

Deine Lakeien

"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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