

Heather B. "Live Mc"

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[Intro: Heather B]

Yeah hah.

For all the sessions, all the cyphers
All my niggaz all my broads with the lighters
That's for Jersey I hope you heard me
You know Heather B, get down and dirty
It's time to start this, it's time to spark that
All my thuuuuugs

[Verse 1: Heather B]

Yeah yeah yo yo

A for all the love that I get and that I'm givin
B for all my brothers locked down in the system
C some say I'm crazy but I'm conscience of what I'm
doin
So CC for conscious in case you overlooked me
D for dope, E forever
F I like the sound, when you know you cut my throat
Be exactly where I am
G I thank God
H I'm reachin higher hights, Heather hold it down
Heather don't need no aight
I I'm not the greatest but I'm practicin to be it
And +I+ can achieve it if +I+ believe it
J for Jersey City got to holler at my home
K I keeps it movin okay I give it on
L that's Big L may his soul rest in peace
Don't know why he's gone but the murder has got
deceased
M is for the money, and then for the music
Cause without the money hardly
N & O no-one would do it
P is for pass that
Q my quarter leaves ramaskad
R be the fight with that ass, you got to have that
S is for spittin style
T is for takin you where you won't go
U for all the hunts of the underground heros
V is for the voters the vocals and the vision when
W is what we need less we need some more women
X is for all you xerox emcees be original you needs to
stop copyin

Y why not? This here is hip hop you takin food of my
table and you will get
Dropped
Z is where I be with my peeps or on my own
Writin rhymes, dope rhymes where I be is the zone

[Chorus]

I be a Live MC, a Live MC
Comin straight from Jersey, Jersey y'all
You wanna be in this industry, you wannabe in this
You think it's easy as A-B-C, nah nah nah nah nah
I be a Live MC, a Live MC
Comin straight from Jersey, Jersey y'all
You wanna be in this industry, what?
You think it's easy as 1-2-3, hah

[Verse 2: Heather B]

Ask me and I tell ya, I'm a tryer not a failure
Inspired by the likes of Mya and Mehalya
Some records they hail ya, some records they nail ya
Sell out to sell records now the masses understand ya
Who I got to proof to only me can I loose to
He's happy to have a bail check like so these A & R is
used to
But man I got heart like Rosa Parks
And I stay makin records with true MC's like Freddie
Foxxx
Send comitees send somebody to tell me I won't tell
Cause I ain't got silicones, too much fire up in me
So future like izelja got my X got my backs
And I don't wanna be a player no more say the fakers
Much hate us, now congratulate us, most hayas, now
prayers
But you know is all that dough
Just pay her pay me a +Slayer+ like +Buffy+
I'm a artist a MC and regardless I be
Maskerin mine crazy not for the swift
But for those that endure us all the time
I rhyme I rip I spit I do collabo's when I kick
And all due to the fact that I been'm blessed with the
gift

[Chorus]

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