

50/50 Twin "Life Is So Unfair"

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[50/50 Twin]

I penetrate eliminate, eat beef like dinner plate
Disintegrate cakes stem that hate, know I was fin to say
Roy Jones Jr. imitate, then release what's in the K
Ride off on a spin a day, plus fo' that's 28's
Provoke or stimulate, cause Twin is thinner weight
Kick your face with my Gucci Air Force, I'm pimping
snakes
Run like you in a race, see the effect of the mistakes
Skin or face get a grip, you sliding on winter skates
50/50 is pissed off, just leave him alone
If he come to rob your house, just leave him your home
Until his brother get out, not for any reason he come
His gun case got every gun, swords and 53 bombs
It would be way too late, when bullets sleep in your
lungs
Your heartbeat decreased completely, now your
breathing is gone
Your Pastor sitting by your bedside, reading you
psalms
I told you 50/50 was pissed, now just leave him alone

[Hook x8]

I feel like life is so unfair
(I feel like life is so unfair)

[50/50 Twin]

Fellas try and fellas die, bullets fly in fellas eye
Fellas end up in a wheelchair, hollows fly in fellas thigh
Hello hi tell your guy, don't pedal by metal fly
You got kids to live for, you better take your tail inside
Catch my enemy while they sleeping, give 'em pillow
shots
This anger I issue out, reflects I've been through a lot
Am I on mute, does anybody hear me yelling out
Very loud I'm way too rough, in this rap game spare me
now
If thug shit is your type of high, then inhale me now
I have so much tension, I probably could push or pet
you down
Toe to toe in every round, I'm flawless I carry crowns
I'm the Paul Bearer for the circus, because I buried

clowns

Look don't even jam 50/50, if you gon turn it down
Think I'm a joke, I'll put a lighter to your lip and burn
your smile
I'll put a lighter to your lip, and burn your smile
I'll put a lighter to your lip, and burn your smile

[Hook x8]

[50/50 Twin]

This ain't me writing this rap, I can't control my pen
The words are coming from, another soul within
Now I'm punching on myself, like where you go with
Twin
A 'Vard street block, I'm saying things Twin was
holding in
Here you have the red pill, and this is the blue
Reality or dream world, whichever you choose
I'm the Neo of this rap game, possessing the juice
Download the beef stain, see what I'm fixing to do
My name ain't Santa Clause, but I chill on your roof
Put a stain on your shirt, like you spilling your juice
I'm the snake that bit your foot, when you slid in your
boots
Take a murder case to trial, lose appealing and move
I got a Tech called Mr. T, that don't pity the fool
I slide down the vent in your room, and get rid of you
dude
Leave your body floating about, in the shivering pool
I'm too dangerous for myself, see what I'm living will
do

[Hook x8]

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