

Alive 'til I Die

E-dubblе

[Hook:]

I'mma talk that shit. Why? Cause I'm alive 'till I die
Hands in the sky cause I'm just so high
Drink beers. Why? Cause I'm alive 'till I die
Life's too long; give the kids a couple years
Get 'em high. Why? Cause they're alive 'till they die
They're never going to live if you never let 'em try
Get 'em high. Why? Cause you always sell 'em lie
Fill up a cup with something stupid and we sip it till it's dry

Redundant and rethorical. Rhymes metephorical
Carbon and borium. Science is adorable
When humans are babies they're really just trainees
Figure out the hustle so they don't seem lazy
Crazy and desperate. Looking upset
Always let shit go 'till it turns to a mess
It's fucked up and painful. Them little things change you
Chained to the common definition of an angle
You're never going to make it. Just accept it
So you try to live a life where you don't regret shit
Moving rocks to the top of a mountain just to
Throw 'em back down. And when you get knocked down
Pull your ass back up. Life's tough, but that ain't no reason
For cheating. Fake freedom keeping them heaters tucked
In your tool-belt. If you really wanna be rough
Figure out how to squash pride. Even a punch
Can give you jail time. That's why I studied up
How to live life between the lines till Armageddon comes
If it does, scratch that verse; I will have guns
Mad Maxin' mother fuckers till [?]

[Hook]

When the sun goes down and the girlies get dressed up
I'm dressed down with my homies getting messed up
Pre-game, pre-fame, so we drink shit beers
But I guarantee you're going to hear about us this year
Six white boys trying to make noise
With enough street cred. that we could sleep with toys
I'm not Mike D or [?]
But while it's safe to bet that we could be your hip-hoper
(ugh) Like my name is Frank White
My *** noise have got you saying "that's tight"
Slap a hater like my name is Bob Knight
And with a hand this big you'll be saying good night
Good night to the dicks O'Rilley and [?]
Hip-hop lives, and you'll never out shine us
Flip flop kids with the [?] and binders
Back street peeps and the d-boys like us
That's a cool group, and we're a sweet team
And if you really like us, you should join the street team
All you gotta do is send me an e-mail
With a poorly drawn picture of a naked female
And you're in

[Hook]

Hip-hop is good. I'll 2Pac your hood
With "thug life" on my belly, cause I signed with Suge
Not really, but my feeling is I probably could
Cause I could serve Snoop at rapping, and at fatherhood
No disrespect meant. No dis-service done
Just nervous lips service from a disgruntled dunts
I walk through the valley of the shadow of life
Realised I gotta spit cause I'm really too nice
Hiding talent from the masses. Reclusive Marshal Mathers
Is a sin, but I'm an atheist so you can do the math
Addition of the shit, and calculus might be a bitch
If you mastered binary then you're going to be rich
Control the fucking robots, master all the pop songs
People in your pocket praying that you last long
Two thousand and eight. They've been hiding their faith
When the real deal shows up they'll hate on the fake
Hypnotized too long by the loudest hammer
The kick and the stand mesmerized like Obama
The can-speak scares peeps like Osama
Think without re-[] we're going to get hammered
It's all intertwined, and all on the line
You can buy a used book, and still read it just fine
Politics is entertaining. The music is politics
But it's all bullshit so please don't follow it
Come on!

[Hook]