

Gob

"Livin' The Life"

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(Puff talking)

Yeah, the game of life
In this game it's not whether you win or lose
But how you played the game
Come on

(Stylez)

Everything involves The Lox
Ask the niggas with the money in the safe
And the cats on cell blocks
Car parked in the lot
Door is locked
And the only time the phone is blocked is when home is hot
I announce the bounce
Smooth like an ounce
Blow more ways than one
Y'all niggas count
One Mississippi - you can't get with me
Two Mississippi - you never gon' hit me
Three Mississippi - can't no bitch trick me
Four Mississippi - won't no dog sick me
Five Mississippi - we in Mississippi
Twenty deep in the block
Real niggas rock with me
Blazing, reving in the black 9-11
Lox out of sight like Michael Knight and Kevin
Living dead
Hoes giving head to the Feds
Catch him with the calico
Light him up in bed

Chorus x2 (Stylez)

Livin' the life, either you rise or fall
It's a two-way street be large or small
Livin' the life, either you die or ball
It's a two-way street be rich or poor

(Sheek)

My niggas order parts for cars like motherfuckin' pizza

For years
While you get all yours from Sears
What!? Nigga even my guns be Ger-man
Links, Cu-ban
Rugs, Persian
Now we can take this another level Pa-Pa
And simply bust your pinata you hot-sa
Lox take blocks
Turn 'em into Fort Knox
Cake wasn't blowin' here
Till we started going there
What!? I ain't hateing you cause you's a little richer
But you old and I'm young, so that mean I think quicker
When bitch drunk
I'm bent up
I bounce with the land blow
(?) Pump the missile
Black berry molassi
Flossin' with the bad mama sita
My chi-ca
Be ten cent
Job with the government
Tap the Fed line
So when they raid I'll be lovin' it

Chorus x2

(Jadakiss)
I swear under oath no bullshit will any Lock take
Cause we stop drama like anti-lock brakes
High stakes
Politic, pies and cakes
Real niggas do dirt, tell lies, then skate
What up son?
What you bullshittin' bout now huh?
Where we from?
Don't matter cause we gettin' it done
Land Rover, double sun roof
Bulletproof
Tangaray and grapefruit
Got me hurlin' on my boots
Man please
Spit it out, twist the trees
5-40 I fly when I'm dissin' the d's
Deep Dish P.
Sip Dom P. with ease
First two words I ever learn, cock and squeeze
Ain't about that
Trying to do without that
Makin' niggas fuck up their budget
Time to get their paper route back

L-O-X three letter word, black mall
With every last member of the team on the job
Whether ir be controllin' the street
Holdin' the heat
Really don't matter to me
Long as we eat

Chorus x2

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