

## Rod Steward

### "How Ya Livin'?"

Visit "[How Ya Livin'?](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Nas: {Verse One}

What?

Back to back Benzes, wit the wild gremlins  
Gaudiere style lenses, talents in the 40 cal, this is  
Life now, let me find out, you want the life style of mine  
no pal of mine  
Runnin' wit goons wit knife wounds from jail time  
Got the squad lookin' like tycoon, we all shine  
While we parle wit the flyest mommy of 25th street  
Watch how honey in the Lex do it  
I'm in the 6 V wit the 12 next to it  
You wanna stick me, then put ya best to it  
I die black, we see you in Allah Kingdom you try that  
Check the fly cat, 2 point 5 multiply that  
Cash rules, on my arm I flash jewels, and tatoos  
You can look, but don't touch we bad news

AZ: {Verse Two}

American Me, elgancy, treasury  
Wit the hopes to be rich before the bury me  
Born a Baptist, but moved on to higher practice  
My fire ashes, only macks I interact wit  
We all Dons, strong arm, all on calm  
But if it's war we on, comin' for niggas who crossed me  
wrong  
Select features, sit back connect the pieces  
Inject the thesis, spoke to my pops and left him  
speechless  
He saw me sprout, goin' through worlds that wore me  
out  
Never call me out, bitches and money, that's what we  
all about  
Through all the routes landed here, beach houses wit  
the chandaliere  
Me & my crew, mad cans of beer  
It's copin', live vibe, still eyes open, it's clear  
Presidential Suites at the Tangiere

CHORUS:

Nas:

How you livin' on your block?

AZ:

Mines is hot, how you livin' on your block?

Nas:

I got it locked, what's goin' down on your side, who got shot?

AZ:

Same shit dun

Nas:

Yeah, alright I'll meet you up top

AZ:

Yo it's hard to shake this feelin' that I might get knocked

Nas:

Dun you know it don't stop, we can't close up shop

AZ: {Verse Three}

VVSin', nuttin' less than how we steppin'  
Coupes kidded, cuties wear the sleazy dress &  
See me flexin' through the hood, d's be stressin'  
Illegal search, tryin' to find weapons for gun  
possession  
Never want for questions, every move made is  
destined  
Black professors, let's take it back to the essence  
Another version, of the Goldie, mack, pimp servin'  
Convince the urban, project, ghetto prince emergin'  
Half Hispanic, hollow tips, massive damage  
The path was granted, loaded gats, blast the cannon  
chipped up, live by morals don't get it mixed up  
Dis what?, millionaire strut, wit the Crist cup  
Switched up, slow goin', gold showin'  
Doe flowin', eyes don't lie, hoes knowin'  
Main attraction, lace love in the latest fashion  
Trained in mackin' never, rockin' Gators clashin'  
Assorted wear, AZ, Firm extraordinaire  
Make it more severe, lockin' shit down all this year

Nas: {Verse Four}

Nowhere to go from here, but the top of this sphere  
Nuttin' stoppin' us here, we lockin' this here  
Wit the black toaster by my hip bone, fuck a holster  
See me at the Copa, platinum choka  
The God's wit me, mad blunt smoke, it's hard to miss  
me

Pick one out of two dimes to twist me  
New nines is crispy, mind on chips, rhyme on shit  
that's strictly made for cats whose rich  
Excuse me, is that your bitch in my 6  
turnin' up the volume when she hear my hits  
On her wall mad flicks, now you want me blasted  
But don't get it confused over this rap shit  
Kinda laced, lookin' at diamonds in my onyx face  
Oyster perpetual Roly wit the day & date  
Y'all playa hate this  
To fly for female singers who get face lifts  
& fake titties  
We rule the world & take cities  
I dreamed of this son  
Happy we made it past the jakes, fakes  
and fiends of the slum (Wor)

#### CHORUS

AZ (Nas):

(Unh...What?) It's a doe thing, niggas know the game  
don't change  
(un, un) from the Coke game (Coke game) to the dope  
game  
from a slow brain (Dope game) Ha, ha (Fuck a no  
name)  
We done did it again son, they can't fuck around (No  
doubt, un)

AZ (Nas) {Overlapping each other}:

You know the game don't stop, from the Coke game to  
the Dope game  
(Firm Biz, Firm Biz...un...Total Package)  
Niggas know that the game don't stop  
from the Coke game to the Dope game  
fuck a no name (un, un B.K., Q.B., un)  
That the game don't stop, from the Coke game  
to the Dope game, know the doe... (Escobar, Sosa, ha  
ha, un)  
Niggas know that the game don't stop (Firm Biz)  
from the Coke game to the Dope game

AZ:

Niggas know that the game don't stop  
Niggas know that the game don't stop  
Niggas know that the game don't stop  
from the Coke game, to the Dope game, fuck a no  
name

