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50 Cent "Live By The Gun"

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What the fuck is the deal it's the talk of New York Tony Yayo (G-G-Unit)

Yeah, Yo word up man, it's fucking cold out here man, my fucking toes is killin me man (its fucking brick) i fucking been on the block all day man but u know i mean i gotta get this money run sleek snow......

Yo we project living With plastic on the furniture, Little niggaz coming up will Fucking try to murda ya The D's not out so the coast is clear But it's getting hard to sleep with this roach in my ear Everybody got a nena everybody got a vest New york city is the arena of death Yo the strip moving slow but everybody going hard Seeing more d's than a damn report card Everybody rap now Follow they dreams im a call my clientele man and

Sign all my fiends same gear for a week wearing dirty clothes All day in the spot by a dirty stove trials keep me strong

Hope keep me happy, but im only human so these niggaz wanna clap me The drug game over but there's money to make so niggaz clappin at niggaz To raise the crime rate

Chorus

You can live by the gun or die by the bullet Niggaz push me for sho im gonna pull it Material objects got the world crooked In my hood they hustle and be on the juoke shit Snakes in the grass be on that bullshit Niggas that's ass stay with the full clip Guns get blast niggaz on that shook shit So live by the gun or die by the bullet

The rhymes u spit can embarass the city Well my game bag names like paris and nikki Load the semi im in the spot carving the crack U stunt I'll leave my bullets lodged in ur back

China white wizzy movin quickly on the ave same coke That got whitney in the re-hab
Up early in the morning cuz there's money to earn cuz the early bird
Be the one that catch the worm we nicks trieze twenties and dimes got my spot looking like a soul train line
Fuck doin time, im trying to progress, get that money man nigga serve ur projects
Hustlin homie that's all i know in the summer time i can make the whole strip snow

New York City everything move fast little girls get

Pregnant throw they baby in the trash

You can live by the gun or die by the bullet
Niggaz push me for sho im gonna pull it
Material objects got the world crooked
In my hood they hustle and be on the juoke shit
Snakes in the grass be on that bullshit
Niggas that's ass stay with the full clip
Guns get blast niggaz on that shook shit
So live by the gun or die by the bullet

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