

Joe Dolce

"Life Goes On"

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[Royce Da 5'9"]

Yo Ivy, let me know when we rollin
We rollin? Aight..
I mean, I been through a lot man
Tommy Boy thing, the bootleggers
You know, life goes on, so what?
You gotta reach deep down in your heart, and pull out
as much as you can
to get through what you goin through
I'm livin proof..

Way down DEEP in the heart of a man who was DEEP
in the palm of the hands of the truer streets
lives a - nigga who gives a, lyrical nigga the shivers
Step up and get hit cause him or his fifth'll deliver
His mouth is a gun, the cannibal speaks
You need to do more than floss the hand or the teeth
And shame on it - only thing that pops out
whenever your glock's out is a stick, and a flag with
"Bang!" on it
His flow's out-grown his dreams
out of a count that he beams out-of-towners and hold
down home
You niggaz showin up, with a lot of the same soldiers
I'm rollin up, pushin her outta your Range Rover
You decided to be a rider but why, would you do it
when you know you could light up my saliva like lighter
fluid
Soak with writin; cause 5-9 is back
and he's about to spit thunder and shit lightning!

[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"]

"Life goes on.."
Uh-huh, you thought I was done didn't ya?
"The world keeps turning and liiiiife gooooes on.."
Thought I would run didn't ya? No no
"Life goes on.."
Never again will I, need a return
"The world keeps turning and.."
(And I will never leave these streets again)
"Life goes on.."

Uh-huh, you thought I was done didn't ya?
"The world keeps turning and liiiiife gooooes on.."
Thought I would run didn't ya? No no
"Life goes on.."
Long as I live, I'ma continue to burn
"The world keeps turning and.."
(Na na na na na na na)

[Royce Da 5'9"]

My crew never call me for beef - NO! It never happens
to me
That's like callin a SWAT team when it's a cat in a tree
It's too many reasons, to tell you NIGGA please
You can do nothin with me, like weed with too many
seeds in it
I'm more - vicious, it gets - more pathetic
You testin somethin more than a medic nigga or
mortician
I'm more than rap, I will RUSH you
For the sacks like Warren Sapp, like nigga FUCK you
I'll STUFF you in a Atlanta mansion
Paint the wall with you on "Candid Camera," like I'm a
phantom answered
Demand a ransom; cause a fire at your momma's
house
and take, all of the tires off of the ambulances
Of course the track, fits Mr. King
of the small article every month and the Source is BACK
With Jay-Dilla, from Slum Village
You lookin for us, we be in Rock City nigga - come get
us!

[Chorus]

"Life goes on.."
"The world keeps turning and liiiiife gooooes on.."
"Life goes on.."
"The world keeps turning and.."
"Turning and liiiiife gooooes on.."
"Life goes on.."
"The world keeps turning and.."
"Life goes on.."
"The world keeps turning and.."

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