

## Live Again

ScHoolboy Q

Lifestyles of the kid who never had shit  
Living off that bad shit, that shoot shit, that stab shit  
Rock a flag and don't give a fuck about U.S flag shit  
George Bush got some nerve, fuck a war, we trying to serve  
Motherfucking 8 balls, til' we live at the pool hall  
And knock billiards out of your business, ya bitch  
That's my surroundings in Compton, have common sense  
Smell death in the air, around here, that's a common scent  
You know the gunpowder  
You know when your homie barely blink, he just done powder  
Only at seventeen  
You know the common statistic inspired by hoop dreams  
Now hire about street schemes, and getting blood money  
I try my best to stay focused and hope the city love me  
Pray it's not lust, cause if it is, I'd be death in a month  
Lord forbid, for the good kid  
They took his life  
She want her baby back, like a cooked rib  
But that's the just life, where I'm from

If there's a shining star  
Hope my city is not too far  
So we can live again  
See, where I come from is hard  
Hope all over again, we can start  
So we can live again, so we can live again

I've seen this young'un on the train, I had to pick his brain  
He said he on his way uptown to get a brick of caine'  
He said he needed a come up, because selling nicks' was lame  
He needed a change, so I gave him fifty cent  
He looked up at me like I was crazy, I said listen man  
I rather give you my last to see you live again  
Just cause you change what you pitching, don't make the difference  
You gotta get off the mound, and put the game down  
Petty thoughts could keep your brain down  
I leave you with that jewel, go get the chain now  
And put it together  
You see coming up, we ain't have that shit to keep our mind focused  
I love Mike, but it was a hassle trying to buy Jordans  
My nigga hustle all day in front of the corner store  
To get a pair, niggas killed him right in front the mall  
So all the hustling for nothing man  
I threw my pair on the lightpole because of him  
Like fuck it man

Trying to move foward, though it never stops  
A mother's son dead, was killed by some kids popped  
Shots, they back and forth  
Murder for murder, the beef recycled is light  
No idols, bunch of them read bibles  
Allies that turned to rivals, niggas turned street disciples  
Smokers get high as Effiels  
Addicted to being fiends  
Because of the feds as pledge to let our plans spread  
Tiny this and if and that if they banging back  
Because they

Adapt to being black, strapped and gang tats, look  
Rats get mouse trapped  
Can't afford to wishing  
But hit a lick I bet I earn crack, I heard that  
Looking at the sky, hoping a light would shine  
Daylight saving times all the time on this block of mines  
All the time with this Glock of mines  
Swear to God man it ain't a rhyme, I grind for a piece of mine  
Co-sign