

Ufo

"Live Wires Connect"

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[Keith Murray, UGK and oh my Lord Jamar]

[Intro/Chorus: Lord Jamar]

The east to the west
Up north to the down south
Live wires connect
So if you swangin on thangs
(Keith Murray, UGK and oh my Lord Jamar)
Or down to gangbang, or waitin on the train
It's still the same thang
[repeat]

[Bun B]

You cut your mind and your body with the rhyme and
the shotty
Go and find me or hidin, with wine and Bacardi
Get down like John Gotti then I gotta get lost
I'm gone in the wind
My momma keep on tellin me there's Bun in the sin
I guess I'm hell-bound destined
To learn my lesson, sess in my chestin
It burn but I keep on puffin, no bluffin
They don't call me Big Bun for nothin
No homeboys you come dead, well put em to rest
Bumba clocks em all dead, wit two in his chest
Botty bwoy you come dead, and if in all die
Will you run dead em again? Well go on buddy let em
fly
That's how it is in my city, and your city
Sir it gets no pretti-er just more gritty
Per capita, all around
From the five boroughs on down to the mighty Bro town

[Chorus]

[Lord Jamar]

Now watch this current rock it current for a sentence
For a triple homicide, cripple any drama that reside in
the mind
Of those livin outside of my stateline

Let em know we all the same kind
With the same crimes, catchin the same time, which
translates to hang time
Organised gangs slingin dime
Lord Jamar is black G-zuz, I sees this
Everywhere I go, brothers hustlin to make the doe
Fast or slow, ya wanna see your cash grow
Like grass, but meanwhile take a blast of the el
And let the smell resonate, never hesitate
When it comes to puttin food on your plate
Devise schemes by all means
Like a sunrise when it beams, keep your eyes on the
CREAM
Live Wires on the team Connect, get respect for they
realness
I know you feel this

[Chorus]

[???

Uhh, now who that tryin ta claim they be thumpin
That's only when your funky little fake tape be bumpin
You can catch a square and get done unfair
Because aah, I'll be there, I'll be right there
Cocoa butter, got that, make em all for
Real life hustler movie maker, I know how y'all feel
But long as I'm alive I'ma do the right thing
And block out this stress my past criminal life might
bring
The only way I use to nip it in the bud
Was ta try and put some bullets in some of you joker's
guts
I got victims, G it ain't about the face you make
It's all about the place you take between yourself and
snakes
Now everybody open up your arms for the cocoa-
Mr.Former Football Player-ex drug dealer-gold digger-
Killer with scrilla, they be missin me with the bomb
breakin
Cos I gets busy like no cornwheat

[Chorus]

[Pimp C]

I'm tryin ta stack paper, these pigs can't stand me
It's all about my family, it's all about my candy
It's all about the crush, all about the feelin good
All about the rush, all about us, the first family
Somethin that a young fool never really planned to be
But funny situations, do bring change
And young fools do out here in this wicked game

That's how I'm gon' starve when fools eatin' steak
Man, I can't stop now, too much money out here to
make
Now you could turn your nose up and you can suck your
teeth
But I gotta get this money, ain't nobody gonna get it for
me
And I might have to do shady things
Stick up kid all out, no shame
Run your rings, ear ring in change
Don't make me give it to ya cos it ain't no thang
I do it for the glory man, cuff the thangs
I gotta let em hang, I'm stuck in '87 tryin to regain my
brain
Too many undercovers know my name
A phone line like fire cos I'm a live wire

[Chorus]

[Keith Murray]
Who is this with malicious onslaughts?
Keith Murray, UGK and oh my Lord Jamar
And we bustin on all you losers
Ridin twenty-deep in two black Land Cruisers
Recognise or get paralysed with the drum
Where I'm from they promise you a fair one, then blast
you with the gun
And everybody standin around like it's funny
Junior L.O.D pickin your pockets for your money
The checkered, I slide off and make a funky record
about it
No more than four minutes and some seconds
And live wire connected, from my peoples on the street
who respect it
And the jeeps, hoopties, Benz and Lexus
My squad stretches from New York to Portland to Texas
Let's see who's next to test this
Some herbs, ready to get their heads served
To the hard curb...

[Chorus]

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