

**Young Gunz f/ Pooda Brown****"It's the Life"**

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[Young Chris]

Yo a yo everybody name brand  
Me I was same pants, same top  
Broken hot dogs out the same pot  
Since a buck I been packin weapons  
Only strappin niggaz do when they sexin  
Airheads in they crew is just yes men  
My music and my shoot I perfect in  
I can't afford to lose I'm destined  
And hit that road collect tryna hop up  
Outta the hood, niggaz frown they see me pop up  
Get locked up and they still with the coppers  
Give them something from them choppers I got filled  
with the coppers  
Leavin them gaspin need ox call the doctor  
Raw and uncut no mask know who shot ya  
Try and tell 'em chill for real but they don't listen  
though  
Till the 4-5th come and kiss 'em under the missile toe  
And thats the last time I'mma remind y'all  
Next time I'm creepin up in something behind y'all

[Chorus]

It's the life  
Just livin it right  
Shoot first and don't think twice  
And homey if the price is right  
Niggaz'll get at you  
Bout who draw the fastest  
Casket or the ashes

[Young Neef]

Yo it's lovely when you squeezin them  
Ugly when you receivin them  
And ya peeps goin crazy in the receiving room  
A gun like a lung you gon need more than one  
This for every block in te ghetto from where I'm from  
I started off a 9 or 10 runnin with my step-pop  
Learn how to collect from niggaz and set up shizzop  
Never buy hard from him, I learned to cook rock  
Summer time blizzock, winter time shizzop

Let a smoker rum 'em in  
All they want is 3 for 10  
Give up that password before you get the fuck in  
'Fore we get the buckin  
Leave 'em where they stand at  
Respect we demand that  
Now tell me where them grams at  
Stack rubberband wrapped the street still in me  
Got me a squadda with 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 em  
Nigga

[Chorus]

[Pooda Brown]

Yea ain't nothin soft about me  
But niggaz they doubt me  
So I'mma have to run through they alley  
Get red off of they bount me  
Toss the gun nigga I'm outtie  
But nigga I'm rowdie  
But common sense plays a bigger part of me  
I'm Pookie when it comes to the Uzi  
I just be callin me  
(Mr. Brown) Not Bobby, Foxy, or Nino  
It's Pooda baby the Ruger baby'll clean the scene  
though  
Excuse me ladies don't do it lately  
But I'm doin my thing though  
The crib 24 hours nigga the hook a seno  
You lil nigga soft till that ' nana empty  
And he not dead dot on his head like he a Indian  
It's trainin day nigga wake up early  
For we be in ya crib burners wake up Shirley  
Cabinets and the bed nigga check that thoroughly  
I need that cooked up cookie homie  
And that story  
Whooo

[Chorus] - 2X

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