

## Lord Tariq And Peter Gunz "One Life To Live"

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Niggas, sick, shit  
Now whatchu wanna do, type of niggas  
They don't know now, they'll never know, that's how I  
feel

And on the seventh day, the Lord made money  
On the sixth day, I busted my gun, 500 000 is not half  
of one  
Caught the keys akisane for 63 hundred on sale  
I ordered for Bronx niggas

If you want it, I'll head up with the connect just the  
game of respect  
With the game that I shock, throughout the plains of the  
U.S  
Makin' clean to this, which is the killer get killed  
So, why carry if you need a gazelle for real

Yo, when I caught my gun charge, your felony  
Niggas've tellin' me, Gunz instead of totin' guns  
It's all about guns, instead of bustin' guns  
Nigga get funds and let these niggas know you be the  
one

So I'm in [unverified] Rhaki's Isle and Kawasaki  
[unverified]  
Wrote letters for clans, you never got at me  
You heard the block on your phone so I never call  
But I know one day I'll be home to dog and watch you  
niggas fall

Aiyyo Gunz, move in silence I push that the street  
On blocks to black streets where the murders was meet  
And stash money keeps a nigga standing on his feet  
And best believe that we play for [unverified] kiki-meat  
[unverified]

The Lord Tariq & PG nigga ain't nothin' happenin'  
So I been to the weese, my cars matching the platinum  
You think that you's a star, can't happen  
Can put down the mics, pull up the girls to get the  
clappin' what

You got one life to live, one gun to bust  
One nigga to save, one nigga to rush  
It's all about sex, money, life or death  
You gotta make a choice, is it right or left

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All my 74, put down a real meeting  
Busting the motherfucking gun out  
In case a nigga run up, keep a nigga done up  
Dark the sun up, be ready to flee  
Yo Lord, tell 'em where you be

Catch me in the Bronx on cosy surrounded by thug  
niggas  
No love niggas, givin' nigga rob, nigga what nigga  
Feel a nigga out first avoiding bug niggas  
Breaking brand was a big name drug-nigga

Tell me is it in my blood, nigga what?  
Deal goin' down the park, don't wanna cut, get cut the  
fuck up  
You niggas lust to bust guns, the way a nigga bust  
none  
Nigga trust none, my bust guns will trust funds

So if you ever need a nigga, beep me 911  
And watch how quick nigga come to leave another num  
I'm from Soundview projects where all my niggas from  
And uptown just respect to call another nigga dumb

Some say I'm sane, some say I'm off  
Label me Roc-a-feller 'cause I'm hot like stars  
I wanna test arousa but I settle for a paw  
Shit, you ask me why, let that motherfucker go

Green back, it's time to lean back and set the roll  
And if so, your money from this music should I throw  
Your rap-shit is platinum, but that other shit is gold  
When I see my money-wise, that other shit gotta go

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Yo Gunz, I know there's a lot of niggas schemin' now  
'Cause they heard that we got it  
I got another clique for niggas lookin' at my pockets  
Consider your life equivalent to the shit on my wrist

And while we squeezin', you can think about this  
Nigga, six shots to the chest  
The other 10 to the head  
So even if you got your best, you face the color of dead

These Bronx niggas wanna bread if you creep you can  
get it  
But keep an eye on your walk, you gots ta take these  
bullets with it  
Like blow!  
Y'all niggas know the deal now, I'm foul

I do a killing with a smouw  
Now how the fuck, you're gonna rumble with the  
biggest niggas  
With the biggest triggers and Cali-figures  
That's steady blasting on you bitch niggas

It be the Bronx nigga borough of kidnappers and  
rappers  
So wanna guard you getting break bradles and cradles  
It's like plain and simple, the kings of the temple  
Be the 1st one to bust you like a pimple motherfucker

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