

Gary Shearston

"Live By It"

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[Mr. Marcelo]

First of all, ain't no mistakes aloud
Quickest nigga to pull a trigger moves the crowd
Livin' it foul, ghetto nigga doing it wild
Lots of niggas wanna be us, but they don't know how
I growl like a dog, before I break ya off
Anything above ya shoulders, I take it off
I got nothing to lose but alot to gain
I ran, I slang, I hang in the courtway mane
Late night on the flight just doing my thing
If it's beef I'm letting them rang, it ain't not thang
To no nigga that fuck with me
Doing bad they'll rob armored trucks with me
Take it back to the hood and spit it up with me
They dump for me, I guess cause of who I run with
Niggas down to drop, givin' em low shit
I pack a handgun with a .30 round clip
Down to cut lose, no running or getting spooked
Who act greedy?, if I can't, you can't either
Me and Mac, in the beamer truck strangling heaters
We live by it, we die by it

Chorus: [Mr. Marcelo]

I live by it and I die by it, and if I got beef
I sleep and I lie by the gun
I live by it and I die by it, and if I got beef
I sleep and I lie by the gun

[Mac]

What, nigga, look
My bodyguard ain't Kevin, they call him Mac-11
Look down the barrel and tell me if you see Hell or
Heaven
I murder my foes and pray for they souls
And plead guilty, and expect the same when you kill
me
Tell my bitches to carry out the slaughter, and it's an
order
It'll be a red christmas, for you son and your daughters
I live by it, but Mac will never die by it

You don't want them Telly boys to come fly by
G.T. Apostle, put that on the hood
And if I die representin' that it's all good
My brother Ghost is a straight shot, give him a glock
From a rooftop, and they'll never know who shot

Chorus: [Mr. Marcelo]

I live by it and I die by it, and if I got beef
I sleep and I lie by the gun
I live by it and I die by it, and if I got beef
I sleep and I lie by the gun, the gun

[Mr. Marcelo]

Man .38, I love her, .25 will make me miss her
Traded in a 10 mintue to get his little sister
Me and Mr. Mauseberg was tight as fuck
But ain't no way I'm givin' my chopper up
I love to hear the sound of M-16
Two 23's and AR-15's
AP-9, Mac-11, and the techs in effect
But ain't no telling, what finna eject
Desert Eagle, we bustin' back at them people
Niggas afraid, in the fade, throwin' grenades
Pop a 4-5 and glide, it's real cool
When 4-4 came around, they act a fool
SK in the hallway, surrounded by troops
For niggas that don't know, a troop is a .22

Chorus: [Mr. Marcelo]

I live by it and die by it, and if I got beef
I sleep and I lie by the gun
I live by it and die by it, and if I got beef
I sleep and I lie by the gun, the gun
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