Let Us Live

Dorena

[The Game]
Yo I'm hoping out a Phantom with a' iced out medallion
Stallions on both arms, rocks on both charms
My Dominican chick looking like Scarface sister
Red and curly and she wake me up early
Cause hustlers hit the block when police change shifts
New York, California different toilet, same shit
In Brooklyn I rock Timberlands
Still toast cinnamon
Been gangster way before he dropped many men
Liquor in my system, voice raspy who I sound like?
Don't ask me that's my nigga we classy
Him and Montega Jada our style superior to haters
You can catch me in the latest Marvin Gaters
Ralph Lauren suit tape it up fly cause I'm papered up
Why these niggas keep hating on my Phantom
I be out in Atlanta and body tapping I'm probably strapped
Toast it up niggas

[Chorus: Chrisette Michelle]
All my hoods on the real dark side of the track
No sunny sky's just really black
We live real down here, Lord let us live
No playing around here, Lord let us live
Don't hate my hood just hate my shine
We coming out we on our grind
We live real down here, Lord let us live
We coming outta here, Lord let us live

[The Game]
Now who the fuck want war with the human gun store?
Gangsta rap is where I live just knock on the front door
Niggas stunt more than Jackie Chan
What the fuck them faggots saying?
Nothing when I walk in the club with the gat in hand
Take 'em back to '94 shooing out a Astro van
Banging was the blueprint money was the master plan
Duffel bag full of Grants and Franklins
Rob niggas take they money shoot straight to the bank then

Head to the barbershop to get chopped up
Hearing war stories who dead and who locked up
Who snitching, who pitching and who knocked up
Fuck niggas in Black Wall Street I trust
Black hoodies and black Asics standing on the pavement
Hustlers don't sleep nigga we work the grave shift
Fuck that long money nigga get paid quick
And don't save shit

[Chorus: Chrisette Michelle]

Lord knows that money don't matter
Lord knows that status is badder
Lord knows about the hood I live in
He's taking away but he's giving
Now don't give me these cars
Don't give me these mansions
Don't hate me just let me ride, Lord just give me light

[The Game]
I don't hate Mobb Deep or M.O.P
That was a phase I was caught up in the beef like a rat in a maze
And my legacy will never be that of a hater
Lyrical rhyme slayer wack niggas say your prayers
It's the return of Gandhi
Criminal minded city behind me
Put it on my face to remind me
Of all the shit I been through my physical presence, my pen too nice
My first album sent you life
I should of put down the mic when Rakim left Dre
No cleanup hitter so I was stranded on second base
I had to steal third motherfucker that's my word
There's some Queens niggas try to put me back on the curb
I was ultimate warrior to you bully ass niggas
I will come through the hood with the fully axe niggas
Like Snoop or Suge I'm in the coupe I'm good
Mothafuckas make way

[Chorus: Chrisette Michelle]

[The Game]
Is that Michelle Chrisette
Black Wall, Coollie High, Scott Storch, let's ride '08 to infinity
California, New York
Scott Storch, Scott Storch...

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by TAYLOR, JAYCEON / STORCH, SCOTT / MICHELLE, CHRISETTE
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, EMI Music Publishing

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/