

Lloyd

"That's How We're Livin'"

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[VERSE 1: Bret E.B.]

Saw the homeboys from the days of delirium
'89 Benzes, guess who's steerin em?
Hop into the ride, cold coolin with the crew
They're puffin on the cheeba and guzzlin the brew
Doin 120 in the car lane
Girl in every lap, cause that's the name of the game
Destination - come on, you know where we're goin
Don't get the wrong idea, nobody's gigolo'in
We arrived, but what we did I cannot tell
Couldn't play it on the air, cause it's kinky as hell
When the boys come together, we do the wild thing
Birds and bees, birds sing as the bees sting
Screams of passion, voice is goin hoarse
Right in that butt with crazy force
In the morning take a shower, kiss the girl on the cheek
Slam the door shut as I enter the streets
That's how I'm livin

Yo, that's how I'm livin

[VERSE 2: Bret E.B.]

Always on the move since the age of the child
To keep my blood pumpin I live the wildstyle
Live, love and laugh from dawn to dust
Every day is a new day, to conquer is a must
Ask me any questions and I take the fifth
Not sayin where we been, or who we're hangin with
My posse's lurkin in the heat of the night
Look into the eyes and you never see fright
Treated like superstars, lifestyle bizarre
Ridin limos, and never drive a car
Ate seafood, hate burgers and fries
Then we trick a little, but I never tell lies
Wake up a 12 and hit the studio
Later on tonight we'll be filmin the video
Pick up a check at the end of the day
And then I scoop up a lady, cause a man gotta play
That's how I'm livin

Yo Muggs

Tell these muthafuckas how we're livin
(*Grandmixer Muggs cutting*)

For all the niggas chill in the east, you know what I'm
sayin?

Brooklyn in effect

[VERSE 3: Bret E.B.]

Like The Enforcer named Frank Nitty
See the 3 on the marquee, cause we belong to the city
Caviar dreams, champagne wishes
Makin love to high class bitches
Take you how you want it, cause we are what we are
Makin millions, but on the faces no scars
You're rollin with a posse, they seem to make you
bolder
Talkin mess lookin over your shoulder
Don't worry 'bout a thing, you won't get snuffed
We pull a one-on-one and you get bumrushed
See, I live on the street, never carry a nine
Hit your heart and leave you staggerin like moonshine
Get ill as shit, shootin celo
Got so much money, think I'm sellin by the kilo
I ain't with it, everybody sells drugs
Left it in the past, we're educated thugs
Young (young) with an innocent look
Look at the cover, but never judge a book
Just 3, we don't gangbang
Flip your heads and make your bells ring
So yo, Muggs, tell em what we're givin
Cause this shit is over, man, cause this is how I'm livin

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