

Real Live "Day You Die"

Visit "[Day You Die](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus]

From the day you're born... till the day you die
If you're one of the poor ones, you just gotta work hard,
you know what I mean
A lot of pain, lot of sorrow, blood, sweat and tears

[Verse 1]

I'm like a one man crew, a one man clique
Iceberg Slick, sick like horror flicks
I put a burner on a heat when I (?) the street
Nickel-plated poetry mad deep
The intellect interacts with raps
Cartel rocks well, baby, I'm strapped with gats
Yo son, had to bounce cos the block was scorchin
I'm camouflaged down like a Soldier Of Fortune
I paralyze your mindstate
Then crush your egg frame and watch your whole body
break
Look at yo' broke-ass clique on the corner
Talkin shit about a nigga cos he does what he wanna
Cousin, pull the record back counter-clock wise
K-Def got the spliff lit spinnin with the red eye
That's from all the lye he smoke
Yo loc, time to go, Larry-O slit your throat
Just for runnin your mouth you gots to fall
Chill dog, no need to speedball
I got everything under control
Got the coke and a smoke, and we about to roll

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

When the Real Live arrive y'all motherfuckers slept and
slipped
They slept on the architect of wreck
The nigga with the lucci, coochie, clothes
The sniper with a rifle fuckin up foes
Seriously, not deliriously
Son, you could be missin mysteriously
Guns run through my crew like animals in a zoo
Flippin coats, sippin Mot with nothing to do
Karate niggaz, crushin niggaz for big figures
They pay the price to wear ice
You rollin with scared dice
The streets got no room, saturated with tools

I been a major player since niggaz were smokin Kools
A mad felon breakin bread where murderers dwel

Visit [Real Live](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.