

## Young Gunz "It's the Life"

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Chea, ayo

Everybody name brand me I was same pants, same top  
Coke and hot dogs out the same pot  
Since a buck, I been packing weapons  
Only strappin' niggas doin' when they sexin'

Every head is in the crew is yes man  
My music and my shootin' perfected  
I can't afford to lose I'm destined  
To hit that road, collect and try to hop up  
Out of the hood niggas, frown they see me pop up

Get locked up and they still with them coppers  
Give 'em somethin' from the choppers  
I got to flow with the choppers  
Giving them gas they need ox call the doctor  
Raw and uncut no mask know who shot ya

Try to tell them chill for real but they don't listen though  
'Till the 45th come kiss 'em under the mistletoe  
And that's the last time I'ma remind y'all  
Next time creepin' up with somethin' behind y'all

It's the life, just livin' it right  
Shoot first and don't think twice  
And homie if the price is right, niggas say get at ya  
'Bout who draw the fastest, casket or the ashes

Yo, it's lovely when your squeezin' 'em  
Ugly when you're receivin' 'em  
And ya peeps going crazy in the receivin' room  
A gun like a lung you goin' need more than one  
This for every block in the ghetto or where I'm from

I started off 9 or 10 runnin' wit my step pops  
Learned how to collect from niggas and set up shizzop  
Never buy hard from him I learned to cook rock  
Summer time blizzock winter time shizzop

Let the smokers run them in, all they want is 3 for 10  
Give up that password before you get the fuck in  
Before we get to buckin', leave 'em where they stand at

Respect we demand that, now tell me where them  
grams at

Stacks rubber band wraps the streets the limmy  
Got me a squadder wit a driver a souped up hemi  
Be happy you in my presence, I can't give you a penny  
'Cause this nigga only tough when that shit's up in any  
nigga

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Yeah, ain't nuttin soft about me but niggas they doubt  
me  
So I'm a have to run through they alley  
Pick bread off of they balcony  
Then toss the gun nigga, I'm outty or nigga I'm rowdy

But common sense plays a bigger part of me  
My pookie when it comes to the Uzi it just be callin' me  
Mr.Brown not Bob or Foxy or Nino  
It's pooda baby the ruger baby will clean the scene  
though

Excuse me ladies been through it lately but doin' my  
thing though  
The crib 24 hours nigga the hood casino  
You lil niggas soft 'till that banana clip emptyin'  
He not there dot on his head like he an Indian

It's training day nigga wake up early  
Or we be in your crib burners wake up Shirley  
Cabinets and the bed nigga check that thoroughly  
I need that cooked up cookie homie end that story

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