

**O.G. Ron C & Bro. Wood****"My Life"**

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(feat. Lil' Flip, Laboo)

[talking]

What up Lil' Flip, how life treating you boy

[Hook]

Living the life of ice is nice, and fancy cars and all that  
shit

Going to bars menage tois, and nice ass broads that  
we just flipped

Up in the mall they call us dogs, but we gon ball until  
we fall

If you ain't living like us,  
well bitch you ain't living at all my life yeah

[Lil' Flip]

My life-my life-my life, it ain't great  
Cause some days, I barely had food on my plate  
So when I get some, a nigga real greatful  
Cause when you in the ghetto, rich people hateful  
With the he say and she say, from Keisha to Nay-Nay  
From Nay-Nay to Shante, Shante and Andre  
Sha'll I go on, about the shit I see everyday  
Like a whole bunch of black folks, with no place to stay  
Nowhere to lay, nowhere to pray  
Just imagine, if you wore the same clothes thirty days  
With scuffed up dirty J's, and plenty holes in your shirt  
And won't nobody help you, they treat you like dirt  
It's my life, I married the streets and made the hood  
my home

And I'ma represent this shit, till I'm gone  
And even when I'm gone, you can listen to my songs  
Cause I'ma let you know, what's right and what's wrong  
It's wrong to borrow money, and never give it back  
But if your family poor, it ain't wrong to sell crack  
It's right to make cash, and make sure your click eat  
And it's right to do a feature, with a nigga like me  
Cause I'ma tell the truth, about everything I say  
I've been through some shit, nigga I came a long way  
From boy to man, from zero to grands  
From no shows to mo' shows, and now I'm a man

[Hook]

[Laboo]

See I be trying to spit some knowledge, to these kids  
But should I tell 'em go to college, or quit and find a  
gig  
Cause the world don't really give you jack, and if you  
black  
Fucking round with that crack, get you some time on  
your back  
That's why I always, try to keep it clean  
The FED time got my brother, doing fifteen  
At bed time, send my prayers up  
And I stay prepared for the money in the air, I'm trying  
to have stuff  
That's why, I'm all off in the rap game  
And worldwide, trying to spread it 'cross the map mayn  
But black pride, got me thinking there's no limitation  
Gotta survive regardless, any situation well

[Lil' Flip]

I'm grinding (where you at), on the block  
(what's that) hand full of rocks, looking for the cops  
(HPD) pull up, I wouldn't wanna be em  
(what you do) hop the first gate, see em  
Thank God I'm still breathing, cause I'm a little heathen  
I'm the type of cat, that start shit for no reason  
Use to have meetings, with the church deacon  
Cause I was doing other shit, while he was preaching  
And every single thing, he was saying came true  
And when we got our shit together, in 9-2  
And boy I was a fool, at making that cash  
Hit licks flipping bricks, right after every class

[Hook]

[talking]

That's right my life, my life of shining  
Laboo, Lil' Flip all about grinding, living that life  
You know that life that high life, the life of ice  
And fancy clothes, and all that shit  
I'm talking bout living it up nigga, down here in Texas  
Niggaz ain't tripping you hear me, shit get hectic  
sometimes nigga  
I feel you my nigga, be careful what you dream for  
nigga

