

Livewire

Mr. Green

(Live-live-live Live-live-live Livewire Live-live-live Livewire)

Livewire

(Live-live-live Livewire (x8))

Livewire

Windinâ€™ the beat, tryinâ€™ to eat
Still choppinâ€™ up the samples that I find in the streets
I kind of made it but my life is only kind of complete
I still got a couple of goals that Iâ€™m trying to meet
Iâ€™m still dealing with the companiesâ€™ lies and deceit
But Iâ€™m still known to triumph in the eye of defeat
I gaze at the stars, blazinâ€™ all my favorite cigars
Iâ€™m worldwide, but now Iâ€™m trying to take it to Mars
My rhyminâ€™ is dope, I roll around with prominent folk
And Iâ€™m kind of the man, but still itâ€™s like Iâ€™m kind of a joke
Itâ€™s like theyâ€™re tryinâ€™ to put a hole up in the side of my boat
Iâ€™m in the ocean and Iâ€™m motherfuckinâ€™ tryinâ€™ to float
And Iâ€™m trying, trying, trying, trying not to sink
Itâ€™s like I never get a moment never stop to think
Our close friends wonder why I never want to link
Itâ€™s like Iâ€™m so fuckinâ€™ pro itâ€™s like Iâ€™m on the brink
Still broke, even though I know Iâ€™m real dope
And you can throw me in the ocean and I will float
I donâ€™t need a yacht, not even a little boat
You think that they can fuckinâ€™ beat me but they still wonâ€™t

Livewire

(Live-live-live Livewire)

Livewire

(Live-live-live Livewire)

Iâ€™m a livewire

Livewire

Cause Iâ€™m alive

Friends telling me I should probably write more

Other people say I should be in the psych ward

Itâ€™s something that I fight for

I swim light like knicks[?] me in the light sword[?]
Got a couple broken pieces in my pipe drawer
I take a shot still tryinâ€™ the get the high score
But impatient I hate when people tell me fuckinâ€™ wait a sec
When I was young I took a shit under my neighborâ€™s deck
But now Iâ€™m grown catchinâ€™ major wreck
Travel the globe doing shows, meeting people, showing great respect
I hate when fake people tell me is real
They try to sell you followers but canâ€™t sell you the skills it takes to earn them
Fake human beings they got new ways to burn them
A rhyme strong enough to break your sternum
On my own still, showing off the microphone skill
Iâ€™m so ill. I never will be over the hill
Iâ€™m everlasting
In the studio forever smashing
Driving fast as fuck but never have the fear of crashing
The lone wolf
I whoop a horseâ€™s ass with itâ€™s own hoof
You rhyme like the bitch-ass dog, you donâ€™t woof
Or walk around with the mic in the street to keep my cypher complete
Iâ€™m heavy heartened but Iâ€™m light on my feet
I married the beats, Iâ€™ll probably never achieve on the sound
Keep my head in the clouds and my feet on the ground

Cause Iâ€™m a livewire
(Live-live-live Livewire (x4))

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