

Live by the Gun

R. City

You live by the gun die by the gun
Ain't nowhere to hide nowhere to run
From de rom pa-pa-pom-pom pack a A-K
In the heart of the slums that's where we stay

I know this lil nigga man he only 5'3
Napoleon complex that's what I see
He pack a 4-5 when he walking through the streets
So even in the winter time the nigga got heat ya feel me
He never knew his pops
His momma tryna raise him but his daddy is the block
Thug life tat so they call him lil pac
He hustle in the trap so he really hates cops ya feel me
He only 16 really too young to even know what life mean
Knuckle head nigga think he know everything
He headed to the grave or he heading to the bing believe me
Screaming crime don't stop he either gonna rap play ball or sling rock
Once he making money he don't really give a fuck
Live fast die young ball until his times up ya see me

So now ya can't run away ain't got no protection
You brought this on yourself this is the end of the road
Ain't shit you can say you just gotta take it
You live by the gun die by the gun
Ya kinda had that coming

He was born with drugs up in his veins
Because his momma was addicted to cocaine
A beast on the court but that was about to change
Once he made a couple dollars from a dice game
Moved out his house now he lives in the fast lane
Thinks that he's grown you can't tell him a damn thing
Get it all on his own so he crowned himself king
Try take it from him he let 8 shots sing straight up
Having shoot outs with the police
It happens when you're raised in the belly of the beast
A chip on his shoulder claiming that he run the streets
A real life D-bo if you got it he want piece
But it's only a matter of damn time
Before he's laid out with his mom crying
Hooked up to a respirator while the doctor trying
To bring him back but the clock's stopped and homie done ran outta time

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