

## **Lox, The**

### **"Can I Live"**

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#### CHORUS

Can I Live?  
Hell yeah but you still gon die  
Cmon nigga you a thug  
But I'm still gon cry  
And you done learned off experience  
I'm still gon ride  
They kill me, you gon kill them?  
I still got pride  
Can I Live?  
Hell yeah but you still gon die  
Cmon nigga you a thug  
But I'm still gon cry  
And you done learned off experience  
I'm still gon ride  
They kill me, you gon kill them?  
I still got pride

[Jadakiss]

Yo now I done said everything I could possibly say  
Ask them niggas in your camp is you hotter than J. A.  
D.A.K.I. two S's  
A true message  
Y'all better wear a few vesses  
Live pussies  
Bout to be dead dicks  
I pack guns that shoot through schools the red bricks  
And just because you mighta seen me on the award  
show  
I'm still in the hood nigga gettin raw dough  
And later on tonight I might be hittin your hoe  
And I got more money so I'm coppin more dro  
Everything I said I meant B  
Y'all gon tempt me  
To rob y'all spend your whole stash on my empties  
Mwa yours truly  
Can't do nothing to me  
Think you Scarface but you aint see the end of the  
movie  
I'm the type of nigga that'll take 5 cakes  
Turn em into 5 acres

Faster than 5 lakers  
Lay back, get high, tote my gun around  
Throw a string on the pony so I can tote my son around

[Sheek]

Ay yo  
The path I walk is filled  
Who the fuck won't I kill  
Thin as that line down the hundred that you can tell if  
it's real  
Smooth as Sinatra  
You can tell by my pops that I'm street  
Fuck the forecast I'll let you know what day'll be heat  
See I recruit smart niggas will hunt  
No dumb niggas  
Who will kill over money not bitches like some niggas  
I think marketable  
Fuck y'all niggas who stay bummin  
I'm that nigga sellin pills at all of Howard homecomings  
If you get high I got weed  
And if you get drunk I got vodka  
And if you want base I got popcorn like Orville  
Reddenbacher  
See I'm bullseye  
I empty my bananna in your bandanna  
First try  
Never will my bullets miss a vick  
I use one to do a hit  
On some professional shit  
Bitch  
(Ha that's crazy)

CHORUS

[Kasino]

Outta three-fourths of them niggas who cross your path  
Minus them half ass who talk fast and finish last  
Who gon get his cash  
Turn to his man and give him half  
Cock the hammer back  
Stood by his side and didn't dash  
When the charge is federal  
And they fingerprint his ass  
Who can he trust to be  
Front of the judge screamin it's just me  
It must be  
More than just a nigga love  
Make em do five joints no contact without givin his  
niggas up  
Give his keys to his truck  
Wish his niggas luck

Call it's best fit suggested that she let his niggas fuck  
Fingerfuck them figures up  
No parole  
Bigger truck  
Kasino is that name big enough  
Nigga what

[Styles]

You wouldn't bust your gat wit me  
If you never sat wit me  
Lit up a sack wit me  
Or hustle some crack wit me  
Came through the cipher bow down and spat wit me  
Hopped up the truck and gave niggas daps wit me  
You never laugh wit me  
Never went half wit me  
Never been through the struggle never felt the wrath  
wit me  
Never slept on the same floor or  
Hit the same whore  
Ran up in the same store  
Or with the same four  
Blood thicker than water  
Only in certain cases  
You need water to live you learn that in the basics  
Better cherish your aces  
Bullets in the faces  
Of the jokers  
We laugh at fire nigga we smokers  
Sittin on the sofa  
Puffin the hash nigga we focused  
Why lie I die where the coke is

CHORUS TO END

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