

E.l.o.
"Only Live Once"

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(Cheeks)

These mothafuckas made it this way
I show 'em mine
????? ???? ????
Official Queens crack stars gettin money
Rollin trees in the backwoods
Timberlands, ???, black hoods
The territories rugged, certain bimbos love it
I fuck wit cats ???
Keep my Timbo's covered
We ride around in the streets, kid we duckin knicks
Money power wit some game, kid we fuckin chicks
The hard times help me sharpen up
We be in Watts, but still be sparkin up
Love it when the day darken up
My life is like a movie, big guns and booze play a part
I came through to display an art
Yo, fuck you jealous niggas
I take care a fam and I lay low
I'm livin kid, I got the money plus the yayo
And hold a heat up on the seat because it's gettin
wicked
You get yo dough, I get my dough
Let's blow so we can kick it

(Hook - Mr. Hezekiah) 2x

You only live once so let's ride
Let's take it to the top
This one crew you can't stop

(Street Connect)

Yo is you mothafuckas out a yo mind?
We them niggas that be holdin it down
Half of the reason you live
Other fifty percent of the reason you frown
Behind the back you pop shit
But when we be wavin them thangs you innocent
Cause we in this bitch, Raw Dogs
Is you askin for a New York City war call?
We keep it gritty for all a y'all
But some you niggas act like you goin through

menopause
And that's the second we send 'em to morgues
Slay 'em down, get in them drawers
Been put on, what you tellin me for?
Look at 'em beggin for more
Either they yellin or givin applause
Picture livin laws while we got x-cons on the dance floor
Goody niggas playin the wall
And ??? bitches rockin hoodies wit razors inside the
sports bra
We told y'all but ya wasn't tryna listen to us

(Hook)

(Izzy Dead)

Ever since the day I was born my lifestyle been real
Bloody stories on blank paper is what my pen spill
My men still, sellin coke, cooked up and powdered out
In a big body smoked out, shit is clouded out
We official crack stars, bury bodies in back yards
You neva touch nothin
Sayin you blast niggas and clap cars
I get a back massage from a bad European
And switch my bird every season
And I'm rollin up my treason
But my question is, give me one reason to let you live
But you good at talkin ya way out a shit, I be you is
So I sex ya wiz, kill you, and leave ya wife left wit kids
Ghetto black widow
What nigga, my mac glitto
Attack ya hitto
It's like pimp talk wit a limp walk
And crazy dough is what I'm in for
Somethin you bent off, but couldn't touch
Scream you got guns but wouldn't bust
Never fuck wit niggas out a my circle I don't trust

(Hook)

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