

The Living End

"What Would I Be"

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[Eligh]

No diamonds would be bought by this man
If I took a lucky strike and hit the jackpot
Would I rot in hell or prosper
Cottontail the offer
Or just plot to tell the officer
Of the demons in the missions that I've been in
Let us keep continuing
Say the bank account was millions
And I lived in a skyscraping building with high ceilings
Would I fall to the bottom where the serpent catches
prey
In the form of spending money frivolous each and
every day?
Would I give it to the homeless or go buy a house in the
Bay?
I know I'd pay my mama's mortgage, helping out the
family
Take it to the next century, build a solid foundation
beneath me
I don't think I'd be stupid with it, I'd just handle it
generously
Curiosity killed the cat
Just think about that when you got the fat stacks
And can't find your way back
Bottom line is music is my number one
And nothing made of paper can cut through my vapor
Vibrations stabilize my able eyes

[Chorus: N8 and Eligh]

Who would I be with money?
What would I do?
Would I stay true?

[N8 the GR8]

Who wants to be a millionaire? Me!
Is that your final answer? I'm pretty sure it might be
Matter a fact, the fatter the stack
The more likely to see us ahead of the pack like fleas
Get a house, pay my debts, and my spouse
And my Moms, a couple of cars that run the college

fund

Fix my teeth, lace my peeps, fulfill the dreams that
made this beat

It'll be strange at first I think, but I'll adjust fine

Make my money worth my time and all of us shine

Invest in my friends' success, independent

I'm blessed to still be in my skin so stop trippin'

Would if I could but we're good so we can't

No matter how ugly of a picture it's paint

Leave a stain with my small frame

Ain't got a damn thang

Nothin' to lose and everything to gain

[Chorus x2]

[The Grouch]

Now if you literally had a million in the bank

Who would you thank? Would you do crank?

How would you paint

A picture to fit the dreams you dreamt your whole life?

Exempt from old strife

Would you know pain's name anymore?

You came in the door with just a shirt on

Now you have a name brand suit to kick dirt on

Word on the street's you keep the cash on you

East of California, peeps they flash on ya

Bodyguards for yards and autographs for days

A lot of laughs and lays, I wouldn't pass I'd play

Looking glass my way and I can see futures

Powerful business and little Grouch juniors

Figure out sooner not later how major

Plug yourself in as a player, cry later

I'll take my advance now, spend it on a chance to just
that

Not a chain to enhance style when my homies are
broke

You most be lonely, no folks, or just a joke.

[Chorus x2]

[Krush]

If you're in the search of the treasure

Walkin' pathways of pleasure

And pain is the only way to gain a thang

You can count on me to remain the same

Maintain, see I'm here to only lace your brain with
game

Sustain finances substantially growin' annually

Residuals for individuals who plan to be rich

Instead of diggin' a ditch

No way a felon, so listen closely to everything I'm sellin'

If that's what it's all about

Chasin' the fame and clout
Listen, your first mission is just to turn the party out
Be sure to keep writin' flows, providing exciting shows
For all those in attendance
Bear witness to every sentence
Keep dodging opposition and remember to stay
focused
Form like locus on hopeless, forever displaying
dopeness
And hope this encourages all to get up off they asses
Passes to the masses
Before the scene collapses
The fact is we need more support from our sport
Of course I soar because I pour it with force

[Chorus]

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