

## Live Wires Connect

UGK

The east to the west  
Up north to the down south  
Live wires connect  
So if you swangin' on thangs  
(Keith Murray, UGK and oh my Lord Jamar)  
Or down to gangbang, or waitin' on the train  
It's still the same thang

You cut your mind and your body with the rhyme and the shotty  
Go and find me or hidin', with wine and Bacardi  
Get down like John Gotti then I gotta get lost  
I'm gone in the wind  
My momma keep on tellin' me there's Bun in the sin  
I guess I'm hell-bound destined  
To learn my lesson, sess in my chestin'  
It burn but I keep on puffin, no bluffin'  
They don't call me Big Bun for nothin'  
No homeboys you come dead, well put em to rest  
Bumba clocks em all dead, wit two in his chest  
Botty bwoy you come dead, and if in all die  
Will you run dead em again? Well go on buddy let em fly  
That's how it is in my city, and your city  
Sir it gets no prettier just more gritty per capita, all around  
From the five boroughs on down to the mighty Bro town

Now watch this current rock it current for a sentence  
For a triple homicide, cripple any drama that reside in the mind  
Of those livin' outside of my state line  
Let em know we all the same kind  
With the same crimes, catchin' the same time, which translates to hang time  
Organized gangs slangin' dime  
Lord Jamar is black G-zuz, I sees this  
Everywhere I go, brothers hustlin' to make the doe  
Fast or slow, ya want to see your cash grow  
Like grass, but meanwhile take a blast of the el  
And let the smell resonate, never hesitate  
When it comes to puttin' food on your plate  
Devise schemes by all means  
Like a sunrise when it beams, keep your eyes on the cream  
Live wires on the team Connect, get respect for they realness  
I know you feel this

Uhh, now who that tryin ta claim they be thumpin'  
That's only when your funky little fake tape be bumpin'  
You can catch a square and get done unfair  
Because aah, I'll be there, I'll be right there  
Cocoa butter, got that, make em all for  
Real life hustler movie maker, I know how y'all feel  
But long as I'm alive I'ma do the right thing  
And block out this stress my past criminal life might bring  
The only way I use to nip it in the bud  
Was ta try and put some bullets in some of you joker's guts  
I got victims, G it ain't about the face you make  
It's all about the place you take between yourself and snakes  
Now everybody open up your arms for the cocoa-  
Mr.Former Football Player-ex drug dealer-gold digger-  
Killer with scrilla, they be missin' me with the bomb breakin'

'Cause I gets busy like no cornwheat

I'm tryin' ta stack paper, these pigs can't stand me  
It's all about my family, it's all about my candy  
It's all about the crush, all about the feelin' good  
All about the rush, all about us, the first family  
Somethin' that a young fool never really planned to be  
But funny situations, do bring change  
And young fools do out here in this wicked game  
That's how I'm gon' starve when fools eatin' steak  
Man, I can't stop now, too much money out here to make  
Now you could turn your nose up and you can suck your teeth  
But I gotta get this money, ain't nobody gonna get it for me  
And I might have to do shady things  
Stick up kid all out, no shame  
Run your rings, ear ring in change  
Don't make me give it to ya 'cause it ain't no thang  
I do it for the glory man, cuff the thangs  
I gotta let em hang, I'm stuck in '87 tryin' to regain my brain  
Too many undercovers know my name  
A phone line like fire 'cause I'm a live wire

Who is this with malicious onslaughts?  
Keith Murray, UGK and oh my Lord Jamar  
And we bustin' on all you losers  
Ridin' twenty-deep in two black Land Cruisers  
Recognize or get paralyzed with the drum  
Where I'm from they promise you a fair one, then blast you with the gun  
And everybody standin' around like it's funny  
Junior L.O.D pickin' your pockets for your money  
The checkered, I slide off and make a funky record about it  
No more than four minutes and some seconds  
And live wire connected, from my peoples on the street who respect it  
And the jeeps, hoopties, Benz and Lexus  
My squad stretches from New York to Portland to Texas  
Let's see who's next to test this  
Some herbs, ready to get their heads served  
To the hard curb