

# Jay-Z

## "Can I Live II"

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**(feat. Memphis Bleek)**

*[Jay-Z]*

Geyeah, y'all nigaas finished yo  
Is y'all niggas finished  
Got your little radio play your little BDS, huh  
You finished nigga, huh huh, y'all finished  
Can I live, huh  
Can I live, Joe your bein' stingy with the music bin yo

*[Jay-Z]*

Yo, yo...yo, I blacks out, I pulls the mack out  
Scream "Whats that about," then I clap out  
I get my plot on, in my drop on  
Through the rotten, dont even hate on those who hate  
me  
I got popped on, feelin' it (feelin' it)  
Chickens are ice grillin' it  
Cops pullin' it over, jigga react militant  
Speed off, officer told me to turn the beat off  
I turned it a level higher, then return the devils fire  
I'm raised different, reactin' situations  
Niggas lay stiff and, rookies blame it on the age  
difference  
My subliminal flows create criminal O's  
Sing along if you with me, til the end of the road  
I'm cynical when in the view of the public  
And this is because, I'm defensive when I'm in  
interviews  
The percentage who dont understand is higher than  
the percentage who do  
Check yourself, what percentage is you?

Can I live

For all my niggas with all white airforce ones and black  
guns, stack ones yo

Can I live

For all my chicks, pigeons, hoes stand bow legged like  
the bulldog, know what

I mean, huh?

Can I live

To all the ce-lo champs, two green dice and one red

stop the bank and roll  
heads yo  
Can I live  
To all my niggas who drink hennesy straight, cop mix  
tapes, and sell weight  
niggas

*[Jay-Z]*

I got the feds sending me letters 'cause Im schooling  
the youth  
But they cant lock me down 'cause my tool is the truth  
Yeah I sold drugs for a living, thats a given  
Why is it? why dont y'all try to visit the neighborhoods  
I lived in  
My mind been through hell, my neighborhood is crime  
central

Where cops lock you more than try to defend you  
I push you to the limit when I'm needing the wealth  
And all I see is life cycle just repeatin' itself  
Ran into shorty boppin' down the ave  
On his way to clockin' mad then  
He proceeded to show me a block of slab and said

*[Memphis Bleek]*

Aiyyo theres money I there I just gotta have  
When I catch up to these feinds Im'a knock 'em on they  
ass  
Not to brag, sometimes I look at life and laugh  
How I think about school and it taught me not a ???  
When I backed out, let one one, let the barrel turn  
Holla at you faggots that its my block to burn  
That credit you dead it, I know heads gettin' annoyed  
and knew all  
About a dope feind before reading donald goings  
Flipping boying, using the right cut  
One thing thats fucked up is bad dope that I cant pump  
This slab gotta re-up and rebag, blend it in with the raw  
Bubble it fast cop more, once I get it I got it I lock it  
Nobody pop shit, selling twenties on my block bitch  
For some blacktop shit  
What you want nigga, what you want nigga  
What you want, what you want nigga

Can I live...

To all my niggas that hold coke and they bubble coat  
Tryin' to win in the construction Timbs yo  
Can I live...  
Yo USA, all my chicks that strip, boo's, go to the store  
with the dewey pins  
still in

All my chicks with the credit card scams, two kids, one  
job, and no man  
All my chicks gettin' that washing set with their welfare  
check  
All the mommies dame besa, alright?  
All my niggas rockin' them fifty cats, tryin' to get at this  
rap  
Know what I mean?  
All my cats with open cases, big cars, and no licenses, I  
like that shit,  
I'll see y'all  
All my niggas at St. Pauls after they say some fucked  
up shit  
Rock on and uh, Jigga shit, Rockafella forever yo  
Uhh, Major Coins, yeah, uhh huh  
Memph Bleek nigga

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