

T.I. (f. Rihanna) - Live your life (album, Paper Trail) (2008)

[G, D, A, Bm] (repeat chords for whole song)

You're gonna be a shining star, fancy clothes, fancy car-ars.

And then you'll see, you're gonna go far.

Cause everyone knows, who you are-are. So live your life, ay ay ay.

Instead of chasing that paper. Just live your life (Oh!), ay ay ay.

Ain't got no time for no haters, Just live your life (Oh!), ay ay ay.

No telling where it'll take you. Just live your life (Oh!), ay ay ay.

Cause I'm a paper chaser. Just living my life (ay), my life (oh)..... [x2]

Nevermind what haters say, ignore them 'til they fade away.

Amazing they ungreat for after all the games I gave away.

Safe to say I paved the way, for you can't get paid today.

You still be wasting days away, nah had I never saved the day.

Consider them my protégé, how much I think they should pay.

Instead of being gracious, they violated and made you wait.

I never been a hater still I love them, yeah I graze the way.

Some say they so yay and no they couldn't even work on Labor day.

It aint that they black or white, their hands of area in shades of grey.

I'm West side anyway, even if I left the day it fades away.

Some move away to make a way not move away cause they afraid.

I'll go back to the hood and all you ever did was hate away.

I pray for patience but they make me want to face away.

Like I once made them scream, now I could make them plead their case away.

Been thuggin' all my life, can't say I don't deserve to take a break.

If you ever see me catch a case, and watch my future fade away.

(Chorus)

I'm the opposite of moderate, immaculately polished with the spirit of a hustler and the swagger of a college kid.

Allergic to the counterfeit, impartial to the politics.

Articulate but still would grab a nigga by the collar quick.

Whoever had problems, they reckonsile they just holla 'tip.

If that don't work and just fails, then turn around and follow 'tip.

I got love for the game but ay I'm not in love with all of it.

I do without the fame and the rappers nowadays are comedy.

The hootin' and the hollerin', back and forth with the argueing.

Where you from, who you know, what you make and what kind of car you in.

Seems as though you lost sight of whats important with the positive.

And checks until your bank account, and you're about poverted.

Your values is a disarrayed, prioritized are horribly.

Unhappy with the riches cause you pis-pone morraly.

Ignoring all prior advice and fore warning.

And we might be full of ourselves all of a sudden aren't we?

(Chorus)