

Boney Nem**"Living"**

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I'm livin today

(Chorus-Devin) 1/2x

I don't know if it'll be alright, it'll be ok

If it'll be alright, it'll be ok

If it'll be alright, it'll be ok

But I'm living today

(Devin)

I've been checkin out this reefer 'bout an hour and it
sounds so soothin

It's kinda hard to write this one and keep the track
movin

Barbeque with weed and brew is how we usually do it
Get it dumpin while we pumpin up some good music
Can't afford to lose it, hobbied to a full-time job
Keep my track record clean for those who wanna pull
my card

It's kinda hard on a brotha with the struggle and all
But all I can say is just keep hustlin and y'all
Got to love it live it, ya can't be in it for nothin
'Cause there's too many niggas out there who witness
this shit,
it's not fair

Nobody to blame for your misfortune and fame
Just tryna' take the right road, please, call Jermaine
I've seen rain, but now it's pourin
And at least I gotta have a Sweet when I wake in the
mornin

So let's just all do our thing like an orchestra does
Pass the shit around so we can all get a buzz

(Chorus)

(David Banner)

I can't blame it on my mama, nigga I knew she was
broke

No education so she spent the last check on some
dope

Hovers to John's and my father never seen the funds
But I heard he was locked in jail keep his nuts on his

tongue

Who gives a fuck, the government can lick the sweat
off my dick

They put crack off in the hood and lock us up when we
trip

A little dough, ask them hoes what they put in here for
I heard birds fly through the wind, then they land at
your door

Hot sex all night until my body gets numb

I'm too nervous to relax so I bail when I come

Can't get alone with my folks so I dump on them fools

Basketball is all they taught a young nigga in school

Fuck your foot, and your basket, you can lick on my
balls

My school don't have the internet so I stuff crack in my
draws

And if y'all know a better way, then y'all help me
escape

From this hell that I live everyday

(Chorus)

(Kamikaze)

Dear Lord, please forgive me, I've sinned against your
land

I've lived this life so hell a trife in this pursuit of loot and
fame

You saw your child weapin on his knees at night in vein

And it's a way from tryna' get off in this game

But if it's all the same, can I digress, I've struggled,
nonetheless

Make my first mistake of learnin how to drink and
smoke the cess

Did my best to tread water but it was just as I feared

At the time I needed friends that was the time they
disappeared

See I got jeered in every corner, couldn't hang 'cause I
was broke

Thought he had a record deal, it seemed to be the
runnin joke

And it's just enough to drive a soul of man to drink and
smoke

Just enough to make a college grad go out and sell
dope

And it was never "how ya doin", never "can I help"

"Can I share this wealth", I guess I have to make it by
myself

Could it be the situation came from dirt that I had done

Havin no earthly idea where my next dollar's comin
from

Didn't give a damn if daddy all alone up in this world

Didn't care anotha nigga had helped to feed my baby
girl
Didn't care that Kamikaze just broke down from all the
stress
Wasn't there at six that mornin, when my car got
repossessed
I thought y'all was my homies, but I guess it's just as
well
You left sho' 'nuff, you're rock bottom and I'm a let y'all
burn in hell
You're bitches

(Chorus to fade)

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