

# Live It Up (Prod by Cardiak) (DatPiff Exclusive)

## Lloyd Banks

I'm throwing like I used to  
Got your common boohoo  
And my diamonds coloured new blue  
Got these bitches cocoo  
Bag 'em up when they chuchu  
And track on these hoes  
Cheese 'em like the packets  
'Cause I'm packing up these shoes  
How the fuck am I supposed to remember  
Who I bump probably won't  
When you broke, bitches said you eat they smoke,  
Now they don't, now they nail,  
'Cause my feet won't hit the street, how you feel  
I'm a real motherfucker, chasing a dollar bill  
Drunk as fuck and I'm smoking  
Trunk her up and I'm hoping  
I can get her back to my room  
With this video girl I'm pocking shit  
I'm getting head right now  
This supposed to be work  
I'm laughing hard at these chicks  
That think they getting close to be known  
They said, I am fucking with who? that's supposed to be jokes  
Still be three weeks, and three tweets  
They get a whole of these quotes  
Don't know how the hell we floating,  
All I hope are these boats  
Stocking into my Chevy, ride around with these spouts  
Hey, what you niggas know about this money  
The kick, got it ready to go  
Hundred miles an hour catch me running  
Full speed ahead to the dough  
I'ma get it, life without a limit  
I just want to live it up,  
I got the hunger for more  
I'ma get it, life without a limit  
I just want to live it up I'm stacking on these chips  
Producing on how I switch the kicks  
I flip it the whip, I'm sicken then sick  
I think somebody slipped me of me

Marry come dance with me  
You're like my fantasy  
I got all these questions girl  
And you got the answer sheet  
You know what the dude will teach  
'Cause they don't wanna mean to me  
The couple out the east  
We got the chance to be  
I'm out here hitting switches  
Front street on the slim  
I got a thousand bitches,  
But you can be the one  
I'm put a whoop, you beat that pussy like a drum  
'Til you come 'til you done  
Where you from, where you going  
And you hit it, feeling bad  
Smack it 'til it's red  
Everyday I'm playing out with platinum a little bit  
Bombay on my course, five carat on my coat  
Five days in my city, that's five days in a the top  
Niggers know what happen just for talking sideways  
And they won't  
Better of you don't, take a hit of this dope  
Hey, what you niggas know about this money  
The kick, got it ready to go  
Hundred miles an hour catch me running  
Full speed ahead to the dough  
I'ma get it, life without a limit  
I just want to live it up,  
I got the hunger for more  
I'ma get it, life without a limit  
I just want to live it up

Songwriters

SHAFT KERNEY, MARVIN DAVIS, CHARLES WASHINGTON, CEDRIC HEARD, TODD

JONES  
Published by

Lyrics © RESERVOIR MEDIA MANAGEMENT INC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.

Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>