

# What I Gotta Live For

Cam'ron

I aint got shit to live for anyway  
Yes you do  
I'll see these niggas in hell anyway  
You gotta lot to live for  
Man fuck all that  
I'm sayin, you live for me then  
Fuck that shit  
Bloodshed, bloodshed, bloodshed...

Yo, yo  
I'm ready to stick the gun to my head and bust a clip  
I want the world to see the blood to drip, pus to drip  
Crash the car crush the whip  
And it's one time I loved the six, fuck this shit  
Trust a chick? Never that  
It's only to fuck a bitch to fuck a bitch  
Girl ran a circus on me Wrangling Brothers tip  
Fuck my connect, fuck I expect, I could get weight  
I'll take half of his cake, run, I would debate  
Father had the nerve to tell me I'm a mistake  
I said, dad I told my daughter that, I could relate  
And the beef up the hill, is real gettin live  
Still sittin by, still gettin high  
And I don't hold my tongue  
I was wrong enough to tell 'em  
That I could stop doing drugs long enough to sell em  
A proclamation, with intoxication  
(Ayo Cam' gettin high!) A three rock occasion  
Whoa, I'm so high, you're so high  
What the fuck these motherfuckers put in my lye??  
Make a million dollars, yo I could if I tried  
But why the fuck I gotta pay him, him, and him?  
Yo fuck around I'ma spray him, him, and him  
And fuck her when your girl lay, him, him, and him  
Man, that's why I'ma give it up  
The Benz truck driv' it up, every weekend did it up  
But tell me why, live for what?

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Yo, yo, yo, I was wishin for knowledge  
But didn't have tuition for college  
So that mission abolished  
Straight street like power, politics, and policy making  
Give a fuck how I see bakin, gimme this, gimme that  
Gimme your hat, gimme your gat, gimme your shit  
Gimme your bricks, gimme your kicks  
Matter fact you pussy, gimme your bitch  
Cam' is clappin, I'm in  
Can't negotiate with Samuel Jackson  
It's A Time To Kill, what do I do?  
My girl pregnant, rent is due, the phone is off  
The heat is off, no the heat is on nigga  
In the street is on, I'm about to beat upon

A nigga til they deceased or gone, at least I'm gone  
What do it matter, they just relate to Binnis  
Girl fucked my man like Jada from Innis  
But I play to the finish, got blazed in a blemish  
Least I wasn't caged in a clinic  
In there, you age in a minute  
But you know the sharks, diplomat ho, we know the art  
Come through leave your shit wet like Noah's Ark  
We order the pies, you sort of a lie  
You aint 730 nigga you 'bout a quarter to five  
Life's on the line, wife's goin blind  
Tell me man, god, what type of a sign  
Take a nitrogen nine, man, that's why I'ma give it up  
Wrists stay glittered up, every weekend did it up  
But tell me why, live for what

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