

# Live By The Gun

Tony Yayo

Yeah, yo word up man  
Fucking cold out here man, fucking toes is killing me man  
Fucking been on the block all day man  
But you know I gotta get this money, rain, sleet, snow man  
Fuck man, yo man listen Yo we project living with plastic on the furniture  
Little niggaz coming up will fucking try to murda ya  
The D's not out so the coast is clear  
But it's getting hard to sleep with this roach in my ear Everybody got a nena, everybody got a vest  
New York City is the arena of death  
Yo the strip moving slow but everybody going hard  
Seeing more D's than a damn report card Everybody rap now, follow they dreams  
I'm a call my clientele man and sign all my fiends  
Same gear for a week wearing dirty clothes  
All day in the spot by a dirty stove Trials keep me strong, hope keep me happy  
But I'm only human so these niggaz wanna clap me  
The drug game over but there's money to make  
So niggaz clappin' at niggaz to raise the crime rate You can live by the gun or die by the bullet  
Niggaz push me for sho I'm gonna pull it  
Material objects got the world crooked  
In my hood they hustle and be on the juoke shit Snakes in the grass, be on that bullshit  
Niggas thats ass stay with the full clip  
Guns get blast, niggaz on that shook shit  
So live by the gun or die by the bullet The rhymes you spit can embarass the city  
Well, my game bag names like Paris and Nikki  
Load the semi I'm in the spot carving the crack  
You stunt I'll leave my bullets lodged in your back New York City, everything move fast  
Little girls get pregnant, throw their baby in the trash  
China white wizzy movin' quickly on the ave  
Same coke that got Whitney in the rehab Up early in the morning 'cuz there's money to earn  
'Cuz the early bird be the one that catch the worm  
We got nicks, trieze, twenties and dimes  
Got my spot looking like a soul train line Fuck doin' time, I'm trying to progress  
Get that money man nigga serve your projects  
Hustlin' homie thats all I know  
In the summer time I can make the whole strip snow You can live by the gun or die by the bullet  
Niggaz push me for sho', I'm gonna pull it  
Material objects got the world crooked  
In my hood they hustle and be on the juoke shit Snakes in the grass, be on that bullshit  
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Guns get blast, niggaz on that shook shit  
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