

B.G. F/ Juvenile**"Can I Live"**

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CHORUS

Can I Live?
Hell yeah but you still gon die
Cmon nigga you a thug
But I'm still gon cry
And you done learned off experience
I'm still gon ride
They kill me, you gon kill them?
I still got pride
Can I Live?
Hell yeah but you still gon die
Cmon nigga you a thug
But I'm still gon cry
And you done learned off experience
I'm still gon ride
They kill me, you gon kill them?
I still got pride

[Jadakiss]

Yo now I done said everything I could possibly say
Ask them niggas in your camp is you hotter than J. A.
D.A.K.I. two S's
A true message
Y'all better wear a few vesses
Live pussies
Bout to be dead dicks
I pack guns that shoot through schools the red bricks
And just because you mighta seen me on the award
show
I'm still in the hood nigga gettin raw dough
And later on tonight I might be hittin your hoe
And I got more money so I'm coppin more dro
Everything I said I meant B
Y'all gon tempt me
To rob y'all spend your whole stash on my empties
Mwa yours truly
Can't do nothing to me
Think you Scarface but you aint see the end of the
movie
I'm the type of nigga that'll take 5 cakes
Turn em into 5 acres

Faster than 5 lakers
Lay back, get high, tote my gun around
Throw a string on the pony so I can tote my son around

[Sheek]

Ay yo
The path I walk is filled
Who the fuck won't I kill
Thin as that line down the hundred that you can tell if
it's real
Smooth as Sinatra
You can tell by my pops that I'm street
Fuck the forecast I'll let you know what day'll be heat
See I recruit smart niggas will hunt
No dumb niggas
Who will kill over money not bitches like some niggas
I think marketable
Fuck y'all niggas who stay bummin
I'm that nigga sellin pills at all of Howard homecomings
If you get high I got weed
And if you get drunk I got vodka
And if you want base I got popcorn like Orville
Reddenbacher
See I'm bullseye
I empty my bananna in your bandanna
First try
Never will my bullets miss a vick
I use one to do a hit
On some professional shit
Bitch
(Ha that's crazy)

CHORUS

[Kasino]

Outta three-fourths of them niggas who cross your path
Minus them half ass who talk fast and finish last
Who gon get his cash
Turn to his man and give him half
Cock the hammer back
Stood by his side and didn't dash
When the charge is federal
And they fingerprint his ass
Who can he trust to be
Front of the judge screamin it's just me
It must be
More than just a nigga love
Make em do five joints no contact without givin his
niggas up
Give his keys to his truck
Wish his niggas luck

Call it's best fit suggested that she let his niggas fuck
Fingerfuck them figures up
No parole
Bigger truck
Kasino is that name big enough
Nigga what

[Styles]

You wouldn't bust your gat wit me
If you never sat wit me
Lit up a sack wit me
Or hustle some crack wit me
Came through the cipher bow down and spat wit me
Hopped up the truck and gave niggas daps wit me
You never laugh wit me
Never went half wit me
Never been through the struggle never felt the wrath
wit me
Never slept on the same floor or
Hit the same whore
Ran up in the same store
Or with the same four
Blood thicker than water
Only in certain cases
You need water to live you learn that in the basics
Better cherish your aces
Bullets in the faces
Of the jokers
We laugh at fire nigga we smokers
Sittin on the sofa
Puffin the hash nigga we focused
Why lie I die where the coke is

CHORUS TO END

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