

Tony Yayo, Live By The Gun

(Intro)

What the f**k is the deal its the talk of New York Tony Yayo (G-G-G Unit)

Yeah, Yo word up man, its f**king cold out here man, my f**king toes is killin me man (its f**king br

(Verse 1)

Yo we project living

With plastic on the furniture,

Little niggaz coming up will

F**king try to murda ya

The D's not out so the coast is clear

But its getting hard to sleep with this roach in my ear

Everybody got a nena everybody got a vest

New York City is the arena of death

Yo the strip moving slow but everybody going hard

Seeing more d's than a damn report card

Everybody rap now

Follow they dreams im a call my clientele man and

Sign all my fiends same gear for a week wearing dirty clothes

All day in the spot by a dirty stove trials keep me strong

Hope keep me happy, but im only human so these niggaz wanna clap me

The drug game over but theres money to make so niggaz clappin at niggaz

To raise the crime rate

(Chorus)

you can live by the gun or die by the bullet

niggaz push me for sho im gonna pull it

material objects got the world crooked

in my hood they hustle and be on the juoke shit

snakes in the grass be on that bullshit

niggas thats ass stay with the full clip

guns get blast niggaz on that shook shit

so live by the gun or die by the bullet

(Verse 2)

Tthe rhymes u spit can embarass the city

Well my game bag names like paris and nikki

Load the semi im in the spot carving the crack

You stunt ill leave my bullets lodged in ur back

New York City everything move fast little girls get

Pregnant throw they baby in the trash

China white wizzy movin quickly on the ave same coke

That got whitney in the re-hab

Up early in the morning 'cause theres money to earn 'cause the early bird

Be the one that catch the worm we nicks trieze twenties and dimes got my spot looking like a soul f

F**k doin time, im trying to progress, get that money man nigga serve ur projects

Hustlin homie thats all i know in the summer time i can make the whole strip snow

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