

The Game, Let Us Live

Yo i'm hopin out the phantom with an iced out madalion
stallions on both arms, rocks on both charms
my dominican chick lookin like scarface sister
red and curly n she wake me up early
cause hustlers hit the block when police
change shifts new york California different
toilet same shit and Brooklyn i rock timberlands
still toast cinnamon
been gangster way before he dropped many men
liquour in my system, voice raspy who i sound like?
dont ask me thats my nigga whos classy
and in my tada jada our styles superior
to haters you can catch me in the latest maron gaters
ralph lauren suit tape it up fly cause im papered up
why these niggas keep hating on my phantom
i be out in atlanta and body tapping im probably strapped
toast it up niggas

all my hoods on the real dark side of the track
no sunny skys just really black
we live real down here
lord let us live
no playing around here
lord let us live
dont hate my hood just hate my shine
we coming out we on our grind
we live real down here
lord let us live
we coming outta here
lord let us live

now who the fuck want war with the human gun store
gangsta rap is where i live just knock on the front door
niggas stunt more than jackie chan what the fuck them faggots
saying nothing when i walk in the club with the gat in hand
take em back to '94 shooing out a astra van
banging was the blueprint money was the master plan
duffel bank full of grants and franklins
ride niggas take they money shoot straight to the bank then
head to the barbershop to get chopped up
hearing war stories who dead and who locked up
who snitching, who pitching and who knocked up
fuck niggas in black wall street i trust
black hoodies and black asics standing on the pavement
hustlers dont sleep nigga we work the grave shift
fuck that long money nigga get paid quick
and dont save shit

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lord knows that money dont matter
lord knows that status is better
lord knows about the hood i live in

hes taking away but hes giving
now dont give me these cars
dont give me these mitches
dont hate me just let me ride lord just give me light

i dont hate mob deep or m.o.b
that was a phase i was caught up in a beef like a rat in a maze
and my legacy will never be that of a hater
lyrical rhyme slayer wack niggas say your prayers
its the return of ghandi
criminal mind is sitting behind me
put it on my face to remind me
of all the shit i been through my physical prints my pen too nice
my first album sent you life
i should of put down the mic when rakim left dre
no cleanup hitter so i was stranded on second base
i had to steal third motherfucker thats my word
theres some queens niggas tryna put me back on the curb
i was ultimate warrior to you bully ass niggas
i will come through the hood with the fully axe niggas
like snoop or suge im in the coop im good
motherfuckers make way

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