

Friedrich

"Can I Live"

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Verse 1: Jay-Z

Yeah, ya'll niggas finished yo?
Ya'll niggas finished?
Got your little radio, play your little videos huh?
You finished nigga, huh, huh, huh?
Ya'll finished, Can I Live? Huh, Can I Live?

Yo, yo, yo I blacks out, I pulls da mack out
Scream what's that about, then I clap out
I get my fly on, and my drop on, due to write on
Don't even hate on those who hate me, I got pac on
Feelin it, feelin it, chickens are ice grillin it
Cops pullin it over, Jigga react militant
Speed off
Officer told me "Turn the beat off"
I truned it a level higher
The return of the devil's fire
I'm raised different, react in situations niggas lay stiff
in
Rookies blame it on the age difference
My subliminal flows create criminal O's
Sing along if you with me, till the end of the road
I'm cynical, when in the view of the public and this is
because
I'm defensive I'm in of these views
The percentage of those who don't understand
Is higher than the percentage who do
Check yourself, what percentage is you?, Can I Live?

Chorus: Jay-Z

For all my niggas with the all white air force ones
And black guns stack ones yo, Can I Live?
For all my chicks, bitches, ho's stand bull legged like a
bull dog
You nah mean, uh, Can I Live?
To all the C-low champs, two green dice and one red
Stop the bank and roll head ya'll, Can I Live?
To all my niggas who drink Hennesey straight
Cop mix tapes, and sell weight niggas

Verse 2: Jay-Z

I got the Feds sendin me letters cause I'm schoolin the youth
But they can't lock me down cause my tool is the truth
Yeah I sold drugs for a livin, that's a given, why is it?
Why don't ya'll try to visit the neighborhoods I live in
My mind been through hell, my neighborhood is crime central
Cops look you up more than try to defend you
I push you to the limit when I'm needin the wealth
And all I see is life's cycle just repeatin itself
Ran into shorty boppin down the ave, on the way to
glock his magnum
He proceeded to show me a block of slab and said..

Memphis Bleek:

Ayo there's money out there I've just got to have
When I catch up to these fiends, I'ma knock em on they ass
Not to brag, sometimes I look at my life and laugh
How I think about school and it taught me not to grab
When I back out, let one out, let the barrel turn
Holla at you faggots that it's block to burn
That credit, you dead it, I know heads getting annoyin
Knew all about a dope fiend before beaten down new goings
Flippin boyin, using the right cut
One thing that's fucked up is bad dope that I can't pump
This slab gotta re-up and re-bag
Blend it in with the raw, bubblin fast, cop more
Once I get it, I got it, I lock it
Nobody pop shit
Sellin twenty's on my block bitch on some black top shit
What you want nigga?, What you want nigga?
What you want, What you want nigga? Can I Live?

Chorus: Jay-Z

To all my niggas that hold coke in they bubble coat
Tryin to win with the construction Timbs yo, Can I Live?
Ayo, esse, all my chicks that strip, booze
Go to the store with the dobbie pins still in
All my chicks with the credit card scams
Two kids, one job, and no man
All my chicks getting that washroom set with they welfare check
All my niggas rockin them fitted caps tryin to get in this rap, nah mean?
All my cats with open cases, big cars and no licenses
I like that shit, I see ya'll
All my niggas that say pause after they say some fucked up shit

Rock on, Jigga shit, Roc-A-Fella forever, yo, uh

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