

## Deborah Sasson & Mcl

### "Livin Life as a Rider"

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[Verse 1: Jim Jones]

There was no love for us (nope)  
So we did what we did just to make a buck played  
around we're fucking nuts (crazy)  
Hope them ho's puckerup tryna get them to slide  
Thats on our mind getting high all the time (we tryna  
fuck!)  
We hustle hard, hope the fiends buy all the dimes  
So we can scoop up and hit the party and scoop a bitch  
(get twisted)  
You know the drill homie  
Play the rules and play the field but don't get killed  
homie (stay alive)  
So where's the better days?  
The have to get up days to cheff up yay just to get us  
paid (we hustle hard)  
You see never it fails most of my homies either dead or  
jail (gone)  
Don't fuck with phonies cause they get you killed (ah  
ah)  
My testimony's every bitter real (thats right)  
Dont run up on me cause I'm gripping steel (bang  
bang)  
I'm kinda nervous and I'm quick on the blast  
due to the murders that I witnessed in town

[Chorus: Denise Weeks]

Livin the life with a rider seems  
it's the only thing that I'm gonna run to  
Thats when you light and get high with me  
Look what the ghetto's did to me (Baby)  
And when you finish running the streets  
I'll be the only one that you gonna run to  
Just getting paper and ducking police  
Look what the ghetto did to me (uh)(yeah yeah)

[Verse 2: Jim Jones]

There was no peace in sight (nope)  
It was sleepless night (yup)  
Hustling yay breaking day to see the light (money man)  
Street squalie you see polices lights (squalie)

As I polie on this decent price  
Got a cuses that want some pies 23 a slice  
Transactions by the building, uptown Harlem world,  
Manhattan where we kill them (Taz)  
Plus my project way of thinking spending most my days  
drinking  
It's like I'm on my way to sixton (lock in)  
But we do what we do thats survival  
And we move how we move thats through the rivals  
(fuck them enemies)  
It's been said we living suicidal, it's like rush at eleven  
placing bucks on your bet  
Do your thang slang cane and get your bucks on your  
steps (watch)  
Watch ya ass young man they want you under arrest  
(thats them pigs)  
And you ain't know, they getting stripes for that  
They have you in your cell man serving life for that

Chorus]

[Verse 3: Jim Jones]

Now for my project corners, go hard for warrants  
(fuck'em)  
Every night I make it, I pray to God for goners (I pray to  
God)  
We pour liquor on floors  
That's for the soldiers that we lost in the mist of this  
war (RIP Life)  
For the ones on the grind and front line they got called  
by po nine  
And now they prisoners of war  
They fight for appeal or a bill or a ball  
Cause they slipped and got nailed for a sale of a rob  
(Zeek you know wassup)  
Two shouts for O.B.C.C six main house of fame  
When you come home come and see me  
Stay cool I lay the rules on ya  
Play the fool and they will move on ya  
Young niggaz that keep them tools on ya  
They quick to let them blickas blast (bang bang)  
So crazy the way we get this cash (How we livin?)  
Real hot up on these murderous blocks (blaatat blaatat)  
Broad day bang bang I know you heard all them shots

[Outro: Denise Weeks]

Livin the life with a rider seems it's the only thing that  
I'm gonna run to  
That's when you light and get high with me  
Look what the ghetto's did to me (baby)  
And when you finish runnin the streets

I'll be the only one that you gonna run to  
Just getting paper and ducking police  
Look what the ghetto did to me (yeah)  
Look what the ghetto did to me  
Look what the ghetto did to me  
Look what the ghetto did to me (eh eh eh hh)  
Look what the ghetto did to me  
Look what the ghetto did to me  
Look what the ghetto did to me (eh eh eh hh)

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