

## **J-Live** **"Yes!"**

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It goes one for you, one for me  
Two for you, one two for me  
Three for you, one two three for me  
Four for you, well let's see, yo

What you want, hot shit or dope shit? (Yes)  
What you need, freedom or justice? (Yes)  
What you like, light skin or dark skin? (Yes)  
Who are you, the bomber or the marksman? (Yes)

It's the pinpoint accurate assassin in the bushes  
On be two styles, wiping your spot off the map  
It's the kamikaze with the parachute, live nigga rap  
You don't want my fist caught in your mouth? Shut your trap  
I heard you got a jones for keeping up with the Joneses  
The only problem is, all your Jones is wack  
This kid tried to tell me you the bomb (Word to mother)  
Come to find out, he on your streets he want to cover  
Well if that ain't debacle in the ghetto for the sea party  
Smooth move, Ex-Lax, who said you ain't shit?  
You need to come to grips with the fact that you're slipping  
Shooting off the mouth but forgot to put your clip in  
Meanwhile somewhere on the Eastside of side pat  
Truly yours plotting like Nikki and the Brain  
They have it both ways with the lying shin point  
So show forth and prove who's the master in the game  
That's why it goes

One for you, one for me  
Two for you, one two for me  
Three for you, one two three for me  
Four for you, well let's see, yo

What you got, heads or tails? (Yes)  
Street props or record sales? (Yes)  
Who are you, God or a black man? (Yes)  
Where your comp at, fire or the frying pan? (Yes)

Don't you see, my mentality is sort of like the  
boomerang effect

Over your head, but hit you in the back of your neck  
Fucking with Live, who wins? What the fuck you expect?

That's like your girl tossing your salad to get your  
respect (Ewwww)

The kind of jobs ???? wouldn't volunteer for  
Whether you T. Martin or Shamika Holdsclaw  
Like playing chicken with a truck in the Red Shore  
Quick draw, rip your, rap books to cole slaw  
Break your, fake stain, glass jaw to jigsaw  
Transform, make sure, hard facial make sure  
With pure las-er, cut lyrical razor  
Make sure, hate-ters, get what they paid for  
Stay y'all CD, DJ, and MC's  
Just I-C-E or L-I-B-E  
Paperback bestseller or your cable TV  
Make all I see, just why it must be, what?

One for you, one for me  
Two for you, one two for me  
Three for you, one two three for me  
Four for you, well let's see, yo

What you want, hot shit or dope shit? (Yes)  
What you need, freedom or justice? (Yes)  
What you like, light skin or dark skin? (Yes)  
Who are you, the bomber or the marksman? (Yes)

What you got, heads or tails? (Uh huh, uh huh)  
Street props or record sales? (Yes)  
Who are you, God or a black man? (Damn right)  
Where your comp at, fire or the frying pan? (Yes)

What you cutting with, your left hand or your right  
hand? (Yes)  
What you got, the right tools or the right blends? (Yes)  
What your plant need, sunshine or watering? (Yes)  
Where you going man, Japan or Maryland? (Yes)

How you getting there, subway or dollar van? (Yes!)  
What you need to coincide your caravan? (YES!)  
Where we eating, Pittsburgh or New Orleans? (YES!!!)  
What you wanna keep that or record again? (YES!!!)

It goes one for you, one for me  
Two for you, one two for me  
Three for you, one two three for me  
Four for you, well let's see (Hell no!)

