

## Live

## Prodigy

Yes, welcome back, to Infamous radio, 3-57 FM  
I'd like to thank all the callers that called in earlier  
The love is much appreciated  
Ladies call up, the request lines are still open  
We playin' whatever you wanna hear  
Right now, we got a special request  
Gonna play this young man record right here  
It's kind of fresh

Over here we tie your ass up to a chair  
And throw bricks at you top speed for ya head  
Slow pain, torture style  
Better hope one of these shits knock you out  
I enjoy watching you suffer, scream, shout  
And all that badman shit out the window  
And while he gone, I'm having his bimbo  
Life is ill, and it make sharp turns bro  
Niggas is foul, they run up on you quick loc  
Niggas is foul, they run up on you quick loc, and  
Light you up, stop your green  
From going any further, now you don't think  
So tough, you think you so tough?  
You need to be cool and just get your bucks  
Should've been cool and just got the ones  
Network with the thugs, that's all soaked in bread  
Money attract women, and have you [?] in  
But loyalty is everything, you unloyal piece of shit  
Ungrateful, son of a ho  
Your baby mama callin it dumb  
Fucked up the dough

Now ain't that a bitch  
That's life, fuck that live  
I'm nice I'm high off this  
Get right  
Do it up big, this life  
Get right live

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That's life, fuck that live  
I'm nice I'm high off this  
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Do it up big, this life  
Get right live

And let die, just let go and let God  
You be alright just cool man, calm  
Anybody violate us, we bomb  
Nigga wrong gonna do that? He dumb  
Anybody that foolish, need scars  
Permanent reminders  
Got 'em all sick cause I spit like the virus  
Boy If I get up on my shit say goodbye-us  
Time for you to meet your maker, don't cry-us  
It's a little bit too late now for that cryin'  
I'm the fly thug poster boy  
I rap for every young scrap up in the joint

I rhyme for every time my pockets was empty  
Now I pop Don, pour some in the street  
In memory of the old me  
The one and only  
R.I.P

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Yes, wild man, I really love this record, Ernie  
Ernie we got to play this more often  
This young man needs... He's just... he just bitchin'  
Can I say that on the radio? yeah  
Callers call up, we still have tickets available  
For this year's summer cornrow contacts  
Right in the projects  
B.Y.O.B  
Bring your own bottle bitch  
Now hurry up and call  
Tickets are runnin' out real fast  
We're gonna get into the music right now, keep it going  
It's infamous, 3-5-7  
Don't touch that dial  
I'll blow your motherfucking hand off  
Nah I'm just kiddin, you know we playin'  
All right we'll be right back