

Sarah Brightman F/ Chris Thompson

"Punished for Hard Livin"

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The Bible say we all equal, we the same in the end
So when you fuckin with Yung Ro, then Nobody gone
win
So here I am, full of pain, with a mic in my hand
I sacrafice the truth to let you know Nobody'll
understand
And if I'm judged as a man, for this Nobody life style
I hope they don't forget to mention, all the laughs and
smiles
But don't cry for Yung Ro, Cause I'm on anothe roll
where it started, where it ends, my nigga Nobody
knows
I'm destined to shine, punk nigga, don't fool yourself
And if you get hot from the truth you betta cool yourself
Cause I'ma young master mind, how the fuck you
figure?
Bitch I'll fuck you up in public and laugh at you foolish
niggaz
Take heed to what I'm sayin, only them covers cartoons
See most rappers - got war stories, Yung Ro got war
wounds
And I ain't even - TRYIN to plex
I'm only - TRYIN to stress
But you betta - REMIND yourself
Nigga that - I'M the best
And you just might - FIND yourself
Lookin for some - KIND of help
That your nigga done got pissed
Now bullets - FLYING through your chest
GOT EM!
Yung Ro an ignorant fed muthafucker
But the way I spit it, you can't touch it
Only due to my structure
And I was told on this road, they wanna go and kill me
I'm like the wind, you can't see me
But when I flow, you feel me
Can you hear me?
Nigga this goes on, like I said too much
And if you fuck with Nobody, Nobody will fuck ya up
It's Color Change, Paid In Full, Nigga let it be known
And if you fuck with Nobody, Nobody will fuck ya up

It's Color Change, Paid In Full, Nigga let it be known
And if you fuck with Nobody, Nobody will fuck ya up
It's Color Change, Paid In Full, Nigga let it be known
And I'ma ride for my niggaz, until the day that I'm gone
My nuts - are way bigger, my team - is way stronger
My boss money's on my mind right, nigga I'm on ya
And if you consider competition, you betta get on your
shit

Cause soon as they give me a chance, I'ma run this
bitch

Noboooooody - Grab your heat and put your gun up
Put some pistols on they ass and make 'em walk like
Ronald

[Laughs] And I don't do gangsta rap

I spit raw Nobody shit, now how gangsta is that?

I'm a man, and I ain't never had my nuts taken from me
And I'm no where to be found, if you bitches lookin for
me

I be anxious aiming lookin through my peep hole
dumpin

Punk bitch, I see shit, just like Neo comin

Plus protected by God's sheild, and I'm driven by God's
will

And I know that God's real, but it's so hard to chill
When snake niggaz get scared, they build they hate
then they swarm

I don't wanna use what God gave me, to inflict no harm
Niggaz what I bring will be pain, and way worse then a
bullet

And I've been itchin, anxious, so stressed, that I'm
ready to pull it

And you don't want them thangs burnin the blood in
your artiries

All that bumpin don't bother me, You'll be in jail for
robbery

This is what the streets made me, thinkin about God
daily

Plus the struggle made me stronger and at the same
time crazy

I'm havin bad dreams my nigga, and I don't
understand them

I wake up crying and confused and write a Nobody
Anthem

Can you fakers here me spittin, think this shit's so easy
How many ways can I say it's fucked up for someone to
believe me

I'm in need of a miricle, they feelin me lyrical
Scared of my physical, and so lost spiritual

I can't explain what I know, how I know it and why
I'm pretty sure it'll all make sense when I lay down and
die

But for now, I'm gettin fucked up, runnin the streets
with my killers
I got -THUG LOVE- for my Nobody niggaz!
YEAH!

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