

Top Authority

"Livin' 2 Die"

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Top Authority in the house

Uhh

We are slowly for surely dyin, I'm sittin back home
cryin, tryin to cope

Watchin over young ones, young Gz comin up slangin
....

Livin ????? you're either dead or bein it, that's why
you're locked up

but I guess hopin, black and bein a, ever to much to
smoke

For these coppers, don't like us, the MC's they try us

Roll em up and shake em up and talk your game and
see who's the tightest

and I is, messed up but it's especially the truth about
my feelings

Tryin ta make millions, but ain't seen the millions, so
I'm stickin the

..... dealins

Assisted, assisted the case, you missed the, it's
feelin

Forget suckin up *?deevy?* cos you need to sing it

If you're rated G, you're wit me til I D-I-E

That's why we're livin 2 die

Chorus:

Livin 2 die, gotta do my time

Livin 2 die, they ask me why do I get high

I'm livin 2 die, cos I gotta do my time

Livin 2 die, they ask me why do I get high

It was a mix-up Saturday night, walkin by, a gunshot
hook up wit down the

block

Hopin the shit was a dream when I see my homey shot
(Damn, man)

Whole corner blocked off

When my homey did a little dirt, that's why he got
knocked off

But skip that, me and my homey go back like 8-tracks

and while I'm steady drinkin, I'm simply thinkin of that
payback

No time for layback, cos it's time to go do these
busters

Run thru these busters, and work out back on who dees
busters

As we creep, hope we creep up right behind em

This here is weak, ain't gonna sleep until we find em

let em know, what they did, bust em straight up

They took my homey away so now I'ma take their whole
click

Get matter-of-fact, I know where one of dem busters
live

And it gonna be drama when we pull him out his
momma's crib

Unload the gauges and the Tek 9's

These busters try to check mines, it's time they respect
mines

And hit em right where it hurt

Straight chop em off in the dirt, cos only way they goin
out is in a hearse

The simple fact is I don't know why

I guess the same world we was given got us livin 2 die

Chorus:

Livin 2 die, gotta do my time

Livin 2 die, they ask me why do I get high

High

Livin in fear, I know this grave shhhh, brothers are killin
brothers over

stupid shhh

Over material items and, 40 tips

I will toss that crook or that, cos you'll learn

criminals earn every second, most infected by terms

Hittin their hearse can provide you better protection

Chucked out in this war, stand by the lord and take
safety of a Smith &

Wessun

And stand by your door, cos your door can get kicked
in

Cos it's messed up where we're livin, cause this black-
on-black blastin

And it bring so much pain, but in the game, you know
some days it rain

Tricks runnin their mouth, tryin to frame a brother on
'caine

It's so messed up, man, they ask me why do I stay high

Smokin on fo'-fifty-fo' flight got me livin 2 die

Chorus to fade

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