

Live it

Biting Tongues

[Chorus - Yelawolf] I deserve to play, it's been a few days, ain't showed it all

I go outside and breathe, roll down my sleeves and have a ball

Still got these bills to pay and a family, I'm workin hard

But I got a life too, so I throw on my shoes and I live it y'all

[Verse 1 - Paul Wall] I'm fresher than a peppermint and cold as a cough

When I pull up in that foreign and I break boys off

Super ballin is a product of a hard knock life

No more Ramen noddles bread, no more struggle and strife

From a Buick to a Beamer, ambitions of a dreamer

Motivated by Mob Figaz and Andre Nickatina

I'm gettin paper while you're in the shade drinkin Zima

I'm a schemer, you just waitin on your check from FEMA

Been evadin the subpoena to appear in court

Different hustle every season like I'm playin a sport

"Life is Too \$hort, wouldn't you agree?"

See, the best time I ever had in my life was free

My best friend wasn't real, he came with a fee

Reduced time for your sentence come with a plea

Livin in the free world and I'm blessed

Paper chasin is my quest, I grind with no rest

[Chorus][Verse 2 - Raekwon] I'm not a actor, a role model with soul or clapper

I work hard, a good gangsta nigga, blow a stack up

Time still movin and shit, stay on the grind, it's just excuses

Girls lookin at you, you useless (word?)

When everything is wrong, it look like it'll fall

I'm on the job feet first with direction and all

I like coca and then gotta come home and stroke her

Take time, clean my rims and go loc' her

Just wanna lay up, damn

I need two minutes to rest, go 'head and take the Lex' out, scram

Then it's beef in the jump off, 'cause I needed one off

It's like you drew your gun on me in a gun off

Shit won't change, so move with it (move with it)

This is my life, I'm only livin it, so don't go and ruin it

Words from a legend, keep your dome up in the sky

Listen to Paul Wall and Chef Fly (get high)

[Chorus][Verse 3 - Jay Electronica] Dear Mr. President, have you seen FEMA?

Have you seen the Lord 9th Ward, post Katrina?

Niggaz scufflin tryin to find something tangible
The impedes is treatin all the youth like animals
Then wonder why the cops gettin rocked like Mosley
Why niggaz on the TV in the spot like cozy
Now Houston got a problem, Atlanta got a problem
Dallas, Alabama and Miami got a problem
Niggaz wildin out, livin free, yellin sovereign
.38 revolvlin, crack rock ballin
Tats on they face that say Uptown New Orleans
Blastin on sight, fuck fightin, fuck arguin
Meanwhile boat loads of cash go to Israel
Soldiers in Iraq pray to God for a miracle
Sam Cooke said that change was comin
If not, you can bet your ass, danger's comin
[Chorus]

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