

Tony Yayo

"Live By The Gun"

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Yeah, yo word up man
Fucking cold out here man, fucking toes is killing me
man
Fucking been on the block all day man
But you know I gotta get this money, rain, sleet, snow
man
Fuck man, yo man listen

Yo we project living with plastic on the furniture
Little niggaz coming up will fucking try to murda ya
The D's not out so the coast is clear
But it's getting hard to sleep with this roach in my ear

Everybody got a nena, everybody got a vest
New York City is the arena of death
Yo the strip moving slow but everybody going hard
Seeing more D's than a damn report card

Everybody rap now, follow they dreams
I'm a call my clientele man and sign all my fiends
Same gear for a week wearing dirty clothes
All day in the spot by a dirty stove

Trials keep me strong, hope keep me happy
But I'm only human so these niggaz wanna clap me
The drug game over but there's money to make
So niggaz clappin' at niggaz to raise the crime rate

You can live by the gun or die by the bullet
Niggaz push me for sho I'm gonna pull it
Material objects got the world crooked
In my hood they hustle and be on the juoke shit

Snakes in the grass, be on that bullshit
Niggas thats ass stay with the full clip
Guns get blast, niggaz on that shook shit
So live by the gun or die by the bullet

The rhymes you spit can embarass the city
Well, my game bag names like Paris and Nikki
Load the semi I'm in the spot carving the crack
You stunt I'll leave my bullets lodged in your back

New York City, everything move fast
Little girls get pregnant, throw their baby in the trash
China white wizzy movin' quickly on the ave
Same coke that got Whitney in the rehab

Up early in the morning 'cuz there's money to earn
'Cuz the early bird be the one that catch the worm
We got nicks, trieze, twenties and dimes
Got my spot looking like a soul train line

Fuck doin' time, I'm trying to progress
Get that money man nigga serve your projects
Hustlin' homie thats all I know
In the summer time I can make the whole strip snow

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