

## Lost And Found

### "Only Live Once"

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{Mr Cheeks}

These muthafuckas made it this way,  
I show em mine,  
I knew we down now we was shining also blowing time,  
Official queens crack stars gettin money rollin trees in  
the back woods, timberlands, cars, and black hoods,  
The territories rugged, certain bimbos love it,  
I fuck wit cats undiscovered keep my demo's covered,  
We ride around in the streets duckin hits,  
Money power wit some game kid we fuckin chicks  
The hard times help me sharpen up  
We bein watched but still sparkin' up  
Love it when the day darken up  
My life is like a movie, big guns and booze play a part  
I came through to display an art  
Yo fuck you jealous niggas  
I take care of fam and i lay low  
Im livin kid i got the money plus the yayo  
And hold a heat up on the seat because it's gettin  
wicked  
You get your dough  
I get my dough lets blow so we can kick it

(hook x2)

You only live once so lets ride  
Lets take it to the top  
This one crew you can't stop

{izzy dead}

Yo is you muthafuckas outta ya mind  
We them niggas who been holdin it down  
Half of the reason you live  
Other 50% of the reason you frown  
Behind our back you pop shit  
But when we wavin them thangs you innocent  
'cause we in this bitch, raw doggs  
Is you askin for a new york city war call?  
We keep it gritty for all o y'all  
But some you niggas actin like u goin through  
menapause  
And that's the second we sendin em off

Slay em down, get in them drawers  
Been put on, wut u tellin me for?  
Look at em beggin for more  
Either their yellin or givin applause  
Picture livin laws when we got x cons on the dance floor  
Goody niggas playin the war  
And dime bitches rockin hoodies with razors inside the  
sports bras  
We told y'all but ya wasn't tryin to listen tah me

(hook)

Ever since the day I was born my lifestyle been real  
Bloody stories on blank paper is what my pen spill  
My men still, sellin coke, cooked up and powdered out  
In a big body smoked out, shit is clouded out  
We official crack stars, bury bodies in back yards  
You neva touch nothin  
Sayin you blast niggas and clap cars  
I get a back massage from a bad european  
And switch my bird every season  
And I'm rollin up my treason  
But my question is, give me one reason to let you live  
But you good at talkin your way outta shit i bet you is  
So i sex ur wiz, kill u and leave ya wife left with kids  
Ghetto black widow  
What nigga, my mac glitto  
Attack ya hitto  
It's like pimp talk wit a limp walk  
And crazy dough is what I'm in for  
Somethin you bent off, but couldn't touch  
Scream you got guns but wouldn't bust  
Never fuck wit niggas out a my circle I don't trust

(hook)

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