

Dru Hill F/ Da Brat, Jermaine Dupri

"Can I Live"

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Intro: Jadakiss

Uh yeah, yeah, what what, yeah yeah, yeah, what,
yeah, what
yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

Verse One: Jadakiss

Yo this is a monopoly, niggaz ain't stoppin' me
And we can't lose cuz Puff set us up properly
Just won't settle for lesser, who wanna test us
We be in the 5 with the goose headrests
L.O.X. put niggaz under pressure
You shoulda knew that, it's always them new cats that'll
get ya
Better start lookin at things from my angle
I'm trying to be up on the board with a triangle
Next to my name with a 10 or a 20
Now that's when you really can say you gettin money
But right now all I do is sit back and listen
To a wise young man who quickly became a rich one
Put me up on the fact that it ain't hard to get some
Chips if I just keep writing with ambition
Then I get an advance from the 5 to the 6 and
House with 2 kitchens, diamonds, plenty women
Built-in pool to swim in
But the plan is to start from the floor, and raise it up
Then you hit'em in the head 'til your days is up
You blazin' what, playboy you frail and butt
You know when Bad Boy drops, all your sales is cut

Chorus: Black Rob

Can I Live, no one man can stop me
Can I Live, no front-line can block me
Can I Live, its enough base for all of us
Can I Live, without the names they calling us
Can I Live, no one man can stop me
Can I Live, no front-line can block me
Can I Live, or do I gatta bring it to these kids
Can I Live, if I don't live nobody lives

Verse Two: Styles

Time is money, money is power so I'm sour
22 feelin like I've wasted every hour
Of my life, shoulda been had a million in ice
High as a kite, feeling the flight
Turbulence, once in a blue moon I had a dream of fly
shit
Hanglide to the Alps with this fly chick
Condo in Fresno with the lesbo
And the honey that she hit know how to stretch blow
They know that I'm Styles they respect the flow
Why don't y'all let a nigger live and help him make a
decimal
Truth will set you free what will a lie do
Niggaz say I'm God but I be gettin' high too
Can't love the money like the niggaz beside you
Cuz when the paper gone...you gon' slide too
Niggaz wanna ball, but got to fall to rise
While the world spins around they wanna stall they
eyes
Close they ears my nose makes me oppose my fear
Cuz I can smell hell
Before I sell rat I'll catch a shell farewell
Niggaz will never tell
Their man that I was pussy
Unless they got a gun, and I ain't got one, I might let
you push me

Chorus

Verse Three: Shiek

I pray to God to promise me, before I see the pearly
gates
To let my whole team be straight, mansion no Section 8
Puttin' pressure so that I can make this bed
Got 2 mattresses now all I need is the spread
With like 4 pillows so my seeds can rest their heads
You think platinum is enough, nah Sheek want more
Tryin' to sell more than Tickle me Elmo in the store
Italian cuisine, Linguin. while my diamonds like-SHING
So when I move at night-time you might think it's light-
NING
Just throw me the ball once and I'll tell you no lie
Shiek gonna show you money, like Jerry McGuire
It's a thug thing, L.O.X. product thing, conducting
Anything for chips while you sit and blab your lips
In the restaurant taking tips while Sheek on trips
Logos on our ships bustin' at the eclipse

While im pissy, spittin' up Crissy in the water
But you can do that for money, when 100's like a
quarter...

Chorus

Verse Four: Black Rob

This is to my AK tollas, money bill foldas
Bambin soldiers, whips wit big motors
On the low for years, the Feds can't decode us
We bust rounds, all you gotta do is load us
My night time prowlers, and grimmey after hours
Karl Kani, Mumalo wear, Eddie Bauers
Flippin cake niggaz, who strip and take niggaz
Upstate niggaz, my Crystal Lake niggaz
We gonna hold it down if we gotta shake niggaz
And make niggaz do what we say, or break niggaz
Survival of the fitist, it ain't me cause I did it
Now you see me shinnin 2 mill with my diamonds
And I owe it all to heart grimmin
Don't mean i'm gonna stop climbin, 9-9, it's good timin
I salute my thugs, who rock
With the drugz and switch gunz, and pay 30 thou for
the slum
Make it happen, I swear to God if I don't make it rappin
I'm clappin, extortin, and robbin niggz cribs and
contactin
Can I live...

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