

Ying Yang Twins

"We Live This"

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[Havoc]

Ready for war, Ready for anything
But Doing this for everything
Y'all niggers Know my pedegree
Fourty first side, blood run through my veins
Got everything in game
Like to stock and change
Got shorti in the hood on the ankle rockin my name
Words that I spit, Its my brain and pipe game
Call me your natural right ring
Qb's radaiclas, just doing his thing
Aiyo, niggas hate it
Even though they try to protray it
This money looking good, fuck it you can all hate it
Like I'm going to lose sleep, hold life, have beef
So you can say what you think about me
Yo you niggas like Nas and gun fight your dead roon
Pull out the nine and still got hooked on
Your no frill skim
And on skill team
Got you in a combma
Angel of your shoulder

[Chorus]

Aiyo we live this eat, sleep, shit this (repeat 7X)
We live this, live this, this...

[Big Noyd]

Aiyo, Aiyo, Aiyo
Its alyways Going to be ganster with me
Nigga, with Tim's on my feet
Either sweats or denim jeans, brand new white tee
With my chain swinging; I'm thugged in the streets
Think Noyd you think hustling busting the heat
Repping Qb borrows surrounded with thugs
Who carry coke, crack, bud and they got guns
Who want from slums to homes; Trains to the V's
The niggas you see in the hood with the G's
Where gangstas be and the pistols pop
You rub on the mama thighs they panties drop
This shit get you hot

We ill you not
You sick beacuse you love the way we rock
Crusing in the Nav with a dime or not
Jumping out the Nav copping cheese but eye up the
spot
You know my two heaters is hot
Fending for springing
And that goes out to those skimming and laying

Chorus

[Roxanne Shante]

Who you know have guilty fo's and a dime ass kooci
Now thugging and recovering,rocking guns and gucci
85' getting paid while them gangsters watch
Champiagn pop benzes candy painted drop(bitch)
Roxanne Shante Hilary Clinton
Lay out the red carpet y'all hoes shut up and listen
Mouth close whenever you hear a veteran spittin
Y'all hoes only shine with the legends permisson
Bitches ask around why she wait to spit this long
You know the queen who came out with the first hit
song
I showed hoes how to rock furs
Glocks in my skirts
Dated real killers when they feel i cop them a bird
Aint nothing
Aint fronting
Shantie love where she lives
Mother of my two kids
and the mother of the rich
Tried to make plans,ran the game and the biz
Still real popping up with nas up at the bridge
No silcone,No wigs, No liposuchion
First bitch riding back sike not fronting
I respect new females give all y'all credit
Supporting your videos bought all y'all records
No matter how you get down you sexual prefrence
Just keep this shit real or that vet going to set it
Queensbrigde projects we murder the rest
And all my gangers know I rock the best

Chorus

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