

Young Gunz "Life We Chose"

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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

Lights is gettin' dimmer
Night's 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'm a survivor, 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
hates me now

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 the ones, 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

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 jet 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

Though it hurts some days

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And y'all know bullets ain't got no name

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I'm 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 felt, tellin' me his life over fuckin' the 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 our 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

Though it hurts some days

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