

Boss Hogg Outlawz

"It's So"

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Yeah, huh..

[Kyleon]

Sometimes I ask myself, what is life like
What would I be without this rap, without a mic life
Or will I die young, like my partna Mike like
Won't get to see my girl grow, and see what a wife's
like
But my life's alright, no I ain't finished yet
I just got started, I ain't ready to end it yet
I'm 24 years old, I ain't even begunned it yet
I just started having money, I ain't got a chance to
spend it yet
I wanna be a millionaire, but I'm losing my life line
My ticket out this ghetto, is for me to write rhymes
I know I can get this money, if I write rhymes
Opportunity knocked for me, at the right time
Cause I was losing hope, getting sick of this bullshit
Losing my faith, not listening to preachers and bull pits
God pulled my card quick, nope no more pain mayn
Sunshine for now, no more rain mayn

[Slim Thug]

I grew up around a bunch of gang bangers, and caine
slangers
Stayed in danger, cause I played with strangers
Was born and raised by gangstas, taught by the hood
Proud of my block, everyday fought for the hood
Stand up kid, ain't too many did what I did
Saw half the shit I saw, or lived like I lived
When my mama went to work, my brother went to work
In the kitchen, pyrex shifting till it hurt
I watched him grind, fascinated by the cash
Patiently waiting, for my time to mash
Never tagged along, see I had my own gang
We had our own ideas, on how to get this change
We did our own thang, small time hustling
Some young niggaz, never asking for nothing
It ain't take us long, to peep what's going on
The broke niggaz was weak, while the rich was strong
we got it on

[Lil Mel]

By all means I had to get it, I'm a hustler black
This rap thing what I dreamed, don't wanna fuck with
crack
But damn, being broke I can't fuck with that
And being po' ain't what I hoped, so I hustled stack
Have nuts have money, that's the code in these streets
And when my money got low, I was holding the heat
I'm just a young nigga living, trying to sip and ball
And even though these streets wet, I can't slip and fall
I ran with killas pull triggas, up out they stacks fo'
And if they broke, they hitting your back do' with the
Mackno
Fuck worrying bout haters, cause that'll freeze em up
That's what the heat is for, guaranteed to heat em up
These streets bad and yeah lil' daddy, from has-fect
A young nigga could lose his life, over a glass set
It'll take a cell in a jail, for us to do some mad thinking
That's how it is that's how it go, I know it's sad ain't it

[Chris Ward]

You gotta know, that you can't take your life for
granted
Cause it's a loaded game, out here on this lifeless
planet
Smoke till my eyes get slanted, just to focus better
Thinking over pass times, when I wrote this letter
I just hope it gets better, for the future's sake
Trying not to make the mistakes, that I use to make
Been out in the streets, since the age of 17
And witnessed all type of bullshit, most have never
seen
Damn near homeless, I slept on flo's slept in cars
Been through all kind of battles, nigga just check my
scars
My backgrounds my resume, and my repitwa
That's why I walk the way I talk nigga, and wreck this
hard
Please God, no more rainy days just sunshine
Cause me and my homies tired, of ducking one times
If I could I promise, I will put this gun down
But how can I, when I'm a soldier on the frontline

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