

Draconis

"Life Is Short"

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(This is real life shit ya see)

(Verse 1)

All i do is speak the truth so don't judge me by my lies

I weigh about a buck 40 don't judge me by my size

Our glocks is like Micheal J. Fox it's family tie

A lot of questions just ain't answered problems ain't resolved

'cause it'll make a family cry, why

Like if Drag really a gang member, or just involved

Y'all can be the boss of the bosses I'll be the cause of the causes

I rob from the rich and give to the less fortunate

Well i buy thousand whips and in your raps i floss this shit

I buy thousand kicks and give to the young orphanage

When i was young i was a soft kid 'till i snapp

And they couldn't get me off a kid 'cause he sold my mom's crack

In fact, i caught a case beyond that i couldn't face my moms

Crack addiction 'cause i was way beyond that but i face facts

I got busted over the left side of my face my face back

But i had to fix that

(Chorus X2)

Life Is short, time flies

It ain't our fault, blames aside

It ain't the licks, it ain't the eyes

It's just the way we live or die

(Verse 2)

My blood i had to taste that my wound i had to heal that
In order to feel that a real life shit and still rap 'cause,

My rhymes still here so i done fried a few punks

My mom still here but she'll die in a few months

That's real life cancer and doctors ain't got the answer

I hope yall fellin this 'cause i ain't supposed to be tellin
y'all this shit

Like i ain't supposed to be sellin yall this shit but this is
real life

Like i ain't supposed to be cryin over this shit but i still
mind

Shit just don't feel right but im gonna hold on till the
hole in my 44 long

Im gonna hit the gym and get my swole on

Sometimes my head gone and i don't give my pops
props 'cause he was dead wrong
Pops was up

You know what, i don't give a fuck the only thing im
happy that you did
Was bust me out your nuts

(Chorus X2)

(Verse 3)

But nigga this is real life it makes me clutch my glock
real tight

So these last few months my moms could live right, in
new clothes

It makes me wanna fight but i get it off when i write

They said she might lose her sight fuck it she saw me
blow

I reminisce sometimes I pull out old 40 year olds

It gets me stressed so i could smoke up like 40 of
those

Sometimes i feel like walkin with a mean bout
Bustin till i see cops snowin till i see slot

Throw on a pair of flip flops take steps to the roof of the
ledge

Till my feet stop but i need not, i got a life ahead of me

I got a wife in back of me, at least i gotta see my seed
drop

Probation got me on a detox, so when i die, bury me
next to the weed crops

So when im in heaven i can give weed to Pac and
smoke trees with Big tell
Alliyah we miss ya and Pun we have fun wit ya

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