

Finley Quaye**"My Life"**

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[INTRO]

Gyeah

We're on this smooth shit

Takin you back to the old school (westside)

Gyeah

Hoo-Bangin in the house

And right about now

We got the real CPT G's up in here

Mc Eiht , Boom Bam , CMW representin to the fullest

Hoo-Bangin to the fullest

Gyeah

[VERSE 1]

I once heard don't forget

Where you came from , son

And if you're bailin thru Compton

You better bring a gun

Cops tryin to set off spots and raid niggas

Just cause we some fuckin paid niggas

Zags and crack that I used to sell

To the swap meet to get my gear and straight bail

What 'll it be to they lost my loot

So 5-O wants all a blue khaki suit

Shoot if ya'll come down the block, static

Dash like a rabbit barely escapin the automatic

Tragic is the scene that's left

Bringin the pain like Meth(od Man)

The yellow tape means death (boyaa)

Steps the fuck off or meet your maker

The Tech 9 will take ya be the back-breaker

Out for cash flow the way I was part of

Keep your hood tight nigga don't get caught up

Yeah

[CHORUS]

My life , my life , my life

With the Tech 9 , come on

I said my life , my life , my life

Check it out

[VERSE 2]

I've been in the street game since '86
With Mc's on gold D's takin gangsta flix
Screamin : fuck your clitch
Bitch you best not trick
Hoo-Bangin these full straps came with clips
6 shots is all you get (ping , ping)
You better put in work
Or scurb or get covered with damn dirt
My mission is the ride for the west
And make cash and pick of enemies
Tryin to trespass , for sho'
I ain't no joke but it ain't the blunt
I light it's the fuckin gun THAT smoke (boom ,boom)
Provoke any nigga that try to step
Fools trip Imma show 'em
Who's fast from the hip
Clap you Once cause G's leave no
Witnesses clap twice out the door
Slow with the creep while the neighbour's asleep
Still music to drive-by and I'm N2 deep
Come on

[CHORUS]

My life , my life , my life
With the Tech 9 , come on
My life , my life , my life
Fuck One-Time
Gyeah
I said my life , my life , my life
In the CPT
I said my life , my life , my life
Hoo-Bangin gangstas
Check it out

[VERSE 3]

In the 6-6-6 5-0 Trey or Deuce
Real G's draggin it low with much juice (gyeah)
Loose lips sink ships is what I was told
While my bankroll fold
I'm leavin your body cold
Down the role-road since the B.G.
The O.G.'s had me actin crazy
Like fightin and blastin cause life ain't funny
Young niggas strugglin best get your money
Creep up in the late night
Keep your grip tight lay low outta site
And watch the porch light
Cause I ain't got nuttin to lose
And I ain't nuttin when I'm dumpin

Ya'll catchin the blues
I needs the money and the cola baby
Don't make me react pulls out the strap
And then clap Hoo-Bangin to the fullest
In Compton is where we're dwellin
In the WEST where we're yellin
While the yea keeps sellin (westsiide)
Come on

[CHORUS]

I said my life , my life , my life
With the Tech 9
And that's how we representin
To the fullest
With the real CPT G's
To the I-N-G
All the way up to South Central
To all my Hoo-Bangin gangstas in the house
Gyeah , that's how we're doin it
To the WEST
All day , we don't play
Gyeah , come on
I said my life , my life , my life
With the Tech 9 , come on
I said my life , my life , my life
Fuck One-Time
Gyeah

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