

# Can I Live II (feat. Memphis Bleek)

Jay-Z

Yeah, 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 Yo, yo, yo, I blacks out, I pulls the mack out  
Scream "what's that about," then I clap out  
I get my plot on, in my drop on  
Through the rotten, don't 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 don't understand is higher than the percentage who do  
Check yourself, what percentage is you? Can I live  
For all my niggas with all white air force 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 Hennessy straight, cop mix tapes, and sell weight  
Niggas I got the feds sending me letters 'cause I'm schooling the youth  
But they can't lock me down 'cause my tool is the truth  
Yeah I sold drugs for a living, that's a given  
Why is it? why don't 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 Hey yo there's money I there I just gotta have  
When I catch up to these feinds I'm'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 fagots 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 that's fucked up is bad dope that I can't pump  
This slab gotta re-up and re-bag, 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 dewy 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 mommies 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 that say pause after they say some fucked up shit  
Rock on and uh, Jigga shit, Rockafella forever yo  
Major Coins, yeah,  
Memph Bleek nigga

Songwriters

MALIK COX Published by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>