

Goodie Mob

"Live by the Gun"

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Tragedy Khadafi!
The Foul Mahdi!

Life's a bitch - we open her up like C-sections
Pour liquor on the asphalt for my dogs restin'
It's foul sport - you get iced with the Wesson
Pay attention - my nigga, learn a lesson
Rule one: never pull out guns and don't bust 'em
Your dog can't look you in the eye, don't trust 'im
Be the same niggas that'll split you like dutches
Try to flame niggas when they get you in they clutches
You talk like a gangsta, walk like a gangsta
Watch for them haters - they tryin' to get your paper
The streets is a foul thing, a wild thing
You wasn't locked in Sing Sing - you just love to sting
How you a thug nigga - and you scared of the bing?
I'ma tell y'all niggas one thing
(Ya heard me?)
You was hot 'til we dropped and reduced your fever
Heir to this thug shit like Julius Caesar

Chorus:
All my convicts, felony thugs, forever on the run
Live by the gun, die by the gun
Where you eat food, snatch plate, wherever drama
come
Live by the gun, die by the gun
When it jump off - make it pop, you be the only one
Live by the gun, die by the gun
In this game of life - play hard, you only got one
Live by the gun, die by the gun

Yo - every man bleed like I do, so why fear you?
That bullshit you throwin' at me - I can't hear you
But what I throw back - something that you can feel
Teflon emerge from steel - shit is real
A fishscale, verbally ill - no cut
Hip-hop nearly lost its form until I struck
Been rappin' since crack was packed in tall capsules
Now I rock platinum chains and ice statues
Guerrilla gat - combat rap - shit'll blast you

I cock back and squeeze - what you fools gonna do?
Just a copy of Mahdi - graft like Yacub
My niggas on 162
Makin' pie
P.R. savage, Lincoln Hall in Comstock
A flock of birds stash crib soon as you touch ground
You know my homies gotta live, yo burn it down
You know my homies gotta live, yo burn it down

Chorus

You either end up dead or some vegetables
While we escape with the extraterrestrials
2-5 embassy - now who next to lose?
Mahdi, Khadafi, your highness will rule
Carnivorous thug - digest your food
It's like the Art of War volume two
Underworld shit
Duct tape, kidnap rap, clap your girl shit
You got trees, then twirl it
My niggas 'url wit'
Iceberg velour suits and suede moccasins
Air niggas out - deprive them of their oxygen
My raps - blowin' the world off its axis
Ignitin' like matches - burnin' the illest graphics
In Morocco in the drop with the top low
Me against the world - still I can't be stopped, though
My hoes like to ride on top and rock slow
I flame-throw - my chain glow like a rainbow

Chorus

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