still smoking, L's laughing  
I'm coaching 'The Carter' call me Samuel L. Jackson  
Niggas been fags, funny like Sinbad  
Me, I'm from the hood, my life savings in a gym bag

I'm flamin' the 40, I ain't even sorry  
If you with your kids then I put your brain on your shorty  
I ain't open that damn block for the fame and the glory  
I was hoping to Jamrock's like Damien Marley

Ayo, I'm living better, second letter with a set of wings  
Butter leather, hoody sweater and some better bling  
Black beretta, these niggas better not have said a thing  
For the cheddar, I'm not a forgetter or regret a thing

I could get her, don't have to sweat her or to get her  
things  
I could dead her or feel better just to let her cling  
When you met her she was better than Coretta King  
Y'all lived together, she was gonna get a wedding ring

She chose me and blows me like she owes me  
You knows me, I take whatever life throws me, shows  
me  
Girls don't like boys, they like cars, money and some of  
that good smoke  
Kush jars of 20, tell a few good jokes  
But it's far from funny when you in the hood broke

But see I understand what makes niggas underhand  
So I put a hundred grand just to put you on the land  
This ain't what you wanted man

I'm a problem for every rapper breathing, on every  
track I'm eating  
It's a fact I'ma be a factor and wrap the season  
I pull my strap and squeezing  
Come out with a pack of demons that'll leave the pastor  
bleeding

You ain't gotta ask the reason, I know it's jack or  
scheming  
You can see the tiger stripe J from a mile away  
Yellow white and glasses geaming  
Chain's so sick I don't need a piece for it  
I can hear the streets talking, I dare you to reach for it

I'm strapped if you look closely you can see the Taurus  
Hate niggas that keep talking, they usually be  
informants  
That Brooklyn bullshit, you better believe, I'm on it  
You know if my team would wanted  
(Flow)  
Put G's up on it

But naw, I don't get along with these rapping cats  
They mad my chain the same size as their platinum  
plaques  
That's a fact, let me get mine then after that  
I'm completely done with rap, you cats can have it back

Heaven hammering sport thoughts for the winter  
Summer thoughts for the winter  
These long john weather fiends come in shorts in the  
winter  
Sure it snows in the winter, hope you getting my drift  
And you should hold your head back when you getting  
the drip

Drip the little grip, I could cover the order  
When I floss, I'm a boss, I could front you a quarter  
See the cross all flooded, little stones in the border  
And I just got a divorce so I'm looking for Run's  
daughter

Tell the Rev that I'm dealing with some evils  
The sunshine on him 'cause the coupe still a see  
through  
Danky women, Antik Denim

His pockets gotta be nauseous, the man's keep spinnin'

Trickin' on niggas, throw a lil' kiddie on 'em  
My niggas'll seek 'em, they empty out the semis on 'em  
You'd rather spit on God then go against him  
They was second guessing then squad up convinced  
'em

They can't take me in a dark gray Jag  
Seats the same leather as the Mark J bag  
Jaz, the kind of bitch that the Narcs may tag  
'Cause I'm bringing the kind of butter like Parque had

Y'know, I ain't a hoe that'll want a nickel of herb  
The street bitch need a stack that's as thick as a curb  
And you might catch a chick in the 'burbs  
Maybe 'cause I'm nice with the nails, and slick with the  
verbs

Yeah, it's Ms. Jizzaz, fizzaz to spizzaz  
I'm like better shabizzaz with a little pizzaz  
I wasn't sworn in just to join in  
Been family since the moment that I was born in

And getting money is hereditary  
That California kush got my eyes red as cherry  
These bitches waiting on their next payday  
I'm in the XK8 with the body of an ex-Playmate  
And I'm still holding the SK straight, nigga

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