

**Santana F/ Dido****"Life"**

Visit "[Life](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Master P]

You know what?

This ghetto got me so crazy

My life, it almost feel like I'm a phone call or ring away  
from death

Ain't this fucked up

Big Ed, tell a story of the streets

[Big Ed]

My nigga Jay got his ass snatched, why wasnt he  
strapped

Kidnapped by four niggas dressed in black

Ahh dats it, They called his momma

Told her, no joke, we got your son, she updated me on  
da drama

Her voice trembled, she was hysterical

The bounty was a hundred G's

for her to ante up, it would take a miracle

Shes very spiritual

She got on her knees and prayed to god that I would  
help her yo

We'll get em back, I do anything to help my dawg

Try to relax, I hit you back, let me make some calls

For situations like this,

I keep a safe full of money with 100 round clips

I told my lady, get the cash and the mags

No questions asked we filled it up in a duffle bag

I through in my camoflaugue fatigues

My A-R, a hand grenade, and an ounce of weed

Head out the front, put the bag in the truck right next to  
the M-1

And the pistol grip pump

Hit ma dawgs on the celly mercenary group of killers

We're methodical niggas with infered triggers

Put the Lexus in reverse, and let's roll double 0

Limo tint big body black four do'

Meet V-90 at the diner with Burt bought my bad ass hoe  
China

Who smoke this dope out her vagina

Chocolate, jet black hair , slanted eyes you shoulda  
seen her

Bad ass body look, flexible like a ballarina  
Seated at a booth, three niggas with broad and bullet  
proofs  
Met for combat, made more calls, met up the troop  
I told em Jay got snatched  
The Downen boys got connects on silencers for gats  
Bring me four, meet me by Jay mom's crib  
I'll be there in ten, it's time to get it how we live  
When I got there she said that the jackers know about  
me  
That I got cheese with the Miller boys at the Calliope  
Now they want two fifty, it's cool though  
It's time to act a fool though, heard a knock at the front  
door  
Reach up my shirt and put the gat to the peep hole  
(Who is it?) It's my nigga Boz, open up the door  
And Red nigga, these niggas down to kill nigga  
But hold up, the plot gets thicker  
He said, Jay's a trick ass nigga, nobody snatched the  
nigga  
He's plottin on me, tryin to get richer  
He's hiding at the Motel Six, room two twenty  
How many hoes in this world, man nigga plenty  
Boz got this hoe named wendy, stripper slash dancer  
Red met her at Chocolate Sixty in Atlanta  
She got a twin sister Candy, Boz hooked Candy to Jay  
Jay fell in love with the hoe and got a baby on the way  
But he's broke and busted, down and out disgusted  
Scheming on me, him and Candy discussed it  
Candy told Wendy, and Wendy told Red  
Red told me my nigga Jay wants me dead  
Not my nigga, but I gotta investigate  
We drove to the Motel Six, seen his car, checked the  
liscense plate  
(Yeah that's him) See what happens when you try to  
pack fair  
Peeped in the window, seen Jay gettin rolled in the  
chair  
That's that hoe Candy, workin it backwards  
Lookin at her titties got my dick hard like she's a  
private dancer  
Kicked the door down, his pants down, my gat in his  
face  
Pushed the hoe off the nigga and shot his dick off his  
waist  
And that naked hoe Candy pussy is wide open  
Jay can't believe she betrayed him, his eyes is wide  
open  
Jay tell me why nigga, before you die nigga  
I would have gave you some money, didn't have to lie  
nigga

But I can't kill ya cause a nigga love you too much  
So V-90 shoot him in his head and throw him in his own  
trunk  
Watch your click (watch your click)  
Cause niggas switch when you get rich  
That tek and ski mask cause life's a bitch

Visit [Santana F/ Dido](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.