

Jagged Edge F/ Jermaine Dupri, Mr. Black

"Words to Live By"

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[Remedy]

Armed and dangerous, the man renames nameless
The face though is famous
Movin' shadows, cut you up though, somethin'
shameless
Knife dallaba, white horse gallaba
Gold plated, swingin' with the double-edge sword,
excalibur
The fiery-red, seven head blue-eyed devil
Hollow be thy name on the sixty-sixth level
My hands bare lambs blood, marked on my door step
Your first born swept, while your snake ass slept
Words to Live By, the human eye, can't identify
Can't lie, die before the day I rat and testify
Never talk, or you can chop my head, with the
tomahawk
Damned if I can't fuck you, let my man a walk
Took an oath for you and me both
Sworn to secrecy, the plan is to expand like growth
So, remember that, can't turn your back on the pact
True fact, so what's your next plan of attack, now?

[Chorus x2: sampled singer]

Whatcha gonna do
When time's caught up with you

[Remedy]

Yea..
What I live for is what I'll die for
Revolutionary Third World War, got guns galore
Master Southpaw, right hand jammed to the jaw
Last thing that he saw, was a left at the floor
I always tell my old man pops, I'm goin' out gunnin'
Turn our asses into liquids, and we're off and runnin'
Prepare for what's comin' and that's it
Takin' one shot and gettin' hit in this world of shit
My roots stem straight from Bethlehem
Starring three wise men, Heavensent, livin' Old
Testament
Mosaic, poetic, Judaic by genetics
Those who speak don't know, and all semetics

God forbid, me as a kid just caught in the mid
Of the code we live, eye for eye and tooth for tooth
Regroup the youth, stare them down and teach them
the truth
Organized revolution, yeah I got proof
Now what?

[Chorus x2]

[Remedy]
Whatcha gonna do? It's on you..
Time's tickin', the plot thickens

Yo, for this conversation, don't leave the phone
Don't speak to soon, meet the hand of your doom
It's on a need-to-know basis, watch out for two-faces
I know about some unsolved homicide cases
If it come down to it, what am I gonna do?
Put your life in my hands, I'll take a bullet for you
Brother-to-brother, in life and in death
Expand as the words of a mother are just poison as
breasts
It's so funny, seen most sell their soul for money
In a land once filled with mad milk and honey
Human sacrifice, man's vice, fire and ice
Livin' person, every man's head has a price
Cut-throat, no suicide note, armor-plated under the
coat
Level four is your antidote
Grown men you never know when your whole world
could just come to an end
Keep the faith 'til then, though

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: Remedy]
Remedy..

[Chorus x0.5]

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