

# 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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