

# The Lox, Can I Live

## CHORUS

Can I Live?

Hell yeah but you still gon die

Cmon nigga you a thug

But I'm still gon cry

And you done learned off experience

I'm still gon ride

They kill me, you gon kill them?

I still got pride

Can I Live?

Hell yeah but you still gon die

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But I'm still gon cry

And you done learned off experience

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(Jadakiss)

Yo now I done said everything I could possibly say

Ask them niggas in your camp is you hotter than J. A.

D.A.K.I. two S's

A true message

Y'all better wear a few vesses

Live pussies

Bout to be dead dicks

I pack guns that shoot through schools the red bricks

And just because you mighta seen me on the award show

I'm still in the hood nigga gettin raw dough

And later on tonight I might be hittin your hoe

And I got more money so I'm coppin more dro

Everything I said I meant B

Y'all gon tempt me

To rob y'all spend your whole stash on my empties

Mwa yours truly

Can't do nothing to me

Think you Scarface but you aint see the end of the movie

I'm the type of nigga that'll take 5 cakes

Turn em into 5 acres

Faster than 5 lakers

Lay back, get high, tote my gun around

Throw a string on the pony so I can tote my son around

(Sheek)

Ay yo

The path I walk is filled

Who the f\*\*k won't I kill

Thin as that line down the hundred that you can tell if it's real

Smooth as Sinatra

You can tell by my pops that I'm street

F\*\*k the forecast I'll let you know what day'll be heat

See I recruit smart niggas will hunt

No dumb niggas

Who will kill over money not bitches like some niggas

I think marketable

F\*\*k y'all niggas who stay bummin

I'm that nigga sellin pills at all of Howard homecomings

If you get high I got weed

And if you get drunk I got vodka

And if you want base I got popcorn like Orville Reddenbacher

See I'm bullseye

I empty my bananna in your bandanna

First try

Never will my bullets miss a vick

I use one to do a hit  
On some professional shit  
Bitch  
(Ha that's crazy)

#### CHORUS

(Kasino)  
Outta three-fourths of them niggas who cross your path  
Minus them half ass who talk fast and finish last  
Who gon get his cash  
Turn to his man and give him half  
Cock the hammer back  
Stood by his side and didn't dash  
When the charge is federal  
And they fingerprint his ass  
Who can he trust to be  
Front of the judge screamin it's just me  
It must be  
More than just a nigga love  
Make em do five joints no contact without givin his niggas up  
Give his keys to his truck  
Wish his niggas luck  
Call it's best fit suggested that she let his niggas f\*\*k  
Fingerf\*\*k them figures up  
No parole  
Bigger truck  
Kasino is that name big enough  
Nigga what

(Styles)  
You wouldn't bust your gat wit me  
If you never sat wit me  
Lit up a sack wit me  
Or hustle some crack wit me  
Came through the cipher bow down and spat wit me  
Hopped up the truck and gave niggas daps wit me  
You never laugh wit me  
Never went half wit me  
Never been through the struggle never felt the wrath wit me  
Never slept on the same floor or  
Hit the same whore  
Ran up in the same store  
Or with the same four  
Blood thicker than water  
Only in certain cases  
You need water to live you learn that in the basics  
Better cherish your aces  
Bullets in the faces  
Of the jokers  
We laugh at fire nigga we smokers  
Sittin on the sofa  
Puffin the hash nigga we focused  
Why lie I die where the coke is

#### CHORUS TO END