

David Banner, Living

(feat. Crooked Lettaz , Devin The Dude , Macaffey)

I'm livin today

[Chorus x1/2: Devin]

I don't know if it'll be alright, it'll be ok
If it'll be alright, it'll be ok
If it'll be alright, it'll be ok
But I'm living today

[Devin]

I've been checkin out this reefer 'bout an hour and it sounds so soothin
It's kinda hard to write this one and keep the track movin
Barbeque with weed and brew is how we usually do it
Get it dumpin while we pumpin up some good music
Can't afford to lose it, hobbied to a full-time job
Keep my track record clean for those who wanna pull my card
It's kinda hard on a brotha with the struggle and all
But all I can say is just keep hustlin and y'all
Got to love it live it, ya can't be in it for nothin
'Cause there's too many niggas out there who witness this shit,
it's not fair
Nobody to blame for your misfortune and fame
Just tryna' take the right road, please, call Jermaine
I've seen rain, but now it's pourin
And at least I gotta have a Sweet when I wake in the mornin
So let's just all do our thing like an orchestra does
Pass the shit around so we can all get a buzz

[Chorus]

[David Banner]

I can't blame it on my mama, nigga I knew she was broke
No education so she spent the last check on some dope
Hovers to John's and my father never seen the funds
But I heard he was locked in jail keep his nuts on his tongue
Who gives a fuck, the government can lick the sweat off my dick
They put crack off in the hood and lock us up when we trip
A little dough, ask them hoes what they put in here for
I heard birds fly through the wind, then they land at your door
Hot sex all night until my body gets numb
I'm too nervous to relax so I bail when I come
Can't get alone with my folks so I dump on them fools
Basketball is all they taught a young nigga in school
Fuck your foot, and your basket, you can lick on my balls
My school don't have the internet so I stuff crack in my draws
And if y'all know a better way, then y'all help me escape
From this hell that I live everyday

[Chorus]

[Kamikaze]

Dear Lord, please forgive me, I've sinned against your land
I've lived this life so hella trife in this pursuit of loot and fame
You saw your child weapin on his knees at night in vein
And it's a way from tryna' get off in this game
But if it's all the same, can I digress, I've struggled, nonetheless
Make my first mistake of learnin how to drink and smoke the cess
Did my best to tread water but it was just as I feared
At the time I needed friends that was the time they disappeared
See I got jeered in every corner, couldn't hang 'cause I was broke
Thought he had a record deal, it seemed to be the runnin joke
And it's just enough to drive a soul of man to drink and smoke
Just enough to make a college grad go out and sell dope

And it was never "how ya doin'", never "can I help";
"Can I share this wealth"; I guess I have to make it by myself
Could it be the situation came from dirt that I had done
Havin no earthly idea where my next dollar's comin from
Didn't give a damn if daddy all alone up in this world
Didn't care anotha nigga had helped to feed my baby girl
Didn't care that Kamikaze just broke down from all the stress
Wasn't there at six that mornin, when my car got repossessed
I thought y'all was my homies, but I guess it's just as well
You left sho' 'nuff, you're rock bottom and I'm a let y'all burn in hell
You're bitches

[Chorus to fade]