Evidence f/ Blu, Phonte, will.i.am ''For Whom the Bell Tolls''

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[will.i.am - Intro] (Phonte) Ready or not... (Ready or not...) Ready or not... - It's time to go [Phonte - Verse 1ne] Uh.. This is my last day, this is my last era Wifey sittin front row runnin her mascara And I'm laid out STIFF like my last pair of starch jeans; it seems that all my past errors don't even matter 'cause, I ain't even mad at God I just think the saddest part is I don't wanna go 'Cause who the hell knows for, whom the bell tolls I was, chillin with muy peoples just, out on Melrose with Blu and Evidence lampin in our shelltoes Drainkin brew and tappin bitches on the elbow then WHOA!! - Another chapter closes well When they start to toll, it's just yo' time to bail, yeah [Chorus: will.i.am] Some people live their life to die Some people live to try, and fly, and fly sky high Some people live their life to ride Ride 'cause they riders, some people talk that jive Some people live their life to lie I live my life to open up my eyes real wide, wi-wide Some people wanna live blind and walk the road Oh, no - for whom the bell tolls [Evidence - Verse 2wo] Uh, bells and whistles, they shootin, could smell the pistols They never EVER hit or miss - it's the real official Bullseye target, like New Jack Carter The harder it gets, the more I find the market off sparkin the Flint {*matches strike*} Part of me says, "Go back home" The other half says, "Get that throne" (y'know?) So I spit words, they read like palms and turn directions from East to North (oh!) We can't stop nature takin its course But I can report, so I stay with my hand on record Lookin for the next future resort to reside in a time where bell rings and people are dyin I'll just try to escape to this place in my mind [Chorus: will.i.am] Some people live their life to die Some people live to try, and fly, and fly sky high Some people live their life to lie I live my life to open up my eyes real wide, wi-wide Some people wanna live blind and walk the road Oh, no - for whom the bell tolls [Blu - Verse 3hree] Aiyyo, ashes to ashes and dust to dust R.I.P. Jay Dee, DJ Dust - this was us Ah,

back when it was cool to bust, picture us Eighty plus, surrounded by the crowd wit'out a mic to clutch Years passed and now and then I light it up Reflect and get inspired by the fire that's inside of us Dealin with the yadda-yadda, by-the by-the business try to ditch ya like economy (Why?) 'Cause John wasn't about to be politick-in (maaaan) It's the middle of '08 and I still ain't heard Obama speak 'bout problems that we face, I'ma tryna get this cheese 'Cause you never know, who shall tolls the bell's toll folk Young folks are old folks, when it's time to go, it's time to go, folks Stroke, croaks, cloats, and ghost I hold hope, blow faith in your face then fade home like.. [Chorus: will.i.am] Some people live their life to die Some people live to try, and fly, and fly sky high Some people live their life to ride Ride 'cause they riders, some people talk that jive Some people live their life to lie I live my life to open up my eyes real wide, wi-wide Some people wanna live blind and walk the road Oh, no - for whom the bell tolls [Outro - will.i.am] Some people wanna live blind and walk the ro- Some people wanna live blind and walk the ro- {SOME PEOPLE WANNA LIVE BLIND AND WALK THE ROAD OH, NO - FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS } [Evidence] E-v..Blu Khyrsis on the beat.. Phonte, uh, for whom the bell tolls.. Uh...Hello, will... Waddup, will? Haha...Uh, for whom, the bell tolls.. They say when it's your turn to go, it's your turn to go So we gon' turn to music up real loud Think about all of our people...for whom the bell tolls George Carlin...Norman Whitfield, Isaac Hayes...

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