

The Luniz

"Live Yo Life"

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featuring Dru Down

(Yukmouth talking)

Hennessy! (Hindu)

Pass it!

(Ahhh)

It's yo life.

It's yo life.

It's yo life.

Ballin, hit the scene.

Chorus *(Luniz, Dru Down)*

Get yo grind on man.

(Get yo grind on)

Get yo scrilla on

(The scrilla, scratch, paper)

Verse 1 *(Numskull)*

I won't let it phase me

this the game mayne

an this is my domain

make a couple of bomb

shit this ain't the same

now I'ma send this repetension

I'm supposed to have G's
so, all eyes is on me
I see this rap shit ain't brought me nathin
but a 50 couple of mo hoes
and major playa hatin
a nigga can't win for losin
I'm might be choosin the wrong thang to do
but I'm hustlin the same thing as you
nigga I came to the Town already
the Town still takin, now I gotta deal wit ya'll bitch
niggas hatin
fuck that
hit me if ya wanna
mini 14 got ya greedy in the corner
Wanna see me?
You know where I hang
where I used to slang caine
an got my first case for a thang-thang
about keepin shit real
this it nigga
get yo mail on
stay away from all this bitch shit
I don't wanna kill nobody (nobody)
but off the hook
I guess broke niggas make the best crooks (like you)
I got a question

serious as thee

Why's everybody always hatin on me?

Chorus *(Luniz, Dru Down)

Get yo grind on man.

(I'm the pusha, pusha man.)

Get yo scrilla on.

(The scrilla, scratch, paper nigga.)

Get yo pimp on man.

(I keeps the pimpin fa real though.)

Get yo scrilla on.

(I need my money right now bitch.)

Verse 2 *(Yukmouth)*

West coastin

Pacific Ocean

niggas in Oakland

cut close to sellin dope an high

smokin until a nigga stop chokin

get broken off

for tryin to spit a razor blade out

then whip the gage out

an blow him rib cage out

I got my fetti

hit up Casino's like Joe Pesci

the get away ridin a jet skit

I'm double 0-7, Golden Eye

gold mouth, golden finga

ass out while I'm holdin Nina

I remember when I used to sell dope

makin 20 off a Note

task smash an grab a nigga by the throat

but I swallowed it

an you can spit it out

when they split I be the first nigga that try to shit it out

now I'm on some mo'

Rolex

Moet

X-O

mo sex than the next hoe

tote Tech's when we rollin (skee skirt)

it's the creamery

hit the scenery

so cleanery

on chrome eighteens rollin the greenery.

(Chorus) 1x

Verse 3 *(Numskull)*

I hate you

and you hate me

to slang I-C-E

but I see me

bubblin mo than thee

to be or not to be

(That's the question)

Like Shakespeare

You interrupt my struggle and I make fear.

Verse 4 *(Yukmouth)*

Stayed on the West Coast

the best coast

still yo ass full of guest coast

Bitches!

Get yo neck choked

Niggas!

Get yo chest smoked

same thing for nay fiends

these nay fiends

hoe want bankin

thankin they bitch ass cuz it's stankin.

Verse 5 *(Numskull)*

I'm stankin like X-O

staggering my whole life through me

I'm headed to the west like Fievel

I know where I'm supposed to be like compass'

no matter where the fuck you from

yo bitch is bumpin this.

Verse 6 *(Yukmouth)*

Nigga I got that A-1 Yola or K!!

Straight margerin

niggas be starvin in the drought

puttin fo sale signs on they cars an house

Yukmouth about that scrilla, scratchola

stackola on the up an up

I can't be fuckin up.

(Chorus) 1x

(Dru Down's outro)

Nigga get yo scrilla on nigga!

(Biatch!)

Luniz and mutha fuckin Dru Down, you know

(EASTSIDE!!)

steady grindin.

(The Vill in this mutha fucka!)

Yeah that's how we keep sellin these mutha fuckin
records you know.

(Biatch!)

Keepin the scrilla, keep the pimpin up to, ah.. me

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