

## **Banda El Recodo**

### **"Facts of Life"**

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[Juelz Santana]

Lemme see you do this

C'mon, lemme tell you about the facts of life

[Chorus: Theme song from "Facts of Life"]

You take the good, you take the bad

You take em both and there you have

The facts of life, the facts of life

You take the good, you take the bad

You take em both and there you have

The facts of life, the facts of life

[Juelz Santana]

Aiyyo I tried to take the good, I tried to take the bad

I tried to take em both man, look what I have - nothin

Look what I'm stuck with, dirty streets corrupted

Nothin to do but sell drugs to the public - fuck it

I'm on these corners hustlin eighths of crack

From the day to the night, to the day come back

and these hoes'll try to get you for cribs and get you  
for loot

Stick you with kids you didn't produce

Sorry lady but I'm just spittin the truth

Yeah I know niggaz do creep shit too - fuck em

See it's a fact niggaz is dogs

Just like it's a fact that if I can't rap, I'm in the kitchen  
whippin the raw

Gettin it hard on the corners, dishin it off

Hopin the cops never catch me and ship me up north

The hustle's inside me, no one or nothin can guide me

Stuck in this lobby with crack, that's my life, that's the  
facts, c'mon

[Chorus]

[Cam'ron]

Killa, facts of life, facts of life, facts of life

I got a ROC habit, I copped karits, how could I not have  
it?

Ice drippin down my neck, even the lock lavish

But my most prized possession - cop badges  
That I got from a scuffle with these cop bastards  
I unlock handcuffs, my cockmatics  
I don't wanna talk to y'all if ya not attics  
I'm not average, my old school, stop passed it  
Seen my principal, showed off my fox fabric  
No hard feelings though sir, got passed it  
See y'all failed me in math but I got passed it  
Guns, credit cards dog - got plastic  
When I floss in the street, man I stop traffic  
You should stop carriage and pay homage  
How I got cabbage I tell you I love you ma, it's not  
marriage  
But hell wit the speech you spit  
You'll have ya own beach and six and that's the fact of  
life

[Chorus 2x]

[Juelz Santana]

Yo, now you could catch me holla'n at every bitch  
walkin my way like "Hey"  
Ma, you feel like talkin today?  
My name is Juelz, I promise I will feed you the ice  
If anything I'll teach you, I lead you though life  
I'll tell you not to go down that 11th street pad  
I'll keep you from the losers and deadbeat dads  
I'm just tryna live the facts of my life  
But I realized, yo it's just a few facts in my life  
This rap, this mic, this pack I got strapped in my Nikes  
Damn my ankle hurt, these straps is too tight

[Cam'ron]

I know just how it is dog, I'm still pitchin  
Right around the corner from Bill Clinton  
Beef and brocllii's on, you know the grill chickens  
You need sixteen, Cam is down  
How you want it - rhymes, O's, grams or pounds?  
Come though ban-damn it down  
Putcha hammers down, from now on its Santana's town

[Juelz Santana]

You take the coke, you take the bake  
You shake and scrape and there you have  
The crack and right, the crack and right  
You hit the block with the rock, watch for cops and  
there you get  
The stacks in life, stacks in life  
Mommy always said "Will you ever grow up"  
I think I'll never grow up, I think I'd rather blow up  
Cuz I love to run the streets, chasin ladies, gettin

money

That's a matter of fact, life's a matter of fact

Cuz when you liivviinn up to ya dreeaamms

I'll show what my hood's about, I'll tell you what my  
hood's about

When you liivviinn up to ya dreeaamms

I'll show what my hood's about, I'll tell you what my  
hood's about

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