

What I Gotta Live For

Cam'ron

I ain't got shit to live for anyway, yes you do
I'll see these niggas in Hell anyway you gotta lot to live for
Man fuck all that I'm sayin', you live for me then
Fuck that shit, bloodshed, bloodshed, bloodshedYo, yo, I'm ready to stick the gun to my head and bust a clip
I want the world to see the blood to drip, pus to drip
Crash the car crush the whip
And it's one time I loved the six, fuck this shitTrust a chick? Never that
Only to fuck a bitch to fuck a bitch
Girl ran a circus on me wranglin' brothers tip
Fuck my connect, fuck I expect, I could get weightI'll take half of his cake, run, I would debate
Father had the nerve to tell me I'm a mistake
I said, Dad I told my daughter that, I could relate
And the beef up the hill, is real gettin' live
Still sittin' by, still gettin' highAnd I don't hold my tongue I was wrong enough to tell 'em
That I could stop doing drugs long enough to sell 'em
A proclamation, with intoxication
Ayo Cam' gettin' high, a three rock occasionWoah, I'm so high, you're so high
What the fuck these motherfuckers put in my live
Make a million dollars, yo I could if I tried
But why the fuck I gotta pay him, him, and him?Yo fuck around I'ma spray him, him, and him
And fuck her when your girl lay, him, him, and him
Man, that's why I'ma give it up
The Benz truck drive it up, every weekend did it up
But tell me why, live for what?What do I have to live for
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What do I have to live forYo, yo, yo, I was wishin' for knowledge
But didn't have tuition for college
So that mission abolished
Straight street like power, politics, and policy makingGive a fuck how I see bakin', gimme this, gimme that
Gimme your hat, gimme your gat, gimme your shit
Gimme your bricks, gimme your kicks
Matter fact you pussy, gimme your bitch
Cam' is clappin', I'm in, can't negotiate with Samuel JacksonIt's a time to kill, what do I do?
My girl pregnant, rent is due, the phone is off
The heat is off, no the heat is on nigga
In the street is on, I'm about to beat upon
A nigga 'til they deceased or gone, at least I'm goneWhat do it matter, they just relate to binnis
Girl fucked my man like Jada from Innis

But I play to the finish, got blazed in a blemish
Least I wasn't caged in a clinic in there, you age in a minuteBut you know the sharks, diplomat ho, we know the
art

Come through leave your shit wet like Noah's ark
We order the pies, you sort of a lie
You ain't 730 nigga you 'bout a quarter to fiveLife's on the line, wife's goin' blind
Tell me man, god, what type of a sign
Take a nitrogen nine, man, that's why I'ma give it up
Wrists stay glittered up, every weekend did it up
But tell me why, live for whatWhat do I have to live for
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