

Livin' Life

Ces Cru

Down, down, d-down, d-d-down (what)
Down, down, d-down, d-d-down (what)
When I, touch ground the countdown's up (lookin')
Down, down, d-down, d-d-down (WHAT!)

Down, down, d-down, d-d-down (what)
Down, down, d-down, d-d-down (what)
Y'all done fuck around and found (found) us
Down, down, d-down, d-d-down (WHAT!)

They don't notice me coming
I don't notice 'em leaving
All I know is the haters be hatin' for no good reason
We in to the medic, and they dyin' to stop the bleedin'
I'm tryin' to steal this shirt
Oh what hole do I stick the key in
Meanin' we outta here
Goin' supersonic for certain
Power is at a clinic
The shooters a iron curtain
Every enemy lurkin' is on alert and emergen-
-cy And we need to be out as soon as we get the curren-
-cy I see I'mma need to be quicker than what you thought I'd-
-Be I be on the brig
Either that or the bridge
Keep a phaser around with a couple hours on the grid
Doin' the intergalactics, meanin' we do it big
And we slid, out of the median to a TIV
Took a ten year sleep in suspended animation and threw a fit
The pilot was wearin' bluest wig, tryin' to overthrow the ship
And my PNC blew his wig...
...And I swear to god that he did-lookin'

Life without a moment's peace
Just wishin' that I could go home
Zone out, lay alone and sleep (sleep)
I smoke a little weed, and drink, to own is each
I write the poetry so we could hit Corona Beach and get international
We can go and see the Mona Lis', Hit the Eiffel and pay the photo fees
Get on a boat to Bailey, soak in the bay breeze, I know what they see
They say, I'm going crazy cause I talk about the future
Like I gaze into Merlin's ball
I ain't certain, just determined is all
When I stand in the spot the Berlin Wall stood
And send a twit pick with my clique and it's all good
Accustomed to customs, a currently, a frequ-
-ent customer at exchange of currency
Get up on a plane and make a next-day emergency
Roll up on the scene and make your neck rain the burgundy
Soon as I heard the beat, I saw a murder scene
It's goin'...

I double down on dimebags and dimepieces
I don't mind if y'all dined at my feast
It's a pow-wow, no Paul Wall, my partner
Part y'all with the flick of his wrist like Darth Maul
Y'all all suck balls, I all in wit frenemies like

Y'all, what do you call enemies?

I'm raw wit my lip on the last straw, my stack

Been blown, just as quick as the last call

It go, one for the money, the money won't change me

I make, make money, money go daily and if they don't pay me

Baby, oh baby, ain't bout to go Abu-Dhabi, I go crazy

I know I go HAM and swiss cheese my man ain't no mystery

Y'all go peanut butter and jam

We discovered the land, I'm breakin' this open ground

And takin' over the town, I'm sayin', this shit about to go...