

C-Rayz Walz

"We Live"

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[Chorus: C-Rayz Walz]

We live! Where ya close friends die
And they say that a man ain't supposed to cry
We live! Amongst the stress and struggle
And we know that the beast don't love you!
We live! Next door to rats and gats
And the cats in the back sellin crack
We live! Where there's no God in the sky
But we live cause we can't die!

[C-Rayz Walz]

We live, where +Heavy Metal+ ain't a rock magazine
Not f'real, but you'll get shot down with glock
magazines
I feel, when we do good we did wrong
Dougie got murdered in the hood, but he still lives on
He played ball in the snow, with that bubblegoose warm
Tryin to clap boards, without turf shoes on
We live where the ambulance takes too long
When your ass is on the line, like you dressed in thongs
Be strong! The same thing I told my mother
With blood on her shoulder, as she was holdin my
brother
We live! Where doo-rags stay under the hat
And you don't want waves, but the bandana gotta
match
And some still rock gold, but everybody went plat'
Lookin at the ground like YO WHASSUP WIT DAT?
We live where some people fight fair
Everybody got a pair of Nike Airs and police is right
there

[Chorus]

[C-Rayz Walz]

We live, where I could be the next man out
And shit is really +Ludacris+ now like +Def Jam South+
Just I-let me know, what's ya fantasy
Mine is to live 'til 50, with a family
Can it all be so simple then? The instrumental ends
On stage I kill it, with a stenciled pen

It's not strange, how the whole thing went down
It's a shame, everybody wanna bling chain now
We live! Where the young ones is bigger than me
It used to be P-A-L and Little League
That's dead now, nobody wanna play on the block
Everybody want rims, and a big face knot
It's not a game, I don't coach, I watch
From the sidelines, players be missin they shots!
And I still clap! Cause I know how it is
TIME OUT! We be tryin to score where we live

[Chorus]

[C-Rayz Walz]

We live, where a 40 and a blunt is breakfast
And police swerve to serve and disrespect us
Churches gassed us, Chinese foods induce asthma
Roaches run fast, the rats run faster
This feeling got a few cracks, the corner's flooded
Tell me who want it, we wake up from bad dreams
runnin
Basketball games feel like heaven
I married the streets - Uncle Ben threw rice at the
wedding
Classic, like a slapbox festival
Or when cats come home from doin five live federal
Surrounded by cheese like Domino, cat be cool
Mommy's got a gat, papi too
Next to the liquor store, next to the church
Cause of the verse I'm in the Vibe, next on the verbs
Cause of the dirt in my past, I'm still grimy
Still livin movin forward with death behind me

[Chorus] - 2X

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