

The Gun by Tony Yayo

"Live By The Gun"

Visit "[Live By The Gun](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

What the fuck is the deal its the talk of New York Tony Yayo (G-G-G Unit)

Yeah, Yo word up man, its fucking cold out here man, my fucking toes is killin me man (its fucking brick) i fucking been on the block all day man but u know i mean i gotta get this money run sleek snow.....

Yo we project living
With plastic on the furniture,
Little niggaz coming up will
Fucking try to murda ya
The D's not out so the coast is clear
But its getting hard to sleep with this roach in my ear
Everybody got a nena everybody got a vest
New York City is the arena of death
Yo the strip moving slow but everybody going hard
Seeing more d's than a damn report card
Everybody rap now
Follow they dreams im a call my clientele man and
Sign all my fiends same gear for a week wearing dirty clothes
All day in the spot by a dirty stove trials keep me strong
Hope keep me happy, but im only human so these niggaz wanna clap me
The drug game over but theres money to make so niggaz clappin at niggaz
To raise the crime rate

you can live by the gun or die by the bullet
niggaz push me for sho im gonna pull it
material objects got the world crooked
in my hood they hustle and be on the juoke shit
snakes in the grass be on that bullshit
niggas thats ass stay with the full clip
guns get blast niggaz on that shook shit
so live by the gun or die by the bullet

Tthe rhymes u spit can embarass the city
Well my game bag names like paris and nikki
Load the semi im in the spot carving the crack
You stunt ill leave my bullets lodged in ur back

New York City everything move fast little girls get
Pregnant throw they baby in the trash
China white wizzy movin quickly on the ave same coke
That got whitney in the re-hab
Up early in the morning cuz theres money to earn cuz
the early bird
Be the one that catch the worm we nicks trieze twenties
and dimes got my spot looking like a soul train
line
Fuck doin time, im trying to progress, get that money
man nigga serve ur projects
Hustlin homie thats all i know in the summer time i can
make the whole strip snow

you can live by the gun or die by the bullet
niggaz push me for sho im gonna pull it
material objects got the world crooked
in my hood they hustle and be on the juoke shit
snakes in the grass be on that bullshit
niggas thats ass stay with the full clip
guns get blast niggaz on that shook shit
so live by the gun or die by the bullet

Visit [The Gun by Tony Yayo](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.