

# Living (feat. IamSu)

## 2 Chainz

Good head get your rent paid,  
Then I cut a corner like a switch blade  
Bitch made nigga talking shit about her  
Got a red car so I bought a red bottom  
Chillin' at the game sitting courtside  
You're looking at the flyest nigga on the boat ride  
Low life I'm a multi nigga fo' life  
Oh my, had it up to here like a bow tie,  
Cut it out sold drugs out my mommas house  
So for mothers day, I bought my mom a house  
Chillin' in the club standing on the couch  
Nigga fuck yo couch, nigga nigga fuck yo couch!  
Shoes cost more than that shit anyway  
Any day, when the semi spray, better penetrate  
{Brrraatt} Better duck nigga!  
Got a lake in my yard filled with ducks nigga!  
I'm just livin' baby, and you got that right  
I'm just livin' baby, and my Jordans nice  
I'm just livin' baby, I'm just livin'  
I'm just livin' baby, I'm just livin' Motherfuck the other side (Motherfuck the other side)  
Motherfuck the other side (Motherfuck the other side)  
Everything's official my pistol's just missin missles  
As far as running game my nigga I need a whistle  
My nigga I need your sister, oops, I don't think that came out  
Still fuck a girl with my chain out  
Still do my thing with my thing out  
Long ass clip, I could shoot you without aiming  
My life, your motherfucking entertainment  
Dangerous, leave you with the angels,  
Shoot yo' ass from all types of angles, explain this  
The way I lived with a just bunch of niggas and then just me  
They came close and eat yo' skeet  
They tried to run and I said come back  
If you think you're alone then they're about to Womack  
Hold that, ridin' that Phantom down on there  
Nigga said what up pimp, where the hoes at?  
Ride around on my side of town, you might fuck around and get peeled  
I rock Mookie, rock Y3, got Bathing Apes on my heels  
Nigga this ain't a game there ain't no competition  
I knew he was a fake I got good intuition  
23 and I'm still livin',  
Been all around the world and it's still Richmond

Because I'm loyal to my soil, good to my hood like oil,  
Got me in that water, let it boil  
Bitch I'm a boy, beat the beat up like Roy  
Consider your bitch my employ'  
Real to the core, straight up I never been fraud,  
And I put that on my lord  
Ya'll rap 'bout clothes that you cannot afford  
Where's the Versace and where's the Tom Ford?  
Everything we rap 'bout that shit be ours  
This bitch a freak she should get the award  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>