

## Living

David Banner

I'm livin today  
I don't know if it'll be alright, it'll be ok  
If it'll be alright, it'll be ok  
If it'll be alright, it'll be ok  
But I'm living today

I've been checkin out this reefer 'bout an hour and it sounds so soothin  
It's kinda hard to write this one and keep the track movin  
Barbeque with weed and brew is how we usually do it  
Get it dumpin while we pumpin up some good music  
Can't afford to lose it, hobbied to a full-time job  
Keep my track record clean for those who wanna pull my card  
It's kinda hard on a brotha with the struggle and all  
But all I can say is just keep hustlin and y'all  
Got to love it live it, ya can't be in it for nothin  
'Cause there's too many niggas out there who witness this shit,  
it's not fair  
Nobody to blame for your misfortune and fame  
Just tryna' take the right road, please, call Jermaine  
I've seen rain, but now it's pourin  
And at least I gotta have a Sweet when I wake in the mornin  
So let's just all do our thing like an orchestra does  
Pass the shit around so we can all get a buzz

I can't blame it on my mama, nigga I knew she was broke  
No education so she spent the last check on some dope  
Hovers to John's and my father never seen the funds  
But I heard he was locked in jail keep his nuts on his tongue  
Who gives a fuck, the government can lick the sweat off my dick  
They put crack off in the hood and lock us up when we trip  
A little dough, ask them hoes what they put in here for  
I heard birds fly through the wind, then they land at your door  
Hot sex all night until my body gets numb  
I'm too nervous to relax so I bail when I come  
Can't get alone with my folks so I dump on them fools  
Basketball is all they taught a young nigga in school  
Fuck your foot, and your basket, you can lick on my balls  
My school don't have the internet so I stuff crack in my draws  
And if y'all know a better way, then y'all help me escape  
From this hell that I live everyday

Dear Lord, please forgive me, I've sinned against your land  
I've lived this life so hella trife in this pursuit of loot and fame  
You saw your child weapin on his knees at night in vein  
And it's a way from tryna' get off in this game  
But if it's all the same, can I digress, I've struggled, nonetheless  
Make my first mistake of learnin how to drink and smoke the cess  
Did my best to tread water but it was just as I feared  
At the time I needed friends that was the time they disappeared  
See I got jeered in every corner, couldn't hang 'cause I was broke  
Thought he had a record deal, it seemed to be the runnin joke  
And it's just enough to drive a soul of man to drink and smoke  
Just enough to make a college grad go out and sell dope  
And it was never "how ya doin", never "can I help"  
"Can I share this wealth", I guess I have to make it by myself  
Could it be the situation came from dirt that I had done  
Havin no earthly idea where my next dollar's comin from

Didn't give a damn if daddy all alone up in this world  
Didn't care notha nigga had helped to feed my baby girl  
Didn't care that Kamikaze just broke down from all the stress  
Wasn't there at six that mornin, when my car got repossessed  
I thought y'all was my homies, but I guess it's just as well  
You left sho' 'nuff, you're rock bottom and I'm a let y'all burn in hell  
You're bitches