

Tarik Mishlawi**"L.I.F.E"**

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My brothers feelin' down livin' shit outta luck
Workin' all day and night just to earn us a buck
Clock struck 7 loadin' shit all up in my truck
Glock 9s tech 9s volcano 'bout to erupt
Me and you we got different definitions of slut
But you can tell if it's a pimp from the limp in his strut
We all livin' different lives different stuff to be done
But I ain't leavin' this life until this battle is won
Big guns made fun better run kitty run
Ain't got no time for your type I'm only countin to one
Why is life so hard I always ask it to god
Freeze me in a block of ice and when I'm ready get
thawed
But in the future I'll be clawed my personality flawed
Charged for identity theft I'm growin' up as a fraud
And as me and my squad rollin' up to you on our quads
You better be cryin' for help because if not you get
sawed.

I'm rappin silly reppin' city like I be from Chicago
One false move you take a step and get your jaw broke
No matter how many kings I followed I always get
swallowed
Lying hollowed in nothing cuz in my life I had wallowed
When I make bad choices I know I'm nobodies idol
Kids who listen to rap they all be actin' homicidal
Tell me why our nations media be makin' all the ruckus
Illuminati puppets in my bucket played like they were
trumpets
Live in chaos different states they all be fighting for
nothing
United nations in their conference room struggle to
solve something
A move twenty years ago could've made a better
change
Environment is finished, fallin down, acid rain
And we still live unashamed
We don't care cuz we'll be gone when we gotta face
the game
I'm still hot burning up I got the fire from the flame
Might not know me now but when I'm gone you never

ask my name

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