

Sparkle F/ Cynthia Jernigan**"Live"**

Visit "[Live](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

South Bronx, New York
(evil laughter)

Chorus: x3
Is it live, live, live, live
(evil laughter)

Verse one:
I heard your CD is wack wasn't fucking impressed
Who's the nigga with the big mouth
I live your ass ?erect? and bit off with a lion's mouth
Your hypeman sound like a bitch that switch
Y'all niggas need to be around when my dick itch
Yo TNT these niggas acting wild like they homo
But they trying to see me fuck it I'm a pull up in a Ford
van
Let these niggas know I'm a give em a permanent
suntan
Walk in your studio session
Damage your crew in the vocal booth with a thirty-inch
Smith and Wesson
Dr. Doom on your intercom pressing your girl all night
with a fucking
bomb
I'm a move the tattoos off all these MCs
Let me make a sandwich first with government cheese
Uncle Black got a new sawed-off
When them booty kids show up we gone blast they ass
off
Niggas be mean mugging wide eyed smoking that
dust
I'm a send Tony Lou with a bazooka blow smoke in they
tour bus
In a yellow Caprice Classic
I got a wig on them city boys ain't gon' recognize all
four of us
Jay and John with fifty cousins from the Bolding family
We ?roll and amp? G
The fuck y'all talking about
I'm moving a different route
Grab the carbines from under the couch

See you on the Ferris wheel at Coney Island
I'm not gon' be smiling
Magnum waiting for your ass
Yall gon' see my face, fuck a mask
(evil laughter)

Chorus: x4

Verse two:

Smearing your mailbox
With peanut butter and jelly with pickles from the deli
Black shoe polish on your glass table I'm ready and
able
Going on the roof
When the pay-per-view fight come on click off the cable
Harass you to move
Leaving ?poisoned rat cole slaw? around your toilet
stool
While you scream fuck you
I'm a cross the street eating Popeye's Cajun rice
In a station wagon with hot beans
Taking a coffee break back in the house
Giving your Chihuahuas
Ex-lax with a hot bowl of Quaker State
Leaving the front room
Dropping bombs on your fur coat with a box, ka-boom
Watching the Mets putting shit on your TV sets
In the shower
You won't be able to watch a program with remote
controls
For seventy hours check out your sore ribs
The screen is gritty
Everybody's starting to look green on Rap City
Take your receipt, give your wallet with nine hundred
bucks
To a retarded kid in a wheel-chair
Coming up the street
Walking up the main avenue
I'm passing you
With a leather coat that looks similar to yours
Fuck you
You looking at me
I'm a start walking behind you
Act like I'm pantomiming you
Talking to police men
Chewing a arm
And joined by a black and white squad car
With binoculars watching you very far
(What's up motherfuckers)
(evil laughter)

Chorus: x4

Is it live, live, live, live, live

Visit [Sparkle F/ Cynthia Jernigan](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.