

Naughty By Nature "Live Then Lay"

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One steps down the path of poverty, most know the
route
Not a pot to piss in or a door to throw it out
All I hear these days, we say, she say, we say, anyway

He grows, she grow, we grow, listen negro
(Listen)
I die, you die, few die, who rob
(It's)
Do or die
You fry, I fry, new play, new day, new God

Tell me, what's the sense of this?
Tell me before they gotta jail me and nail me
Had to mention it
You've never been to the ghetto till you had to enter
this

Some plans, one chance, hold heat, hold head, hold
their's
(Hold ya head)
Peep rules, weak proof, meet troops, speak truth, teach
youth
(Teach the youth)
No crews, who's who, new day, new rules, do you

Break bread, wake heads, check heads, half-a-head
for snake feds
(Check 'em)
They'll lock your body, even Gotti, grab your shotties
for an Illuminati
(Be ready)
They'll lock your body as Gotti, grab your shotties, it's
an Illuminati

Open your eyes up, people can't you see?
It's gettin' harder by the day for you and me
All my life I've seen so much misery
Can there be a better place for you and me?

Why everytime you try to show a nigga love, they shit
on you?

Fuck I'm suppose to do?
Why everytime a brother comin' up some pray ya
through?
That's what success'll do

'Cause I'm a hard workin' black man
In my face, stab in my back, man
Rob and steal, they wanna kill me, black man
Tell me now what the deal is black man

Don't you know the powers in our hand?
'Cause we shine, we end up six feet in land
When we could build one nation
And it's comprised of all persuasion

African, Latin, Caucasian, Asian
New World Order, Hip-Hop Nation
Then we can turn hate to love
Like Malcolm and Martin tripped up, open up your eyes

Open your eyes up, people can't you see?
It's gettin' harder by the day for you and me
All my life I've seen so much misery
Can there be a better place for you and me?

Here today, gone tomorrow
Live then lay, here tomorrow

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All my life I've seen so much misery
Can there be a better place for you and me?

Feel me, the end of the century
Feel me, they want us in wakes and penitentiaries
(Open your eyes)
That's how the envy be
Now they got it, we our own enemies

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