

## **Dj Muggs "Life Is Tragic"**

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Intro:

Yeah, what? '96  
One two, one two, nine-double-tre  
Infamous Mobb up in this, Infamous Mobb  
up in this shit, \*?nine car?\* to the year 2 G  
We're all set like this, to my nigga Kicko  
Yo, y'all, Gambino, godfather

(Ty Knitty)

I tell my nigga Kicko, back in the world again  
Slash dove slash player hater  
We strive for action, breakin nigga's knees for cheese  
Seems I gotta redeem, puncture your chest  
til I see flesh and bleed  
Then I all set, set  
things correct, balance weight, no escape  
It's the Infamous Mobb to the year 2 G  
My fam will be known throughout the universe  
Comin right back, back down to Earth  
Goddamn it, just planned it  
Got my ho bitches slanted, my seed I planted  
Another life I give, Ty Knitty  
A visible shield, trife or deal  
Dun, is life for real? Conquered and peeled (yeah)  
or you end up crimed at will, only the real  
Reality is trife by forcefield, but I shield  
Police guns'll blast, little late to stab at your hi-ide  
Under fire you fold, under fire you fold, nigga

(Scarface)

For all my team locked, locked inside facilities  
Penitentiaries, steady livin in misery  
intensively, then I strike you mentally then physically  
Infamously rap the QBC  
Convincively I can advance Dee, it's a prophecy  
Live a lottery, shut up, massive mynogany

(Gambino)

I got my nigga ????? black, killer black in the world  
again  
Holdin me down with 4 pounds  
Legendary crown, Scarface and Gambino  
Two grimeys, word life combined one is in my body,  
dun  
Now we're livin life as one  
[Yo son, (yo son), I gotta stop threadin on that shit,  
man, word up!]  
But we trapped on this planet til the day that we die  
Ain't no way to escape sight from my twin eye  
Above my unlaw, juice from the wines  
Far side only to see with Mobb eye  
Genuine shine, left blind by bright light  
Strike like Navy SEALS seen with dark light  
with the 'seal gat lace black for combat  
(Lace black for combat, combta, nigga, combat, nigga)

(Scarface)

Twenty four lie, Southport I support  
all my niggas li-locked down for life  
Keep ya head tight, cap front, hit em up right  
Icepick-like gat keepin sick, cock, safety of  
Steady, five Berreti ready  
to chop or get chopped, son, don't let nobody know  
Go handle your business, champion winner  
Victorious, leavin you questionin this with medicine  
curin your soul, takin control of the situation  
Situating at hand, we expand like coke land  
Fool proof plan, like the gingerbread man  
catch me if you can, on the run, fugitive fled  
Flee to be free, carcerated from my Queensbridge  
family  
\*?Tee-na?\* beats ta expand  
Lakin Luchiano feedin DJ Benny  
Rock free hop top top, ta-ta George ?????  
Cliff Diggity my niggity  
Fat Mom mouldy rap and Tee ya get ya mouth flee  
Duggidge, JL, \*?why too young?\*? Go hire two  
Old time Fake Lou, Tee cut the groups  
Green Eyes and Nickel, Tee-lord, we no be no part  
Tee go gun knot slingin panties, go  
send his ass back to Puerto Rico  
Jakes on terror, do black skins  
All my men...

Chorus:

Life is tragic (tragic)  
Back in the world once again (once again)

Tryin ta make a million times ten (times ten)  
Friends, how many of us have them?  
Grow with, this cat had the clap on the Infamous Mobb  
In the world once again (no question)  
Tryin ta make a million times ten  
Friends, how many of us have them? (Have them)  
On locked, Dee, cos Dee's bagged them

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