

Method Man F/ Street Life, Raekwon, Masta Killa, K "Can I Live II"

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[Jay-Z]

Geyeah, y'all nigaas finished yo
Is y'all niggas finished
Got your little radio play your little BDS, huh
You finished nigga, huh huh, y'all finished
Can I live, huh
Can I live, Joe your bein' stingy with the music bin yo

[Jay-Z]

Yo, yo...yo, I blacks out, I pulls the mack out
Scream "Whats that about," then I clap out
I get my plot on, in my drop on
Through the rotten, dont even hate on those who hate
me
I got popped on, feelin' it (feelin' it)
Chickens are ice grillin' it
Cops pullin' it over, Jigga react militant
Speed off, officer told me to turn the beat off
I turned it a level higher, then return the devils fire
I'm raised different, reactin' situations
Niggas lay stiff and, rookies blame it on the age
difference
My subliminal flows create criminal O's
Sing along if you with me, til the end of the road
I'm cynical when in the view of the public
And this is because, I'm defensive when I'm in
interviews
The percentage who dont understand is higher than
the percentage who do
Check yourself, what percentage is you?

Can I live

For all my niggas with all white airforce ones and black
guns, stack ones yo

Can I live

For all my chicks, pigeons, hoes stand bow legged like
the bulldog, know what

I mean, huh?

Can I live

To all the ce-lo champs, two green dice and one red
stop the bank and roll

heads yo
Can I live
To all my niggas who drink hennesy straight, cop mix
tapes, and sell weight
niggas

[Jay-Z]

I got the feds sending me letters 'cause Im schooling
the youth
But they cant lock me down 'cause my tool is the truth
Yeah I sold drugs for a living, thats a given
Why is it? why dont y'all try to visit the neighborhoods
I lived in
My mind been through hell, my neighborhood is crime
central
Where cops lock you more than try to defend you
I push you to the limit when I'm needing the wealth
And all I see is life cycle just repeatin' itself
Ran into shorty boppin' down the ave
On his way to clockin' mad then
He proceeded to show me a block of slab and said

[Memphis Bleek]

Aiyyo theres money I there I just gotta have
When I catch up to these feinds Im'a knock 'em on they
ass
Not to brag, sometimes I look at life and laugh
How I think about school and it taught me not a ???
When I backed out, let one one, let the barrel turn
Holla at you faggots that its my block to burn
That credit you dead it, I know heads gettin' annoyed
and knew all
About a dope feind before reading donald goings
Flipping boying, using the right cut
One thing thats fucked up is bad dope that I cant pump
This slab gotta re-up and rebag, blend it in with the raw
Bubble it fast cop more, once I get it I got it I lock it
Nobody pop shit, selling twenties on my block bitch
For some blacktop shit
What you want nigga, what you want nigga
What you want, what you want nigga

Can I live...

To all my niggas that hold coke and they bubble coat
Tryin' to win in the construction Timbs yo

Can I live...

Yo USA, all my chicks that strip, boo's, go to the store
with the dewey pins

still in

All my chicks with the credit card scams, two kids, one
job, and no man

All my chicks gettin' that washing set with their welfare
check
All the mummies dame besa, alright?
All my niggas rockin' them fifty cats, tryin' to get at this
rap
Know what I mean?
All my cats with open cases, big cars, and no licenses, I
like that shit,
I'll see y'all
All my niggas at St. Pauls after they say some fucked
up shit
Rock on and uh, Jigga shit, Rockafella forever yo
Uhh, Major Coins, yeah, uhh huh
Memph Bleek nigga

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