

Game "Let Us Live"

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Lord, let us live
Yeah, Scott Storch

Yo, I'm hopin' out a Phantom with a' iced out medallion
Stallions on both arms, rocks on both charms
My Dominican chick lookin' like Scarface sister
Red and curly and she wake me up early

'Cuz hustlers hit the block when police change shifts
New York, California different toilet, same shit
In Brooklyn I rock Timberlands, still toast cinnamon
Been gangster way before he dropped many men

Liquor in my system, voice raspy, who I sound like?
Don't ask me that's my nigga we classy
Him and Montega Jada, our style superior to haters
You can catch me in the latest Marvin Gaters

Ralph Lauren suit tape it up fly 'cause I'm papered up
Why these niggas keep hatin' on my Phantom
I be out in Atlanta and body tappin' I'm probably
strapped
Toast it up, niggas

My hood's on the real dark side of the track
No sunny skies, just really black
We live real down here, Lord, let us live
No playin' around here, Lord, let us live

Don't hate my hood, just hate my shine
We comin' out, we on our grind
We live real down here, Lord, let us live
We comin' outta here, Lord, let us live

Now who the fuck want war with the human gun store?
Gangsta rap is where I live, just knock on the front door
Niggas stunt more than Jackie Chan
What the fuck them faggots sayin'? Nothin'

When I walk in the club with the gat in hand
Take 'em back to ninety four, shootin' out a Astro van
Bangin' was the blueprint, money was the master plan

Duffel bag full of Grants and Franklins

Rob niggas take they money, shoot straight to the bank
then

Head to the barbershop to get chopped up
Hearin' war stories who dead and who locked up
Who snitchin', who pitchin' and who knocked up

Fuck niggas in Black Wall Street I trust
Black hoodies and black Asics standin' on the
pavement
Hustlers don't sleep, nigga, we work the grave shift
Fuck that long money, nigga, get paid quick and don't
save shit

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Lord knows that money don't matter
Lord knows that status is badder
Lord knows about the hood I live in
Keeps takin' away but he's givin'

Now don't give me these cars, Lord, let us live
(No, no, no, no, no, no, no)
Don't give me these mansions, Lord, let us live
(No, no, no, no, no, no, no)
Don't hate me, just let me ride
Lord, just give me light

I don't hate Mobb Deep or MOP
That was a phase I was caught up in the beef like a rat
in a maze
And my legacy will never be that of a hater
Lyrical rhyme slayer wack niggas say your prayers

It's the return of Gandhi, criminal minded city behind
me
Put it on my face to remind me
Of all the shit I been through, my physical presence
My pen too nice, my first album sent you life

I should've put down the mic when Rakim left Dre
No clean up hitter so I was stranded on second base

I had to steal third, motherfucker that's my word
There's some Queens niggas try to put me back on the
curb

I was ultimate warrior to you, bully ass niggas
I will come through the hood with the fully axe niggas
Like Snoop or Suge, I'm in the coupe I'm good
Mothafuckas make way

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Is that Michelle Chrisette?
Black Wall, Coollie High, Scott Storch, let's ride
O eight to infinity, California, New York, shit
Scott Storch, Scott Storch
Scott Storch, Scott Storch, Scott Storch

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