

## Karl Lage

### "One Life to Live"

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Intro: Shyheim (T.M.F. #2)

Twenty-seven (Yea, yea, yea, yea)  
Wu-Tang (Stapleton, Killarmy)  
Shyheim (T.M.F., Trife the under structure)  
Word (What's the deal, baby?)

[Shyheim]

Yo, for the one-nine-nine-nine shit's gon' change  
Now it's us in the Range, God's givin us brains  
Play the game, put my heart into it, you stupid?  
I'm a gunner, whenever I got the rock I'll shoot it  
(BLAOW! BLAOW!)

The undisputed champion on the M-I-C  
Been Wu-Tang before it became a production company  
Stay fresh like Doug, I run with the thugs  
that'll cut your throat and sell your blood  
Fifty/fifty love around the border  
Should be biddin five to fifteen  
On the Strength for the way I manslaughter  
Rock your girl's boat like the Titanic  
Man, I got more numbers than the Ninex, plus the Bell  
Atlantic  
More hoes than forty-deuce  
More clothes than twenty cleptos could boost  
I'm not havin it  
I bring it to your label, producer and your management  
Man, I'm like the Feds, I bring down your establishment  
Under the Rico, I purchased my 3rd quarterly from Bob  
Cito  
Got your block locked like the Dred, Mike Z and Chino  
You know (What? What?)

[T.M.F. #1]

Look me eye-to-eye and see what you find  
A crime nigga, nine spitter, mind digga, refined  
Power impact, crackin your spine, mankind  
Blow off the surface like landmines in my pasttime  
I saw it all, had plenty broads  
Cut your wig short like Demi Moore  
Ghost, vanished, most mothafuckas don't know I'm

half spanish  
Hazardous lyrical tactics, pinned to the mattress like  
canvas  
Get your ass kicked for talkin backwards  
Puffin Backwoods, walkin thru the back of the hood  
No protection, Stapleton section  
Corrupt life, T.M.F. arch style, we rush mic's  
Disarmed for that gold-piece charm  
Red alert, we all alarmed, ready for combat  
No contact, countin backwards ten-to-one  
Now let me launch that, no way you can catch my  
format  
I'm like the Gingerbread Man, movin on land  
Catch me if you can, I move faster than the average  
man

Chorus: Shyheim {2X}

You only got one life to live  
So all of my children, it's better to give than receive  
Life is short, Days of Our Lives seem to speed  
Still waitin for the day when Clinton legalize weed

[Dom PaChino a.k.a. P.R. Terrorist]  
It's like gunplay when my darts spray  
Leave you scarred today, mental washed away  
I shoot like Hardaway, your body parts decay  
slow-lay, too busy lustin the Rol-ay, platinum face  
I snatch you over-arms, I take you out of space  
Take you into my orbit, Terrorist gone corporate  
Choppin tracks into sawdust, son, so you could snort it  
in the conference room, Terrorist Hymn comin soon  
Album cover pitch-black like the sky, without the moon  
to illuminate, in my dome-piece there lies a metal plate  
Titanium, harder than a lock in your gate  
Burglarize your enterprise and have fun with your mate  
Cuz I'm not nasty, when doin my dirt, won't see ya  
masta me  
Silent Weapons is a classic like Freddy Bassey  
What a word pro, electro, grenade logo  
Forever show how I firmly handle the phono  
Bitches lust me, my plans of wettin the seeds in the  
mo-mo  
Terrorist relatin to Shy, mi vida loco (I feel the same  
way)

[T.M.F. #2]  
Yo, yo, yo, yo  
Eh yo, treasury, stackin this paper for Longevity  
The money first, put it in work, that be my pedigree  
Let's take it to higher degree

Sit back and visualize so our eyes could see  
Black God, we livin hard  
Mugs get scarred, thugs get barred  
Treated like slaves in the yard  
Playin the field, most niggas tell and squeal  
That's why I move for 'self, only me and my steel  
Cuz Shit Iz Real and leary niggas will rat you out  
Get under pressure by the jakes when they smack 'em  
out  
Gat in they mouth, for talkin, you sleep-walkin  
Can't play the street often, become a victim for  
extortion  
for your fortune, your bank rose  
Stank hoes, you think I ain't cold?  
Run up in your crib, take everything, even the sink goes  
You sweat like a pink rose  
Can you smell it, when you soft like velvet?  
Catch one up in your helmet, get dealt wit  
On the quick-fast, take you on a great adventure like  
Six Flags  
Spent every day of my life just tryin to get cash  
So when my shit blasts  
Duck behind buildings for shelter, or you'll get hit fast  
Catch whiplash, fuckin wit Trife, you must've skipped  
class  
Your bitch-ass didn't take notes, infra-red scope  
beamin  
I'm tired of dreamin, I wanna hit the big screen and  
but keep an open eye for them cats who stay schemin

\*irish folk song\*

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