

Union

"Livin"

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featuring Blaze, Sticky Fingaz, X-1

(Do you believe in God? '98 nigga)

[Sticky Fingaz]

I'm from New York nigga, the murder capital

Come in my hood wearin the wrong shit, they might cap
you

I'm a sinner, I hope God forgive me

At the rate I'm goin now my moms'll probably out-live
me

All my niggas is hardcore criminals

All I got left is my word and my genitals

I'm on some thug shit till I get cremated

Me and Larry Davis probably related

I hate the judge and can't stand the cops

Wanna dump on them pigs till my hands get hot

You wanna KILL ME? I ain't scared to get smoked

I'll probably die laughin, cuz y'all niggas is jokes
WHAT!

I wanna wrap my hands around your throat WHAT!

I'll make Ted Bundy look like the pope

I show no love cuz I ain't got no feelings

You know the routine, reach for the ceiling

And if not for you, do it for your child's sake, nigga

I'll get you murdered then come to your wake

I speak in four-letter words, my rhymes is curse

Niggas ears gon' bleed when they hear this verse

Holdin court in the streets, I ain't doin a bid

I'd rather die, put that on my unborn kid

There's two ways out the game, death or jail

If there's a God, then WHY THE FUCK I'M LIVIN IN HELL?

Chorus

There's two ways out the game, death or jail

If there's a God, then why He got us livin in hell (4x)

[X-1]

X-1'll blast five (BLAOW!) through the back of your neck

Out your mouth, I'll bet that'll straighten you out

Live shit is the realest shit of all subjects

And I love wreck, put the pressure on any suspect

Life tactics is all I spit in my rap shit

Most y'all cats is wack and need practice

Get burned to ashes, spit on your casket

It's mad sick, drastic, it don't get no harder than this

Squeezin hard for the chips

More bricks, the larger the wrist but that's the fun of it

Every car hidden got a gun in it, I'm tryin to get mine

Get out and run wit it, kid extort your block

Unorthodox, this is all off the top

X-1'll throw you off the docks

And I done laid the best to rest over this music

Half y'all niggas is S-O-S WHAT

Stuck On Stupid

Chorus

[Blaze]

Slugs I send express, take it to your face and chest

Digest gun smoke, don't provoke finger in trigger

Been love sick, gat throw like ugly

Mister thug clip, biggest the slugs hit

One of you bugs better maintain

I claim you got game, drown you in a lake of octane

Never miss when I cock the four-fifth

Stain your garments, hit any target

From New York to Cali, I leave you fucked up in a back alley

Swell you up and bury your heart

Shells won't stop fallin, once they start blocks spark

It's trouble, rippin your parts, for your flesh bubble

Hell cuddles my life line in this trife time

Bust shots, live nines

Drive mines crazy like V-J Day

Live life the PJ way, it's D-Day

When A & A sprays

Travelin, like a heat-seekin javelin

Blaze slays rivals when battlin

Chorus

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