

Alive

Nubomb

Intro

Rieieide. We gone rieieide
Letâ€™s do it.

Hook

So Lets ride lets ride.
Cause whatâ€™s life if your ass ainâ€™t livin it.
Say bring it, bring it back,
Bring it bring it bring it back
Bring it bring it back
Bring it bring it bring it back

Verse 1

The new styles out
Everybody wile out
Iâ€™m on cloud 9 dawg
Tryin to dial out.
Can my eyes get any more dilated than this?
After a couple more tabs
Not even gold seal can clean my piss
Feel that?
Thumpin from the front to back
Bumpin them backpack cats
Flippin my CD like crack.
I got ya craven like Wes
Coming from the home of the best
And when Nubomb is in the spot
Ladies rub on your breast.
I guess lates' better than never
Wetterâ€™s better than dry
And whether Iâ€™m sober or drunk
You know that Iâ€™m still gonna drive
Bro,
Iâ€™m still gonna ride
Itâ€™s a different high
When your drunk doing 120 down the 405
In the fast lane
Duckin running from cops like OJ

Knowing the eye in the sky is flying my way.

Bridge

We keep it crackin till the cops come
Throw them middle fingers high
Let these muthafuckas know
Theyâ€™re never gonna take us alive.

Hook

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Verse 2

Pour another pitcher
Letâ€™s get mixed up and intoxicated
Till we wake up in the ER under observation
And yo if cokeâ€™s your deal
Then baby snort it to the back
And if youâ€™re mixing liquor and pills
Than double the tabs
Until your stumblin, fumblin up your vocab dammit
Wean yourself from drinking by picking up a heroin habit
I guess what Iâ€™m saying is you should do drugs
Lose touch with everyone you love
And come and kick it with us.
Weâ€™re living life in the fast lane
Not lame like Limp Bizkit
Ambitious, shit
Iâ€™m to busy not rappin or mixing
Addicted to doing two fine women at a time
What you thought?
I only talk about this shit in my rhymes
Like MySpace ainâ€™t the only other place Iâ€™m on line
And dying is the only way your gonna take me this time
Question?
Whatâ€™s X if your ass ainâ€™t rollin?
You through talking?
Whatâ€™s next if your ass ainâ€™t blowin?
Yeah!

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Verse 3

Catch the third contact
Iâ€™m in it to win it
I gotta spend it how I get it
Getting blitzed and spittin it
Sick of it?
Iâ€™ve only been in a minute
These cats talk about me so much
Iâ€™m in their tracks more than the instruments
But,
I think Iâ€™m more trashed than wrecked
I get more ass with my raps than the axe effect.
Iâ€™ll have you quoting that flow till my next single drops
Take it
Rehearse you saying like traced it
And tape it.
You understand me through the P.A?
Grab another beer until all you hear is the DJ.
I know you came to party and dance
So cut the front and let loose
Yeah another party track bro
Thatâ€™s all that I do.
Cause Iâ€™m alive and young
Yo what does everybody want from
Set some goals
Before you know it Iâ€™ll be 50.
Shit!
For everybody that feels dead tonight
Letâ€™s make this a time when we felt so alive!

Bridge

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Throw them middle fingers high
Let these muthafuckas know
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Lyrics submitted by Tim.

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