

Verse 1

Yo I roll with Godbody
Prayin fearin nobody
My life belong to Him
So I don't need a shoty

You ain't got no peace at home
Ridin, cryin on the phone
Puffin lah
Ready to die
So you huffin on your chrome

So if the Ruff wanna ride
The Ruff gotta die
Just like if Puff wanna walk
Then Puff gotta lie

People just don't understand
I spit it righteously
But you get your life right
And you might just be

Got you candy-coated sweet-long
With the feet on
Clockin dollars everyday
But you know you livin wrong

So just livin life in this war like it's a game
All alone and never knowin the peropse why they came
In the streets they learn to kill
In the club they pack steel
And It's all for the sake of a game that ain't real
So they learn to throw slugs
Like they learn to sold drugs
A good son corrupted by a cold hearted thug
Fast life make no sence when you dead and you gone
Right now you got a chance to chose your right from wrong
But it kills me to see those thugs that don't care
When they die leavin' children behind
It ain't fair
Some wanna ride
Some wanna die
But heres your chance to live or
Chorus
Live or die
'Cuz the way that you live's gonna be the way that you die
Look what you wanna do
Live or die
I know you claim to be real
I see the thug in your eye
So what you wanna do
Live or die
'Cuz the way that you come's gonna be the way that you go
Now what you wanna do
Live or die
All the dough that you make you can't take when you go

East Coast

Name one get some
Yo we got this here
Predestened by the Lord
You can't stop this here
I roll with the real ones
'Bout to drop this here
Your visions kinda blurry
We 'bout to make this clear
Lil Wayne I know you hurtin' 'cuz you lost your pops
The block was so hot you had to slang that rock
Thugs grillin' ya so you sleep with your glock
Thuggin' hard up in my life
Dogg I had to stop
Saw my my man last year
He just got locked
Escaped from the hood
Just like Lot
Didn't wanna get shot
End up just like Pac
Or end up in the flames
'Cuz It's just too hot

Yeah, I heard your album

And Baby boy it was wac
Murder lyrics, deceiving spirits sung over the track
While you flowin in the studio and sippin' that cogiac
What you spittin but not livin
I'm tired of this phonie act
Sold your soul, had to pay to play the game
'Cuz as soon as you make that cheddar son, you'll never be the same
You forgot from which you came and you suckers are still lame
Like Tony Montana and his wac rap game
Money exaggerates you, the truth will agravate you
I spit the type of wisdom you choose or can't relate to
Even the dumbest on the streets son, can estimate you
Fantisizing in your lyrics seems to motivate you
But I don't immitate you and I don't player hate you
But I'm prayin' for your souls that hell's fire escape you
I know the game ain't the same and the fame is what you claim
But I'm tellin' you Playboy you gotta pay to play the game

Chorus

West Coast