

## James Taylor

### "Dead in a Year"

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[K.B.]

I'm your number one suspect cause I wear black 'locs  
Took my head back and choked on weed smoke  
Ya call me a ghetto thug but I say: 'Damn you!'  
I'ma live my life just how I want to  
I'm out there bad, like a mad man, the savage  
You can't manage with that, I'm doing some kind of  
damage  
I'm in a ghetto street spotlight  
I'm always loced down and always high as a kite  
Now everyday is like somebody's watching me  
Gotta get my 9-millimeter before they cap on me  
They be be coming up good, this number one suspect  
ain't no punk  
Go pop ya trunk, go grab ya pump  
I ain't about to be put to rest  
Cause this young black ghetto thug ain't expired yet  
I'm strong with no fear, they said I be dead in a year...

[Pharaoh]

I used to roll in them rental cars with a trunk full of oz's  
Droppin'em thangs off, sometimes they were whole  
keys  
Me as my brother's parents, now he runs with the Killa  
Klan  
And my nigga K.B., now he's a family man  
Solo solo chemistry, my mind started building  
And if ya breath took off, that's when I started to  
thinkin' millions  
That's when I got agg, bought me an A.K. and bunching  
bag  
And gamed the squad game and a perfect aim in a  
nigga's ass  
See, my solution was to take every god damn thing I  
wanted  
Even if I had to break a nigga's mothafucking ass down  
With these hard hitting hands or with them automatic  
rounds  
Shit, within no time I had a lot of people scared  
Cause the whole damn city found out jacking weren't  
dead

And a lot of jealous ass niggas and hoes  
Said I would be dead in a year but that was two years  
ago  
And I'm still living...

[Icy Hott]

Everybody's living in a world of crooked thoughts  
I've been criming for years, no fears of getting caught  
I'm always labeled as a suspect, snatching gold  
Stealing clothes outta stores before they open their  
doors  
I'm struggling, thinking crime gonna help  
I brought a child in this world but I can barely feed my  
damn self  
Water and bread, who gonna keep the kid fed?  
Jacking ain't dead because of my little Marchise  
Me and Sho at your do' about fo' o'clock  
Who ever answers the do' gonna get robbed and shot  
Icy Hott wasn't made for the minimum wage  
That for I grabbed my gauge and got my ass paid  
I got popped by a chink at the corner store  
Stairing at me from the time I walked through the door  
He thought I ran out of his store with a beer  
He shot me in my back and I was dead in a year...

[Flea]

Say I be dead in a year, I won't see twenty-one come  
And at the way I'm going out, G Rapp gonna be my  
mother's only son  
Say I never be shit, just another nigga in a pen  
But I get mo' money, spend it and get paid again  
Left my books to be a crook, left my job just to rob  
How ya gonna tell Flea how to live when times get  
hard?  
Be myself, so I did, I need help, I sold drugs  
Cause all I ever knew were crooks and thugs  
I was down from the heart, cracking cars until ya start  
Take it to the back of my hood to undress the fucking  
parts  
Everytime I've seen a cop, I got a bad thought  
Like breakin'em down the middle like a half ounce  
And ya life for tomorrow wasn't garantied  
Cause ain't a nigga got a life time warranty  
And I know them hoes shit that we still here  
And gonna be living to blow out our candles next year...

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