

# Canibus, Livin'

(Chorus: Charlie Mackmansupreme)  
Children cryin', women producin'  
Men go to work, and some go - stealin'  
Everyone's got to make a livin'  
Heaven and Hell (Heaven and Hell)  
Is on Earth (Is on Earth)

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☐({Canibus})  
☐Heaven and Hell - It Ain't Hard To Tell

(Verse One: Pheonix Orion)  
Lorraine's got to three mouths to feed  
Two dead beat daddies, and one illegitimacy seed  
Third generation welfare recipient  
Marcy Projects, tenement, that's the hell she's livin' in  
Brooklyn, everyday lives get took in  
She had her first baby at the age of fifteen  
Poor little Lorraine, she did some bad things  
Nobody ever told her about birth control  
She's been livin' on the streets since thirteen years old  
Hit the pipe for the first time, and sold her soul  
Ain't no heaven for Lorraine, hell, the ghetto is cold  
Now child warfare they wanna take control  
It's traumatic, trauma  
Somebody's baby momma, had so much drama  
Ayo guess where they found her?  
She OD'd in the back of staircase  
Weird thing about the whole scene she had a smile on her face

(Chorus: Charlie Mackmansupreme) X2

(Verse Two: Canibus)  
was forced to lie down til the wind died down  
Head for the high-ground, how the fuck I'mma survive now?  
Surrounded by grasshopper-mines in the mountains  
My rucksack bouncing, I can't walk without counting  
My latest mixtape covered in glint tape  
Spit til lips ache, six-hundred and sixty-six takes  
Pretty good shape, real heavy spit weight  
Tell the DJ to his face, I'll rape his mixtape  
The gal with the widow's peak that didn't want to speak  
This the fifth time I seen her on the strip in a week  
I seen her jump out the jeep, run across the street  
Bare feet, her hair's neat, I don't care, but I see  
One day she came to me  
And said, I want to be with you, but you live so dangerously  
I grabbed her hand slow like the black Brando  
Said a romantic quote, we started to dance slow

(Chorus: Charlie Mackmansupreme) X2

(Verse Three: Phoenix Orion)  
My older brother was a thug  
He said that mommy didn't give 'em enough love  
My other siblings they got stoned off drugs  
But I refuse to do the same  
I maintain and stay true to the rap game  
Alot of cats I know that chose the crack game

Self-suicide, genocide, ghetto apartheid  
That's how they make a livin' in Brooklyn - Bed-Stuy  
Do or Die nigga, Cloack-N-Dagga

(Verse Four: Canibus)

Knock. Knock. Whose home? Tell em it's Tombstone  
Shake-charge blow the roof off, introduce Bones  
Fuck the haters, the undertaker from Jamaica  
Just looked her up and down and said, Hmm, I'll take her  
You know she got to make a living  
I seen the hoe in the cold, shivering  
Tell her she should start stripping  
The opposite sex getting paid trying to model her chest  
Squeezing her breasts for the bottleneck effect

(Chorus: Charlie Mackmansupreme) X2