

Wide Mouth Mason

"Live it Up"

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[Charlemagne]

Yeah, Charlemagne presents (N.E.) another butta joint
I've done it again
Live It Up Part 2, you know how I do
Mista Voo, A-Butta, L-Swift

[L-Swift]

Aiyyo, we tryin to Live it Up, gin in my cup
While you all in my grill, slip in the cut
Don't fall but it spill
My niggas A and Voo call (What the deal)
Yo we the three wise men, tryin to be rich before I'm
three times ten
You don't need to try to be my friend
Nigga we self-contained, your self to blame, I shelter
the pain
Northeast Bronx never the same, remain smokin
In East I'm wildin it out, in the West we straight locin
I peep you hidin out in your vest, get blazed open
Proceed to get high till the death and make potion
I need to just lie to the rest and lay scopin
Get sixteen cats on the train wit eight tokens
Yo the crew you run wit ain't willin to scrap wit you
Get Philly's and macs wit you, they spillin your ?
Spittin the gat wit you, easily-shared portions
Before I shoot, I stick my tongue out like Air Jordan
From here to Boston Massachusetts, one two
I think I lost one, I blast my music, receive my cash and
recoup it
You know the rundown so hold your gun down
I roll a blunt now, control my funds now so what now

(Word up son, we gon' live it up)

[A-Butta]

Yo yo, I still get high from NY to Puerto Rico
Anthony Cruz, A-Butta that's my altar ego
Call your peoples, let em know about the Elements
show
I still stick hoes wit legs thicker than Jennifer Lo
Gallons of Hennessy flow

Through my veins and my brains ain't functionin right
No need to explain, we fuckin tonight
I slide in a slut, and I got a nine in your gut
My mind is corrupt, yup I'm tryin livin it up
In the bus on my way to Riker's Island in cuffs
Speedin, leavin life in the dust
And when I fuck, I'm on some freak shit, ice on my nuts
Believe it, my NE click, rip through the skin like strays
Plant ? chicks drip when I spit my phrase
Fo' my Elements fam and the rest of the clan
Oh I, respect my fans that step in the jam
Wit my fitted cap tilted to the back, L in my hand
Sippin 'Nac, gettin wet as I can
Fallin out, shit is all about money and moves, they
crunk ya'll
Buck fifty-one numbin my tongue, I'm drunk ya'll
Is you wit me? Then come on ya'll, let's go

Chorus [Mr. Voodoo] (A-Butta)
Word up, so yo open your ears, listen up
Twist one up, fill your cup, hydro!
(Twist it up and if you know) Like I know
(You'll be livin it up) Word up
So yo, open your ears, listen up
Twist one up, fill your cup, hyrdo!
(Twist it up and if you know) Like I know
(You'll be livin it up)

[Mr. Voodoo]
I murder things like Serbs under Maloshavits ("Think
about it" [Rakim])
Till we all rockin furs like we Bolsheviks
Me and my associates, forever radiating glow
Is supposed to shit, ya'll ain't know
The M-O, my grammar's in lock, ammo is stocked
Hammer is cocked, the damagin rock, measure wit
cameras and clocks
Who make the planet rock, ya'll know can't eat, we say
The go-to man like the center in the NBA
My DNA, got a pistol ?
Rappers gettin claps like they was bonin a dirty whore
It's a dirty chore when it's time to flip
I got the black tape on the trigger, the hammer in the
grip
I'm clappin at kids, abandon your ship
Take it to trial, get a slap on the wrist
I'm cappin the Cris but celebrate like a crooked
capitalist
We elevate, look kid nobody rappin like this

Chorus

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