

Livin' Like I'm Dyin

Tech N9ne

Just another piece that I wrote, ya know what I'm sayin'
'cause this beat just wanted me to write it.

Livin like I'm dying tomorrow, ain't no time for no sorrow,
throw on my platinum mavoda, rob a gram on my collar.
Spray Lucciano Suprana, holla at a mamma who's nanas lover hot like carne as
ada scholar with a bra like my tacara balla
I got a few dollas, I'm do wella my fatha taught us to follow Qu'ran and not
Osama Bin Lada.
My momma was not a bud of Islam, but God is her wata, so why does the sickne
ss got her like llama just shot her.
Goose faba wusa, I gotta get out of this ra ra and fly to hana, lu-
lu inside a grata, bulu in five lamatas,
no yada yada, they ride on this ride and bob ya then swalla, sun goddess the
color of Shaba.
Then I popped a bottle of Mascota, run away on my Yamaha vamanos I promisa I
'm never no one to be monita-d
by the blue colla coppa, we call em Erik Astrata, cha cha, got a wad in my L
evis and a nigga neva got ta borrow.

I'm livin' like I'm dyin' tomorrow, so I gotta do a lot of livin' today.
I think I'm gonna drown in a bottle, and party like I'm thinkin' bout goin t
oday.
I'm seein lots of pretty women, so you know I'm goin in.
They gon' blow this whole world up, so Imma party until then.

Man I party harder than Nitty and Gucci, Louie with Henny, like I'm dying wh
en I'm on one taking none of them with me,
as sure as my name is Bloody Kutty Cal, you can picture me partyin like its
going outta style.
I, I feel like I'm the best who done did it, most under rated and hated,
but if I die than so be it, then in my head I'm the greatest. It ain't a bit
ch I ain't christened,
see the estate I've inventioned and if I die my eulogy would be held at the
Kemper man.
I've done smoke, I done drank and popped my pills to extremities, still do.
Every now and then I pop more than Yosemite,
keep my foes and my enemies and the ones who pretend to be, close to me, cau
se honestly there the ones who will hinder me.
So hence forth remember me, this voice is fittin to be his choice of energy,
by him I mean all men.
Party like its 1999, smoke my wood tip wine, givin all my thanks to god then
saying Amen.

I'm livin' like I'm dyin tomorrow, so I gotta do a lot of livin' today,
I think I'm gonna drown in a bottle, and party like I'm thinkin' bout goin'
today.
I'm seein lots of pretty women, so you know I'm goin' in,
They gon' blow this whole world up, so Imma party until then.

Till summers end and the winter comes,
Till grey days turn to yellow ones.
I stay grindin' for mine I tried to tell them once -
to travel to the moon you got to face the elements,
and battle any goon you gotta cage the elephants.
It's elementary I speak with a certain elequence,
I smoke hella blunts a habit I've been develop since;

I was a young boy, playin' the silver ball.
See 'em stand, feel 'em fall,
Metallica, kill 'em all.
Huh, livin' like this is my last moment;
but a moment could last forever, snap a picture and na-cole it.
Huh do what ever ya gone, sip on your glass,
hold it up, hit the side on mine get to tippin it back, go in.
Huh, so many days we were sittin low,
better get busy livin' till the day you givin in and you get to go where sin
ners go.
Pull in the cash, and then spend it slow,
better make it fast but them should know
matter no money yo, it's all expendable.

I'm livin' like I'm dyin tomorrow, so I gotta do a lot of livin' today,
I think I'm gonna drown in a bottle, and party like I'm thinkin' bout goin t
oday.
I'm seein lots of pretty women, so you know I'm goin' in,
They gon' blow this whole world up, so Imma party until then.

Hold your breath count to three Ima kill it,
killa commitee, city chairmen, strapped with a gramma glock and the trigger,
bitch, a hair pin.
Three round burst, I aim it at your brain, spit it when cock it I kiss so th
ey call it, Sara Jane.
Livin' like I'm going down tomorrow, sit down and drown in a bottle, go out
and get anotha bottle;
I don't lead I don't follow, if I don't eat I get hollow, I don't even play
lotto, see Chief I need every dollar.
Ya'll don't see me with a model or rockin a lotta product, I don't smoke lik
e I wanna, I'm stretching this marijuana.
Fuck it I call it karma, if I wake up in nirvana; blood is thicker than wate
r, the mud is even more shallow.
I live in the moment and part of every opponent who pass,
but I put the petal to the metal I got both feet on the gas.
This could be the last verse that I'm writing like it or not everybody's tak
ing to rob and they puttin' you right in a box.