

Can I Live

Trina

(Action!)

Damn, can't a bitch live?
All the shit that I did
I been gone for years
And, bitch, I'm still here

Never had to beg, I hustle for mine (Mine)
Never was a time I wasn't in line
Wasn't gon' shine, was in my prime 'fore I was in my prime
Plus I keep them 10s with me, take a dozen and prime
And tell Mouse, he could put it on my tab though
First bitch in Miami with the slab, hoe
Bought it with my own cash though
That's why I gotta act a asshole

Damn, can't a bitch live? (Can't a bitch live?)
Damn, can't a bitch live? (Can't a bitch live?)
All the shit that I did (All the shit that I did)
Eastside
Doin' it for years
I'm just tryna live
And I'm still here
That all?
Can't a bitch live?

Damn, can a nigga live?
Pistols in the couches, I got cameras in the crib (Watch)
Charlie on Collins, pullin' the Phantom up to Liv
I'm with my shooter, not no cameraman, it's cannons in this whip
Hop out with the baddest, if it ain't foreign, it don't attract us (It don't
)
Put some cheese on your head and your team not even the Packers
Askin' us could you live? That's takin' a step backwards
I was blastin' 'Can I Live' with my pistol on me in traffic
They ain't tell me 'bout all this money, guessin' they left that part out
8,000 when I walk through, get your wifey when I walk out (Come here)
If you ain't mentioning seven figures, nothing to talk 'bout
Dom P, we pour out like Ma\$e' group, I go 'All Out' (Harlem)
You wonderin' why every time I hit your bitch, she call out
Bloggers be in my business so I be askin' for all mouth
Lot of weed in my section 'cause I don't need to be stressin'
Now I'm easily flexin', Trina got her a question (Answer this)

Damn, can't a bitch live? (Can't a bitch live?)
(East, can I live?)
Damn, can't a bitch live? (Can't a bitch live?)
All the shit that I did (All the shit that I did)
Doin' it for years
And I'm still here
Can't a bitch live?

Ted DiBiase, wanna see the body
I told him he could look if I could see the 'Gatti
Ass hangin' off Ducatis, initials stitched in the seats of the Maserati
Middle finger to the paparazzi, your mama hate me, but your papa got me
On South Beach doing Hot Pilates

And don't try me like you ain't got a copy
Of my latest shit, respect the lyrics of the bitch who made this shit
Always on some major shit, I love the money, it's like we in a relationship
Still on the porch eatin' tater chips

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All the shit that I did (All the shit that I did)
Doin' it for years
And I'm still here
Can't a bitch live? (Can't a bitch live?)