Live & Die

Youngblood Hawke

[Intro]Uhh, that's right
Uhh, know what it is
[Verse 1]I remember mixtape exclusive, no name producers
You wasn't hot til' you sold by all boosters
Run up in the chicken coop, corner the rooster
We used to call that "jammin the chickens"
Them the old days, god damnit I miss 'em
We was rappin 'for we knew what it was
We was rappin for a reason to cuss
Now I just rap cause I'm fuckin in love with it
Kinda shy guy, so I had to go public with it
Hip-hop and fish scales and a blue g wedding
Had twins called Hell and Heaven
Nobody really knows when they watchin a legend, til' he gone
Til' y'all kingdome come, in God's name
Come back like Christ and demand for his throne
Rock oil on floatin cologne
That's why these feel so bitches can't leave me alone, I'm gone
[Hook]Yuh, I live and die for this shit
Hip-hop, the love of my life
Ha, uh, I live and die for this shit
Hip-hop, the love of my life
Ha, uh, I live and die for this shit
Hip-hop, the love of my life
Yuh, uh, I live and die for this shit
Damn straight, I'ma ride for my bitch, ha
[Verse 2]Yuh, and I do what I gotta
Live for this shit, and I prolly die bout it
Time to switch it up, the game done got too crowded
All you niggas jukin and jivin, I doubt it
Dealin this and killin that, lame sound childish
The only trap is in ya brain, nigga snap outta it

Ain't nothin wrong, bein smart, black, and proud of it
We all came a long way, we got a thousand miles to get, shit
But ain't I allowed to vent?
we need more cuttin in, but still they sound a bit like whoever
Got it in, probably out now
Welcome to the city of men, it's goin downtown

But I am from a part of the slum, where the hustle is brung
Where they think that success wouldn't come
I am hip-hop, and it's strictly the song
Profess all the molds, I'm coming second-to-none
I'm hollin'
[Hook]Yuh, I live and die for this shit
Hip-hop, the love of my life
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[Verse 3]Yeah, they figured hip-hop's a fad, it would die out quick
But it spread like wild fires, got the whole world lit
Can't stop boppin they head, they bumpin our shit
B.G.'s to germany, got 'em pumpin they fists
Got soldiers all over, gettin crunk in this bitch
Shoot up the charts with number one hits
Shoot up the club, with a full clip
How you like us now? The whole world til' I dig, yeah
Hip-hop, the love of my life, my girl, my bitch
My wife, my soul-mate, without her I'm sick
Tie the knot, jump the roo, we a perfect fit
No pre-nump, she was with me before I was rich
We fell in love when we was just kids
And see no love lasts as long as this
Til' death do us part, God forbid we split
Let nothin break this relationship

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