

O.G. Ron C & Bro. Wood f/ Lil' Flip, Laboo

"My Life"

Visit "[My Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*talking*)

What up Lil' Flip, how life treating you boy

[Hook]

Living the life of ice is nice, and fancy cars and all that
shit

Going to bars menage tois, and nice ass broads that
we just flipped

Up in the mall they call us dogs, but we gon ball until
we fall

If you ain't living like us, well bitch you ain't living at all
my life yeah

[Lil' Flip]

My life-my life-my life, it ain't great

Cause some days, I barely had food on my plate

So when I get some, a nigga real greatful

Cause when you in the ghetto, rich people hateful

With the he say and she say, from Keisha to Nay-Nay

From Nay-Nay to Shante, Shante and Andre

Sha'll I go on, about the shit I see everyday

Like a whole bunch of black folks, with no place to stay

Nowhere to lay, nowhere to pray

Just imagine, if you wore the same clothes thirty days

With scuffed up dirty J's, and plenty holes in your shirt

And won't nobody help you, they treat you like dirt

It's my life, I married the streets and made the hood
my home

And I'ma represent this shit, till I'm gone

And even when I'm gone, you can listen to my songs

Cause I'ma let you know, what's right and what's wrong

It's wrong to borrow money, and never give it back

But if your family poor, it ain't wrong to sell crack

It's right to make cash, and make sure your click eat

And it's right to do a feature, with a nigga like me

Cause I'ma tell the truth, about everything I say

I've been through some shit, nigga I came a long way

From boy to man, from zero to grands

From no shows to mo' shows, and now I'm a man

[Hook]

[Laboo]

See I be trying to spit some knowledge, to these kids
But should I tell 'em go to college, or quit and find a
gig
Cause the world don't really give you jack, and if you
black
Fucking round with that crack, get you some time on
your back
That's why I always, try to keep it clean
The FED time got my brother, doing fifteen
At bed time, send my prayers up
And I stay prepared for the money in the air, I'm trying
to have stuff
That's why, I'm all off in the rap game
And worldwide, trying to spread it 'cross the map mayn
But black pride, got me thinking there's no limitation
Gotta survive regardless, any situation well

[Lil' Flip]

I'm grinding (where you at), on the block
(what's that) hand full of rocks, looking for the cops
(HPD) pull up, I wouldn't wanna be em
(what you do) hop the first gate, see em
Thank God I'm still breathing, cause I'm a little heathen
I'm the type of cat, that start shit for no reason
Use to have meetings, with the church deacon
Cause I was doing other shit, while he was preaching
And every single thing, he was saying came true
And when we got our shit together, in 9-2
And boy I was a fool, at making that cash
Hit licks flipping bricks, right after every class

[Hook]

(*talking*)

That's right my life, my life of shining
Laboo, Lil' Flip all about grinding, living that life
You know that life that high life, the life of ice
And fancy clothes, and all that shit
I'm talking bout living it up nigga, down here in Texas
Niggaz ain't tripping you hear me, shit get hectic
sometimes nigga
I feel you my nigga, be careful what you dream for
nigga

Visit [O.G. Ron C & Bro. Wood f/ Lil' Flip, Laboo](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.