

Beanie Sigel "What Your Life Like 2"

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When I was five years old, I realized it was a road
But at the end, I ain't seen lots of pots of gold
I seen a long cell block, the box, the hold
Six hundred fenced in - some innocent, some rotten
souls
Some men with men - stop it, whoa
I ain't runnin up in shit but a broad on her back
Tryin to cop a small hammer, move out like
+Shawshank+
With +Redemptions+, I got my mind on revenges
They tryin to kill me at the same time keep me alive
I'm movin out like Adebisi on +Oz+
With my skully on tilt, two whacks in my palm
Posted up in the yard, everyday I think of pokin the
guard
Throw a crack a nigga turnin me in
Tryin to crack a nigga turnin me thin
Food soakin in lard, news fools get opened in cards
With (?), in this prison life, what you livin like?

Can you tell me what you live like?
Can you tell me what that bed like, what's that cell like?
What's livin in hell like? Tell me do you eat right?
Do you even sleep right?
Yo, tell me what your life like
Tell me do you sleep nights, tell me what that life like?
Gettin no kites like, no flicks like
Make you wanna quit life

Them four letters is a motherfucker
That's forever like a motherfucker
Without a letter from a motherfucker?
It ain't even bout the cheddar from a motherfucker
Write a kite, some flicks from a motherfucker
Some drawers, some socks, some kicks from a
motherfucker
I can't believe I'm doin this bid for you motherfuckers
I'm down for another joker case
I was dealt this hand, and I'ma play it with my poker
face
On the block ready to POKE a face
I got an L goin around with a smokin case?

You steal the deoderant out of CVS, you locked for
retail theft
I got it body half a block stolen DT vest
My rap sheet read three D abreast
Dangerous, duct tape daughters
I take to the street, like a duck take to water
Get your duck game in order
My bust game in order, I fluffs 'caine with water

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That's fucked up, you bout to take your longest trip
And can't do shit, but suck it up, be strong and shit
Handcuffed, ankle to wrist, in back of the bus
Flashbacks of you back in the world
Can't fuck now you thinkin bout who in back of your girl
Got her ass up (kill this bitch) playin your crib
Thinkin bout who raisin your kids
Shit was all good a week ago, 'fore they came and
raided your crib
6 30 In the morning, they kick your door in
Feds pour in, snatch you out your bed while you snorin
You unaware of what's goin on and
Come to find out, clients you had for years, turned to
foreman
Told the law about the drops you make
How your clientele first started to escalate
Givin him keys to your crib, was your next mistake
At that dinner table, breakin out that extra plate
You can't turn a career addict off his coke habit
Put him on post with the toast that promote static
Back to the operation, they got you locked at the
station
Fuck your back time, you worryin about what you facin
Heart racin, situation gettin scary
Old clients are showin up, at the preliminary
D.A. tryin to bury a nigga to Neveruary, 31st
God damn, that gotta hurt

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