

The Fugees, Living Like There Ain't No Tomorrow

(Wyclef Jean)

Yo check it out. This is the boy Wyclef from Tranzlators, I'm coming from the Booga Basement with a roots drink in my hands. So put the Rotts tonics in the air, yeah cause I'm-a start this one off like THIS. Cause niggaz are living like there ain't no tomorrow. I nuked this on the S900 cause I couldn't fford a 1100. I'm-a start this one a little something like this. Here we go.

Hey yo people you're living like there ain't no tomorrow
You get caught in the terra asside em and ga morro
Father, forgive him for he know not what he done
When the bum search for drums, the son search for condoms
He seek no, with his ring but with his head
That leave many dead in hospital beds; now you and death are newlyweds
So before I enter the tunnel I step back and shake it
Is it world the death or better life in a casket
Destuction of the flesh, new reporter wasn't coming
The devil cursed him cause he couldn't follow 10 commandments

Hook

Living like there ain't no tomorrow
You're living like there ain't no tomorrow
You're living like there ain't no tomorrow
You open up your eyes and them was ga marrow. WOO!
Living like there ain't no tomorrow
You're living like there ain't no tomorrow
You're living like there ain't no tomorrow
Open up your eyes.

I called up the VP, she told me she was busy watching TV with Roxy
I told her I was coming, she said that ain't necessary
three's a crowd, so what's the philosophy?
Another girl trying to take my girl away from me, easy
Fuck the door, I jumped through the window
SOMEWHERE over the rainbow
Paranable and the bitch still in my home
Stick stick in your socket, I sacrifice you like a live rabbit
Fatal attraction the coffin's the cabinet
Cause in the 90's girls got dicks
So keep the light on and make sure that the chick don't that back
She said that she did it with some girl named Lisa
I said what's the boot yo, she pulled the camcorder
Bust it, so what's the charge, you called me a womanizer?
I tried to say sorrym she said say sorry for Taquisha.
Chairs come flying my way like balls at basketball practice.
Call the priest cause she's turning to the exorcist
She kicked me out cause she was paying for the apartment
That's real, you got no girl, if you got no money to spend
But she had loved me for my mind and my poetic skills
But bow i'm checking magazings and getting cheap thrills
Asking myself when will it end?
Cause when it came to sex, my hand was my best friends

Hook (Replace you're with I'm and me)

I had a cousin like a brother
He tried to play me undercover
He said I didn't bang her
But the girl was his secret lover
But I played stupid like my brain had no minerals
It's so hard to say good-bye we singing at the funeral
Girls smash it up easy, when they know they got the bugsy
He used to sleep alone, but now he's riding Mrs. Daisy
You say all my business my life's my life my knife's my knife
So I be the lion that guards the trife
But at the party, I still move my waistline

A girl approached me and asked me for the time
I said; no disrespect, but check the watch on your wrist
And if you're looking for a hit check Charles Bronson from Death Wish
Then All of a sudden her man pushed me from the back
I turned out real cool- I said why did you do that?
The name is Clef, Clef bon
Then mark my word that I'm-a break your fucking arm
Unless you apologize and pick on someone your size
Not too cookoo-hit you-but the 4 to the 5
Point it to your nose
Now your blood turns to snow.

Hook
Yeah, word is born