

O.C. "Born 2 Live"

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Like the dead end kids we used to play in the streets
Never worryin about grief football spelled relief
Ronnie ? was the coach for us
see he taught us to play almost every single day OK
Now on Evergreen was Larry and Mike and Lon
My cousin Boo lived there too just to name a few
with Sha rone he's bad to the bone Boo's little sidekick
And a badass mouth he used to feist it on Harmon
Street
with Zach Leo and Ed
Me Jody and Boop by June, Rocky and then comes
Tommy and Cedric, Lamont and Greg, unique in our
own right
At times we'd fight, but that's a-ight
Still, not realizin we had love, it showed
when we played, no phony charades against
one another, now while I write this song
It's like some are still alive and a couple are gone

* Chorus * (4X)

We're born to live, a life to die
Life's so damn short and I wonder why

As kids, you're overlookin death
It didn't seem important or serious, it just seems
curious
It was about, wakin to a bowl of cereal
Cartoons on Saturday's, karate flicks, and like
ridin your skateboard, or bicycle
And went as deep as Killa Joe on the corner drinkin
Ripple
Plus, Puerto Rican kids on the block were cool
We got along, we all knew right from wrong
By far, we got a dose that life was hard
A Spanish we were close with, was killed by a car
Shocking, Alberto was hit, on the block and
death was spontaneous, his moms was clockin him
'cross the street
He just received an award
for Little League baseball like an hour before, plus
He didn't even get to see the summer set in
Dyin all young at the age of seven

It opened up my eyes small that the flesh was weak
As a kid, thinkin shit like that was mad deep, peep it

* Chorus *

Now when somebody is gone, that's when you realize
how close you was
how close you are.. like a star
Real deep it takes time to heal
And still from time to time you wish you could find the
way to forgive
and let him know you forgave
But they can't feel six feet deep inside the grave
What's left, but attend his wake, believin if it was you
he'd do it for old time's sake, damn
I'm disturbed, by the news when I was told I was sittin
Knowin damn well Boo ain't bullshittin
My life flashed like big bills of cash
and good times we had, now it's all so sad
One of my childhood pals hit the road
When you take, to the streets, then you die, by the
code
But in this case, who knows what went down?
Bottom line is wishin that he still was around
Now he found a spot in my heart, or should I say
lobotomy
Mike, know you're trapped inside of me
And every other brother in Bushwick
Who rushed to your side thick, all down with the click
Yeah, God Bless he laid to rest
Call him Mike Boogie, that's what describes the nigga
best

* Chorus *

We're born to live (4X)

Like that y'all

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