

## Fischer-Z

### "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'z 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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