

ScHoolboy Q - Live Again

{verse 1: kendrick lamar}

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

Thats my surroundings in compton, have common sense

Smell death in the air, around here, thats 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 just life, where i'm from

{hook}

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, we can start

So we can live again, so we can live again

{verse 2: curt@in\$}

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
{hook}

{verse 3: schoolboy q}

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 unread bibles
Allies that turned to rivals, niggas turned street disciples
Smokers get high as eiffiels
Addicted to being fiends
Because of the feds as we pledge to let our plague 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 tuition

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

{hook}

{bridge/outro: black ice}

When you look at my brothers, what's your first impression?
Does the sight of us leave you guessing?
Or do you understand the stressing, the aggression
The look of no hope on my niggas' faces
Like the lord overlooked us when he handed down his graces
See embraces, fall short on the numb tips of street entrepreneur fingers
Stuck in the walls of the project halls where the coke smell still lingers -
External blingers is all we can be
Cause on the inside we been given nothin to shine on
And the gig is harder to get than coke so niggas get their grind on
Because the tv tells us aim high nigga, make all goals lateral
But that takes paper that we don't have so niggas put their souls up as col
lateral
Now, some niggas reclaim 'em, some blame 'em
Making excuses to sell 'em
But when a nigga goes from not doin', to doin'
What can you tell him?
Not to be a nigga?
Shit i gots to be a nigga that's how i pay the bills and i'mma do that whet
her i gotta sling this coke or exploit these rhyme skills

{hook}