

# All the Way Live

Thousand Foot Krutch

Let's funk it up!

Relate, vacate, what's today's rate?,  
In this day 'n' age ain't nobody safe,  
Get'cha got'cha yo, who shot'cha?  
I must warn ya, it's that way in California,  
No one's givin', everyone's takin',  
Who set's off the moves, you're makin'?  
Huh, we're bringin' it, got you singin' it,  
Hold on tight, cuz' this might sting a bit,

Now, bring it back

Yo, I gotta let my peeps know,  
Cuz success ain't rated by how much dough you hold,  
Ha, huh, huh, and it don't make sense,  
To live your whole life for the dollars 'n' cents,  
Cuz this greed is killin' us by the hundreds,  
Ya sittin' on a million but ya still won' derin',  
I guess happiness aint a fish you can't catch 'n'  
Fool ya lookin' in the wrong direction,  
It don't matter whether ya rich or not,  
If ya gone, ya gone, ain't nothin' ya got,  
It matters most in this circle of life,  
If ya find your reason for being here,  
If ya don't know, listen here, it's outlined in the book of life,  
You want things to make sense?, take a U-turn, make it right,  
For the two-triple zero, we come hummin',  
My hand grippin' the mic tight,  
That's how I'm comin',

All-the-way-live  
All-the-way-live  
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All-the-way-live  
Uh, feel the funk,  
Make it rough,

It's just something that happens,  
We try hard to deny,  
You'll find out when it happens,  
It's in the air tonight,  
Here it comes now, fast like a gun now,  
On the run now?  
Turn to NUMBER ONE now,  
Ya feet slowing, you're crazy,  
And tired, come-back,

Hit me, sometimes, life is tricky,  
The stickman comes along, to stick me,  
Flick me, he cannot get with me,  
Got saved 'n' got the victory,

Well who planned this?,  
The Krutch don't miss,  
With that funk'd out twist to get'cha on the canvas,  
We be that ill-type,

But only when we grip mics, 'n' T.F.K.  
Be the squad that'll burn out the lights,  
Like that, gettin' upon the drum track,  
Crack back ya speaker stack to to be exact,  
HE'S comin' keep ya eyes on the clock,  
We rip mics of all types when we rock,  
.. on and on and on, 'n' they'll be no frontin',  
'cuz this is how I'm comin',

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Uh, feel the funk,  
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