

Living a Lie (feat. Mo Money)

Cam'ron

Them niggas actors
They deserve Oscars
We pull choppers
To war with the coppers
Dogg: Them niggas livin' a lie!
Dipset stay fly! Them niggas actors
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Killa!

Let's get the riot on, acting like I'm lying, huh?
5 years probation, possession of a firearm (that's New York)
Did the county, bologna like it was "Ground Round" (that's Texas)
Zeek ran an ecstasy ring, he on the countdown (North Carolina)
Seran down the V, coke in the whip...he bought the Chaper (Chicago)
Notorious secrets? Nah it was secret indictments
Jim indicted but Kelina from P.C could fight it (uptown Rucker)
Up in the peach, yeah the weed atleast he could light it (then what?)
Then Zeek shot, then E killed, then B popped, then me rocked
Yeah, but we shooting back, I'm pulling out the four fifth
If I ain't get em yet, believe their name is on the short list
Yeah, niggas nauseous, I'll show you just what nauseous is
We surround fortresses, studios and offices
You should be cautious, kid
'Fore the boss of this off ya lid, R.I.P. right where the portrait is
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Dipset stay fly!
(Da da do) that means drop it and run it
No fronting cause the coppers is coming, like
(Da da do) that's when we popping them bottles
With some models on our hip is some hollows (Dipset!)
Before they shot they had to valet me
Back in New York, my P.O gonna violate me

Said "why you acting pure as Nixon?", she said "you had no permission
To go to D.C...you know that's out the jurisdiction" (I'm on business!)

"Ma, I gotta eat...I don't know your religion

I got child support, I can't endure the bitching (I can't take it)

Plus some cousins in college, add on more tuition (education)

Said she got me on tape, flipping a quarter chicken (not me!)

Nah...that Persian-white, murder-type fur was right (about \$20,000)

You heard the price, on my neck herds of ice

Vertebrae snapped, gats...huh, I swerve em right

Dipset, bitch, yes, peep our urban life

Like lighting herb tonight, cops come, adjourn the site

They leave...U-turn...customers, we serve em right

So what your life like?

Mine? Type: nice. Light come off the white ice

You: bum-ass knife fights. Killa!Them niggas actors

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Dipset stay fly!I'm proving this, you losing this, there's nothing you could do with this

I'm disturbing the peace, right? Just call me Ludacris (Luda!)

I don't care who exist, the Exorcist moving bricks

Screw a chick, go outside and give the coupe a kiss

Can't pop fly, I get my socks tied

I'm being watched by News 1, Fox 5

CNN, NBC, CBS, creep in my home

Paparazzi, magazines: please leave me alone

Yeah I VV'd the stones, dogg, I'm into cake

I sell records but my real job: interstates ("I" Whatever!)

I been an ape, diamonds in the dinner plate

I'm a winner, fish in my crib, I got a winter lake

And the fountain right, nope, I won't pronounce the price (nope!)

But I'll be bouncing right near you on a mountain bike (a hood near you)

That's where I hound your wife, she see the 4 pounds of ice

Put the 4 pounder right: bang! That's the sound of lifeThem niggas actors

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