

Life Goes On (Prod. Jay Dee)

Royce da 5'9"

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Yo Ivy, let me know when we rolling

We rolling?Alright,

I mean, I been through a lot man

Tommy Boy thing, the bootleggers

You know, life goes on, so what?

You gotta reach deep down in your heart, and pull out as much as you can

To get through what you going through

I'm living proofWay down deep in the heart of a man who was deep!

In the palm of the hands of the truer streets

Lives a, nigga who gives a, lyrical nigga the shivers

Step up and get hit cause him or his fifth'll deliver

His mouth is a gun, the cannibal speaks

You need to do more than floss the hand or the teeth

And shame on it, only thing that pops out

Whenever your glock's out is a stick, and a flag with "Bang!" on it

His flow's out-grown his dreams

Out of a count that he beams out-of-towners and hold down home

You niggas showing up, with a lot of the same soldiers

I'm rolling up, pushing her outta your Range Rover

You decided to be a rider but why, would you do it

When you know you could light up my saliva like lighter fluid

Soak with writing cause 5-9 is back

And he's about to spit thunder and shit lightning! [Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"]

"Life goes on"

Uh-huh, you thought I was done didn't ya?

"The world keeps turning and life goes on"

Thought I would run didn't ya?No no

"Life goes on"

Never again will I, need a return

"The world keeps turning and"

(And I will never leave these streets again)

"Life goes on"

Uh-huh, you thought I was done didn't ya?

"The world keeps turning and life goes on"

Thought I would run didn't ya?No no

"Life goes on"

Long as I live, I'ma continue to burn

"The world keeps turning and" [Royce Da 5'9"]

My crew never call me for beef? No! It never happens to me
That's like calling a SWAT team when it's a cat in a tree
It's too many reasons, to tell you niga please
You can do nothing with me, like weed with too many seeds in it
I'm more, vicious, it gets, more pathetic
You testing something more than a medic nigga or mortician
I'm more than rap, I will rush you
For the sacks like Warren Sapp, like nigga fuck you
I'll stuff you in a Atlanta mansion
Paint the wall with you on "Candid Camera," like I'm a phantom answered
Demand a ransom, cause a fire at your momma's house
And take, all of the tires off of the ambulances
Of course the track, fits Mr. King
Of the small article every month and the Source is back
With Jay-Dilla, from Slum Village
You looking for us, we be in Rock City nigga, come get us! [Chorus] "Life goes on"
"The world keeps turning and liiiiife goes on.."
"Life goes on"
"The world keeps turning and"
"Turning and life goes on"
"Life goes on"
"The world keeps turning and"
"Life goes on"
"The world keeps turning and"

Songwriters

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