

## No Angels

### "Can I Live"

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Verse 1: Jay-Z

Yeah, ya'll niggas finished yo?  
Ya'll niggas finished?  
Got your little radio, play your little videos huh?  
You finished nigga, huh, huh, huh?  
Ya'll finished, Can I Live? Huh, Can I Live?

Yo, yo, yo I blacks out, I pulls da mack out  
Scream what's that about, then I clap out  
I get my fly on, and my drop on, due to write on  
Don't even hate on those who hate me, I got pac on  
Feelin it, feelin it, chickens are ice grillin it  
Cops pullin it over, Jigga react militant  
Speed off  
Officer told me "Turn the beat off"  
I truned it a level higher  
The return of the devil's fire  
I'm raised different, react in situations niggas lay stiff  
in  
Rookies blame it on the age difference  
My subliminal flows create criminal O's  
Sing along if you with me, till the end of the road  
I'm cynical, when in the view of the public and this is  
because  
I'm defensive I'm in of these views  
The percentage of those who don't understand  
Is higher than the percentage who do  
Check yourself, what percentage is you?, Can I Live?

Chorus: Jay-Z

For all my niggas with the all white air force ones  
And black guns stack ones yo, Can I Live?  
For all my chicks, bitches, ho's stand bull legged like a  
bull dog  
You nah mean, uh, Can I Live?  
To all the C-low champs, two green dice and one red  
Stop the bank and roll head ya'll, Can I Live?  
To all my niggas who drink Hennesey straight  
Cop mix tapes, and sell weight niggas

Verse 2: Jay-Z

I got the Feds sendin me letters cause I'm schoolin the youth  
But they can't lock me down cause my tool is the truth  
Yeah I sold drugs for a livin, that's a given, why is it?  
Why don't ya'll try to visit the neighborhoods I live in  
My mind been through hell, my neighborhood is crime central  
Cops look you up more than try to defend you  
I push you to the limit when I'm needin the wealth  
And all I see is life's cycle just repeatin itself  
Ran into shorty boppin down the ave, on the way to  
glock his magnum  
He proceeded to show me a block of slab and said..

Memphis Bleek:

Ayo there's money out there I've just got to have  
When I catch up to these fiends, I'ma knock em on they  
ass  
Not to brag, sometimes I look at my life and laugh  
How I think about school and it taught me not to grab  
When I back out, let one out, let the barrel turn  
Holla at you faggots that it's block to burn  
That credit, you dead it, I know heads getting annoyin  
Knew all about a dope fiend before beaten down new  
goings  
Flippin boyin, using the right cut  
One thing that's fucked up is bad dope that I can't  
pump  
This slab gotta re-up and re-bag  
Blend it in with the raw, bubblin fast, cop more  
Once I get it, I got it, I lock it  
Nobody pop shit  
Sellin twenty's on my block bitch on some black top shit  
What you want nigga?, What you want nigga?  
What you want, What you want nigga? Can I Live?

Chorus: Jay-Z

To all my niggas that hold coke in they bubble coat  
Tryin to win with the construction Timbs yo, Can I Live?  
Ayo, esse, all my chicks that strip, booze  
Go to the store with the dobbie pins still in  
All my chicks with the credit card scams  
Two kids, one job, and no man  
All my chicks getting that washroom set with they  
welfare check  
All my niggas rockin them fitted caps tryin to get in this  
rap, nah mean?  
All my cats with open cases, big cars and no licenses  
I like that shit, I see ya'll  
All my niggas that say pause after they say some  
fucked up shit

Rock on, Jigga shit, Roc-A-Fella forever, yo, uh

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