

## Jars Of Clay

### "How Ya Livin'"

Visit "[How Ya Livin'](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(The beat is dope)  
(Yup)  
(Word to the mother)  
(Ah yeah)  
(And it goes a little somethin like this)  
(Good God)  
(The beat is dope)  
(Yup)  
(Word to the mother)  
(And it goes a little somethin like this)

[ VERSE 1: W.C. ]

How ya livin, a brother kill another for a color  
Now his family's forced to sit and suffer  
Gang violence strikes again, the sound of a trigger  
News at 11, now it's one less nigger, they figure  
Self-destruction, bro, you're goin low  
How can you kill a person you don't really even know?  
In jail you played hard until one slapped you silly  
Turned you over like a girlie and rode you like a sissy  
Trapped behind bars in the middle of nowhere  
Doin 10 to 20, braid another brother's hair  
On the streets you was dope, you wasn't a joke  
Nobody could cope, you was the king of the dope  
Shoot a brother in a minute, man, that was your duty  
But now you're in jail, just givin up the booty  
Spread em, I'ma show you what it's like in a jail  
I kick reality, this ain't a crickett fairytale  
You said you had heart, homeboy, how do you figure  
Can you prove it without keeping your finger on the  
trigger?  
You're a punk, a peon, a buster, bound to run  
Never usin your fist, always grabbin a gun  
Trigger-happy with the gat, brain stiffer than a manakin  
Shot an old lady, but you claim it was a accident?  
Drop the sawed-off, you must be illin  
I got a question, homes, how ya livin?

[ VERSE 2: W.C. ]

The beat is dope, so I come off smooth, no need to yell  
it

Now what I seen on the streets, I gotta tell it  
Smokers on the corner at the rock house shack  
Tryin to scuffle up some money for a 10 piece crack  
And this is critical, pitiful, life has become more  
difficult  
Children on the corner holdin automatic pistols  
Taught and trained at a young age to kill another  
But the bad thing about it is, we're killin each other  
Brothers killin brothers over man-made material  
It's a like a epidemic, better yet venereal  
Only if you knew that we was dominant original  
We'd be prepared mentally as well as physical  
Some say to make it though, it's gonna take a miracle  
But they can't hold you back, brother, when you're  
spiritual  
Drop the 40 ounce, you must be illin  
Yo Aladdin, break it down while I ask em how they're  
livin

Yo  
Let me tell you bout this crackhead I know

[ VERSE 3: W.C. ]

Booby was a crackhead smokin that dust  
Like a fool, he was a sucker I never could trust  
Used to let him in my house, he didn't need no  
permission  
Until my goddamn VCR came up missin  
Sprung on the pipe like a fish on a hook  
Yo, Booby got labelled as a neighborhood crook  
Seen him with a color TV in his hand  
Walkin down the streets sparked, lookin for the  
dopeman  
Skinny as hell from just hittin the pipe  
Lost his job, his two kids, the beautiful wife  
He'd sell his mother if you gave him a chance  
Long as Booby got a piece of crack in his hands  
Hey yo, you know what's sad, or should I say it's a  
shame?  
The way c-r-a-c-k destroys the brain  
Think - somebody wanna see these things  
Another dumb brother just smokin cocaine  
Suckin up crack until your lips turn purple  
>From rehab to rehab, you're runnin in a circle  
It's mandatory I touch this category  
That's why I made it simple, self-explanatory  
It shouldn't take long for me to state what's on my mind  
Why should I sit and write a 10-minute-long rhyme?  
Hey yo, drop the 40 ounce, you must be illin  
So I conclude this rhyme with how ya livin?

Visit [Jars Of Clay](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.