

## Garden Variety

### "Live By It"

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[Mr. Marcelo]

First of all, ain't no mistakes aloud  
Quickest nigga to pull a trigger moves the crowd  
Livin' it foul, ghetto nigga doing it wild  
Lots of niggas wanna be us, but they don't know how  
I growl like a dog, before I break ya off  
Anything above ya shoulders, I take it off  
I got nothing to lose but alot to gain  
I ran, I slang, I hang in the courtway mane  
Late night on the flight just doing my thing  
If it's beef I'm letting them rang, it ain't not thang  
To no nigga that fuck with me  
Doing bad they'll rob armored trucks with me  
Take it back to the hood and spit it up with me  
They dump for me, I guess cause of who I run with  
Niggas down to drop, givin' em low shit  
I pack a handgun with a .30 round clip  
Down to cut lose, no running or getting spooked  
Who act greedy?, if I can't, you can't either  
Me and Mac, in the beamer truck strangling heaters  
We live by it, we die by it

Chorus: [Mr. Marcelo]

I live by it and I die by it, and if I got beef  
I sleep and I lie by the gun  
I live by it and I die by it, and if I got beef  
I sleep and I lie by the gun

[Mac]

What, nigga, look  
My bodyguard ain't Kevin, they call him Mac-11  
Look down the barrel and tell me if you see Hell or  
Heaven  
I murder my foes and pray for they souls  
And plead guilty, and expect the same when you kill  
me  
Tell my bitches to carry out the slaughter, and it's an  
order  
It'll be a red christmas, for you son and your daughters  
I live by it, but Mac will never die by it

You don't want them Telly boys to come fly by  
G.T. Apostle, put that on the hood  
And if I die representin' that it's all good  
My brother Ghost is a straight shot, give him a glock  
From a rooftop, and they'll never know who shot

Chorus: [Mr. Marcelo]

I live by it and I die by it, and if I got beef  
I sleep and I lie by the gun  
I live by it and I die by it, and if I got beef  
I sleep and I lie by the gun, the gun

[Mr. Marcelo]

Man .38, I love her, .25 will make me miss her  
Traded in a 10 mintue to get his little sister  
Me and Mr. Mauseberg was tight as fuck  
But ain't no way I'm givin' my chopper up  
I love to hear the sound of M-16  
Two 23's and AR-15's  
AP-9, Mac-11, and the techs in effect  
But ain't no telling, what finna eject  
Desert Eagle, we bustin' back at them people  
Niggas afraid, in the fade, throwin' grenades  
Pop a 4-5 and glide, it's real cool  
When 4-4 came around, they act a fool  
SK in the hallway, surrounded by troops  
For niggas that don't know, a troop is a .22

Chorus: [Mr. Marcelo]

I live by it and die by it, and if I got beef  
I sleep and I lie by the gun  
I live by it and die by it, and if I got beef  
I sleep and I lie by the gun, the gun  
I live by it and die by it, and if I got beef  
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