

# Geto Boys, Livin' 4 The Moment

(feat. DMG)

[VERSE 1: Willie D]

Picture me broke and disgusted, livin like a fuckin bum  
Raggedy clothes, not knowin where my next meal comin from  
I want the American Dream like Dusty Rolls  
Got my eyes on paper, fuck these musty hoes  
Foes die slower than an AIDS patient  
To a tombstone my enemies lead chasin  
The police wanna see me in an early grave  
But I ain't trippin on em muthafuckin pearly gates  
Ways to get a nigga 'fore he get me  
Always keep my 'stola with me  
Never beg for my life if they muthafuckin hit me  
Face, are you with me? (Hell yeah)  
The D.E.A. tryin to put me in a jail cell  
(Hell yeah) But I refuse to be locked up  
(Hell yeah) Give me a quart of ki rocked up  
(Hell yeah) Money and murder, that's my motto  
I take my chances in the ghetto, fuck the lotto

[CHORUS: Scarface]

I live my life for the moment, fuck tomorrow  
Still kill, beg, borrow

Money is power  
Rocks is powder  
Glock in trousers  
Block is ours  
Sold flour  
Hood sours  
Crime towers  
Scream louder

[VERSE 2: Scarface]

Bein broke got a muthafucka focused on the wrong things  
Livin illegal, armorin the Regal with gold Danes  
Twistin muthafuckas up, killin em even quicker  
Niggas on a suicidal mission to get the scrilla  
Anybody peeler, I'm still a homicidal killer  
Mob with gorillas, servin the fiends smokin chillers  
And I'm - so high - that I - can touch the sky  
Above the fallin rain  
Let me explain, in these streets no pain  
Murder your partner if he crosses you, nigga, do your thing  
It's a struggle for position in this cold dark world  
Survival of the realest geto boys and girls  
So what you waitin on, get your muthafuckin ranks  
And your muthafuckin bank, serve your muthafuckin Hank  
And your dank, I don't think the sun don't shine  
In 1999 - so grind  
Ain't no sense in dyin without a dime  
Listen to the muthafuckin rhymes

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Willie D]

Day dark, walk through the valley of the shadow of death  
I fear nothin  
We all gotta die of somethin  
Don't blame me if I capitalize  
Give me the dope and lock me up if I happen to rise  
Despise any human that ain't a substance to my lifestyle  
Put me out my misery, I might smile

Why plan the future when everyday there's a new opponent  
I'm livin for the muthafuckin moment, DMG, get on it

[VERSE 4: DMG]

Well I, nigga, I come to ride  
Down for the Southside  
Drive by your community  
I'm doin him, we bombin  
Droppin on your muthafuckin squadron  
Heartless, bring these muthafuckas rigor mortis  
For the moment, ??? bonin, who want this?  
Come on and let me know you really, really want it  
I'm here, now for life, straight up and down, mangler  
??? strangler, hang you up  
Niggas get smoked like herb  
Inner cities to suburbs  
Word em up, fuck em up, tired of bein flat  
With nothin but these clothes on my back  
(No scratch) fuck that with the middle finger  
I'm tryin to turn my grass greener  
And fertilize my pocket size - for the moment

[CHORUS]