

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 Loraine, 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 Loraine, 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