

Bad Azz

"This Life Of Mine"

Visit "[This Life Of Mine](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Featuring The Outlawz, Prince Ital Joe]
Intro:
[Bad Azz]
Hennessy
Freeride in the house
Busta Ass
[Kastro]
Outlawz
[Bad Azz]
Outlawz hooked up with that nigga Bad Azz
Makin' cash, motherfucker
[Prince Ital Joe]
See them runnin,
fuck up us by them thug life control
How should the thugster
Must be in the area
Outlaw does the law
Dept on the gangsta
When's Ital Joe in the ruff spot ya
Verse 1:
[Napolean]
Well since a young age
I'll been thugged out till the fullest
Niggas strap now
You don't want me dead
Gimme that, I'll bet I'll pull it
Cause since a young age
I been starvin'
Niggas say hungry
Fuck around with the lonely
You couldn't fuck around with the phony
In this life I lead
Nigga hustle
At a crack speed and I dig greed
Fuck makin' friends respectfully
I will cry for you at your murder scene
This Napolean
But he got quick, don't strike first, it's on again
In the shoe son
On the stash son
At least pretend he born away
This Outlawz, thug don't see

Fuck around you when I see
Your family, all the century
Matter of fact bitch only mention me
I'm comatosed
I'm stretched out on the Westcoast till the fullest
At a overdose of bullets
And tell your bitch ass, shall pull it
You shouldn't fuck around
With the wrong Niggas
At the wrong time
At the wrong place
You shouldn't fuck with some Outlawz
Bad Boy killers
Puffy erasers

Verse 2:

[Kastro]

I'm a soldier
Sober
Even when I'm over
Smoked out, drunk and plus fuckin' on the sofa
In the Ghetto
You jellow, heart full of yellow
You thugged out, all bugged out
And can't settle
Word up
That's worth to me and all I love
My dick's stuck in the dirt
Fuckin' the world and can't bust
Back to the lab
Back to the bed
Born oven
You's a fag
Movin' fast
Happy ass, gone lucky
Picture this
A Nigga get blissed to remeniss
Fuck a ho
Fuck her slow
Put a strong in a stramp
It's me
Drunk as can be, on a humble
I piss shit and shit piss
Fuck till my dick crumble
My life, full of the worst
To imagine
Me in struggle like a magnet
Outlaw I'll savage
My time
Step on the grind, wouldn't mind
My life full of late nights
My time wont provide

Chorus: x2
[Bad Azz]
This life of mine
Were only time on my side till I die
Gettin' high,
waste of time
Livin' blind by the light
Gettin' by
The best way I can in these times
And it hurts to know my life ain't really mine

Verse 3:

[E.D.I]
Now the custom my kind are
They label me a plot
Well Am I supposed to let 'em ride on
End on drippin' blood
Like Salaam and I would
It's the wild, wild Westside
Best to recollect
Collect your toys
Try not to get too high
Off the laundry
Cause the crime seen to be you
Pride to the fight
You was yappin'
Now you see through
I fillst the evil
As soon as I enter the section
But I'm a renegade
Made of the days I remember
Ment to only live my life strife free
But Niggas like me
Want mo' hood
So we kick in the do'
Screamin' Outlawz
We outsmart hoes
With Bad Azz fo' sho
Get yours
Get the fuck off
And flow

Verse 4:

[Young Noble]
Yo
I'm hardly livin'
A Nigga pushin' that I should be in
Stuck in hole
The world put me in
Shiverin'
They sayin' thugs ain't citizens
In the civilized world among us
So world hunger

If they could
They take the world from us
And who I mean by they, teachers
Who don't believe in his students
Preachers who take the money
And turns folks us to use 'em
Crooked cops who blast Niggas
For thinkin' guns from ruthless
Politicians and bad lords,
knowin' their motherfucking choosers
Who the fuck they done to roof us
They made a Nigga snap
With bigger gaps and quicker raps
A Nigga nasty perhaps
Brief pass me the strap
Either the Glock or one of the Gauges
Tryin' to stab me or not
On a plot or rockin' stages
Pac raised us
Soldier never let fuckin' cops cage us
Sayin' we all lost souls
And they can't save us
Son is outrages
A faded ass like Noble
Sayin' Outlawz is no more
Thinkin' we all got killed
But we been on the day
Motherfucker since you was on me
Fuck you
Heads or tails get on the green
[Prince Ital Joe]
In the murder you try,
but you can't stop her
This is out the youth
Nobody here will die
Verse 5:
[Bad Azz]
Occupation sayin' Occupie
Rockin' high rhymes while you jockin' mine
Cockin' nine up in these times
Ain't no stoppin' mine
Keep in mind
You can find the streets' greedy thugs
Heat takes souls away
It's no love
Drugs help me cope with no hope
It's like stressin'
Smoke a sassin
Can't find no bomb dope
Continue to pear
For steppin' with conceal weapons

Catchin' cases is in
In off the cell that you sleapped in
Lowlifes and big bold letters
Locked up
A half a key rocked up
I had your ass shot up
I keep dust kicked up
And that's another how you fuck wheels
Born to cause luck
These Outlawz they too much
Rust to the front
And get touched
And it was sluts who hit ya
Go tell 'em
Suck dick and tap
It's the only thing we sell 'em
Catch bullets as they hell 'em
And guess what
Nigga I stay bailin', yellin'
Rider die
Get richer stay high
In this life of mine
Gone were I don't care, I don't care
[Prince Ital Joe]
Gunshots
They tell 'em you go ruff
Gangsta
Buck, buck
(?)
Cause it's like respecting
Respect in every aspect,
that gone to be a suspect
Fuck, fuck
Gunshots
[Outlawz]
Outlawz
What you think about ridin'
You see
Here
We over here
Thug Pound rock
Fo sho
They never quit
Bad Azz

Visit [Bad Azz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.