

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