Live Yo Life (feat. Dru Down)

Luniz

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

*(Yukmouth talking)*Hennessy! (Hindu)
Pass it!
(Ahhh)
It's yo life.
It's yo life.
It's yo life.
Ballin, hit the scene.Chorus *(Luniz, Dru Down)*Get yo grind on man.
(Get yo grind on)
Get yo scrilla on
(The scrilla, scratch, paper)Verse 1 *(Numskull)*I won't let it phase me
this the game mayne
an this is my domain
make a couple of bomb
shit this ain't the same
now I'ma send this repetension
I'm supposed to have G's
so, all eyes is on me
I see this rap shit ain't brought me nathin
but a 50 couple of mo hoes
and major playa hatin
a nigga can't win for losin
I'm might be choosin the wrong thang to do
but I'm hustlin the same thing as you
nigga I came to the Town already
the Town still takin, now I gotta deal wit ya'll bitch niggas hatin
fuck that
hit me if ya wanna
mini 14 got ya greedy in the corner
Wanna see me?
You know where I hang
where I used to slang caine
an got my first case for a thang-thang

about keepin shit real
this it nigga
get yo mail on
stay away from all this bitch shit
I don't wanna kill nobody (nobody)
but off the hook
I guess broke niggas make the best crooks (like you)
I got a question
serious as thee
Why's everybody always hatin on me?Chorus *(Luniz, Dru Down)Get yo grind on man.
(I'm the pusha, pusha man.)
Get yo scrilla on.
(The scrilla, scratch, paper nigga.)
Get yo pimp on man.
(I keeps the pimpin fa real though.)
Get yo scrilla on.
(I need my money right now bitch.)Verse 2 *(Yukmouth)*West coastin
Pacific Ocean
niggas in Oakland
cut close to sellin dope an high
smokin until a nigga stop chokin
get broken off
for tryin to spit a razor blade out
then whip the gage out
an blow him rib cage out
I got my fetti
hit up Casino's like Joe Pesci
the get away ridin a jet skit
I'm double 0-7, Golden Eye
gold mouth, golden finga
ass out while I'm holdin Nina
I remember when I used to sell dope
makin 20 off a Note
task smash an grab a nigga by the throat
but I swallowed it
an you can spit it out
when they split I be the first nigga that try to shit it out
now I'm on some mo'
Rolex
Moet
X-O
mo sex than the next hoe
tote Tech's when we rollin (skee skirt)
it's the creamery
hit the scenery

so cleanery
on chrome eighteens rollin the greenery.*(Chorus)* 1xVerse 3 *(Numskull)*I hate you
and you hate me
to slang I-C-E
but I see me
bubblin mo than thee
to be or not to be
(That's the question)
Like Shakespeare
You inturrupt my struggle and I make fear.Verse 4 *(Yukmouth)*Stayed on the West Coast
the best coast
still yo ass full of guest coast
Bitches!
Get yo neck choked
Niggas!
Get yo chest smoked
same thing for nay fiends
these nay fiends
hoe want bankin
thankin they bitch ass 'cause it's stankin.Verse 5 *(Numskull)*I'm stankin like X-O
staggering my whole life through me
I'm headed to the west like Fievel
I know where I'm supposed to be like compass'
no matter where the fuck you from
yo bitch is bumpin this.Verse 6 *(Yukmouth)*Nigga I got that A-1 Yola or K!!
Straight margerin
niggas be starvin in the drought
puttin fo sale signs on they cars an house
Yukmouth about that scrilla, scratchola
stackola on the up an up
I can't be fuckin up.*(Chorus)* 1x*(Dru Down's outro)*Nigga get yo scrilla on nigga!
(Biatch!)
Luniz and mutha fuckin Dru Down, you know
(EASTSIDE!!)
steady grindin.
(The Vill in this mutha fucka!)
Yeah that's how we keep sellin these mutha fuckin records you know.
(Biatch!)
Keepin the scrilla, keep the pimpin up to, ah.. me!?

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