

Nas Featuring DMX

"Life Is What You Make It"

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Nas]

Yo ill will, ruff ryders

what what, sraight like that

You a killer or a hustler, dealer or customer

Gangsta or buster, youngster or old nigga

A weed head, a coke sniffer

You rich or a broke nigga

Know you all relate to this shit that i wrote niggas

Lots of my mans trapped up in a max

Penatentary, sending me letters i answer back

That eventually, we all be bentley'ed out

Throwing campaigns, fuck it I'm running for White House

My niggas control Senate, pipe seats jeeps tinted

Mad Lewinsky chicks, some kinky shit

Did dirt now I knew it would come back one day

So I'm on point, scrap, prepare for gunplay

Stared at one face, thought it was beef he looked familiar

Ready to blast ,nigga gave me daps said I feel ya

Can't believe how my life changed

From the hood, the first time in my life I can say i did

the right thing

Chorus: 4x

Life is what you make it nigga, I'ma make it

No matter what it takes my nigga, we gonna take it(uh)

[DMX]

uh, uh, uh, uh, uh

Everyday shit, around the way shit got me stressed
(what)

So i keep on the vest in case a nigga wanna test (uh)

I got no time for games cause I'm all grown up

You wanna joke nigga? laugh when you get blown up
(come on)

See how funny it is when your kids aint got no father

Cause you played it sweet now you floating in the
harbor (for real)

Shit is hectic so respect it for your health (what)

Didn't think it was right, you should've checked it
yourself (come on)

Life is too short to get caught up in some dumb shit

Wake up one day, 40 years old on some bumb shit

Time flew by, you was too fly to see the light

Everyday it's getting darker then comes the night

Now what? (what) realize that you ain't got shit (uh)

Not long ago you was the man on some hot shit

So just peep the flow yo, cause you already in this

Make sure your shit is right kid and handle your
business (uh huh)

Chorus

[Nas]

Make history before you go

Fuck the misery, you po we gettin doe

Except the ?dollars? other reasons why I'm living yo
(why?)

Time is viable

Low and behold the young, black, and powerful

Got to eat yo, everyday my daughters feet grow

You wack and cheap with the doe, my heat could blow

Payin doctors when I'm born, a preacher when I'm
buried

That's why cash is needed for my kids to inherit

Gotta pay just for living, tax life is a b'ness (business)

If you catch a bad deal, watch your life deminish

Deals made by God and the Devil, and we in it

Pawns in the game, can't complain or say shit

Just strap up and hold on, hope for the best

prepare for the worse, no fears no nothing on earth

No tears if I'm dumped in a hearse, I won't be the first

Nor the last nigga, let's get this cash nigga

Chorus

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