

# Young Gunz

## "Life We Choose"

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[Intro: Young Chris]

Uh feel my pain, chea uh-huh  
Uh, Young Gunnas, Chris and Neef  
It's real shit  
North of Death, home of Philly  
Uh, chea uh

[Verse 1: Young Chris]

Lights is gettin' dimmer  
Nights gettin' colder  
Lost three of my soldiers  
Life feel like it's over  
Unloadin' there's somethin' in my way  
They'll never take me alive  
I got somethin' on the way  
I'ma survive I'ma try to do straight  
Try to make it alive, be around for that due date  
But it's hard, niggaz hatin' em hard  
That loss hurt to the heart  
But still they say it's they fault, we blame y'all  
Nigga how, nigga please  
It's still on baby  
Tell them niggaz had they still off safety  
What about them other fake dudes that he grew up wit  
Elementary middle school up wit  
Man them niggaz was there ain't move yet  
I'm startin' to think they had somethin' to do wit it  
I used to think them niggaz was scared  
It's lookin' a little shaky now  
Niggaz happy his little brother's laughin', his mother  
hate me now

[Chorus: Denim]

Even though it hurts some days  
This is the game we chose to play  
Not everything in life is gold but it will be okay  
Now a bullet ain't got no aim  
And y'all know bullets ain't got no name  
But this is the life we chose  
And it will never change

[Verse 2: Neef]

Everyday we reminisce about that three day trip  
Same night that we left, got a call you hit  
Thought you was still wit us, aimed at me that he  
flipped  
Got a call from my peaches found out where you was  
hit  
Three hit himself who missed him and you just a couple  
inches  
You don't know how much you miss him, bullshittin' in  
the kitchen  
Ninety percent fist fights leadin' to them slammers  
But lil' Drake ain't understand until one of them niggaz  
vanish  
This rap shit is crazy but believe me I'ma try  
Whether happened or not homie I got lil' five  
And with the real ones I'ma slice my pies  
As you would of wanted, man I'm so sick to my  
stomach  
That you ain't around enjoyin' the fruits of our labors  
Shit's about to get major, and these niggaz really hate  
us  
Around for nothin' givin' me teeth and palms  
Man I don't pay 'em no mind, just try to focus and  
rhyme ya know

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Young Chris]

Aunt Peaches that's where you can reach us  
Cook out every other til' they took a nigga brother  
Love ya like a brother so I try to take ya brother  
And he be on some other shit, I be tryin' to tell 'em man  
I seen how you feel  
He had intentions on killin' my big brother  
Just to let me see how he feel  
Tellin' me his life over fuckin' cops  
They know they after, run before they catch him he got  
people to kill  
That boy crazy, he got people for real  
He gone wind up layin' somewhere peaceful for real  
Like he the only one goin' through the pain  
Like his mom and Aunt Peaches ain't goin' through the  
same  
Cool one minute, then he goin' through a change  
I don't need that around, keep the heaters around  
Just like the rest of the niggaz that I leave in the town  
So I separate myself, I look better wit myself

[Repeat Chorus]

