

Livin' 4 the Moment

Geto Boys

[VERSE 1: Willie D]

Picture me broke and disgusted, livin like a fuckin bum
Raggedy clothes, not knowin where my next meal comin from
I want the American Dream like Dusty Rolls
Got my eyes on paper, fuck these musty hoes
Foes die slower than an AIDS patient
To a tombstone my enemies lead chasin
The police wanna see me in an early grave
But I ain't trippin on em muthafuckin pearly gates
Ways to get a nigga 'fore he get me
Always keep my 'stola with me
Never beg for my life if they muthafuckin hit me
Face, are you with me? (Hell yeah)
The D.E.A. tryin to put me in a jail cell
(Hell yeah) But I refuse to be locked up
(Hell yeah) Give me a quart of ki rocked up
(Hell yeah) Money and murder, that's my motto
I take my chances in the ghetto, fuck the lotto

[CHORUS: Scarface]

I live my life for the moment, fuck tomorrow
Still kill, beg, borrow

Money is power
Rocks is powder
Glock in trousers
Block is ours
Sold flour
Hood sours
Crime towers
Scream louder

[VERSE 2: Scarface]

Bein broke got a muthafucka focused on the wrong things
Livin illegal, armorin the Regal with gold Danes
Twistin muthafuckas up, killin em even quicker
Niggas on a suicidal mission to get the scrilla
Anybody peeler, I'm still a homicidal killer
Mob with gorillas, servin the fiends smokin chillers
And I'm - so high - that I - can touch the sky
Above the fallin rain
Let me explain, in these streets no pain
Murder your partner if he crosses you, nigga, do your thing
It's a struggle for position in this cold dark world
Survival of the realest geto boys and girls
So what you waitin on, get your muthafuckin ranks
And your muthafuckin bank, serve your muthafuckin Hank
And your dank, I don't think the sun don't shine
In 1999 - so grind
Ain't no sense in dyin without a dime
Listen to the muthafuckin rhymes

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Willie D]

Day dark, walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I fear nothin

We all gotta die of somethin
Don't blame me if I capitalize
Give me the dope and lock me up if I happen to rise
Despise any human that ain't a substance to my lifestyle
Put me out my misery, I might smile
Why plan the future when everyday there's a new opponent
I'm livin for the muthafuckin moment, DMG, get on it

[VERSE 4: DMG]

Well I, nigga, I come to ride
Down for the Southside
Drive by your community
I'm doin him, we bombin
Droppin on your muthafuckin squadron
Heartless, bring these muthafuckas rigor mortis
For the moment, ??? bonin, who want this?
Come on and let me know you really, really want it
I'm here, now for life, straight up and down, mangler
??? strangler, hang you up
Niggas get smoked like herb
Inner cities to suburbs
Word em up, fuck em up, tired of bein flat
With nothin but these clothes on my back
(No scratch) fuck that with the middle finger
I'm tryin to turn my grass greener
And fertilize my pocket size - for the moment

[CHORUS]