

## Freeway "Life"

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Ooh

It's that real street shit

[Incomprehensible] they're ready for this one, nigga

Ooh shit ohh

I came up with my man, same hood, same age

Withheld names to protect the guilty and

Your boy, Free was filthy, same clothes, different day

Be the first to admit it, while niggaz claim to be willies,  
hey

We cleaned up the first Donny I drove

We cooled up the first tommy I seen, follow the flow

Smoke a timmy, with this semi, made his chimney  
move

Nerves made his body shake, everybody froze

So young with a pump and a mac

But still manage to make it the magic, the bad kids

On the block, with a bundle of crack, package of pills

All heads will try to teach us to rhyme

He said, "Muhammed walk with a sword", I roll with a  
gat

This the same shit, different day, from times

Now my man Book ain't writing me back

So I figured, try to reach 'em with rhymes, no listen to  
Mac

We thuggin' for life gonna take it

And then enough ain't no mistakin'

But it's for life, it's my life

Not for the taking

To all my boys in the hood, the East Coast throw boy  
back

From the land of them throw boys black

I keep my toast in the hood, gon' squeeze

Hope you throw yours back come to the streets

To bring my homeboys back

Blew my mind out this piece, but I'm always back

I got sheet in my air, like mac, fall away back  
Shit, I'm trynna come way up  
And make the path so freak, I tear the runaway up

My life a bitch with a period on  
But still I keep it real, dog, I'm hittin' it raw  
And I don't know how to carry this bitch  
Sometime I wanna marry this bitch

Sometimes I feel like quitting this whore  
But I can't 'cause it feel like, giving it all  
I've been on so fucking much, feel like my living was all  
But in my lifetime, I'm a deliver regrets  
Still with the evils, know that one day I'ma sit with the  
boss

We thuggin' for life gonna take it  
And then enough ain't no mistakin'  
But it's for life, it's my life  
Not for the taking

It's not even close, we throw toast, sleep with ya gats  
It's the worst of both hoods, holla at 'em Mac  
Follow up exact with the Mac, and the V  
Get back, if you happen to see, the Mac or Free, at  
where you be

I be where you at, I come where you live  
The cat untuckle the gat, maneuver the thing  
The Mac untuckin' a pump, removin' they wig, with ease  
Hear the feds trynna ruin the boss Sieg'

'Fore they kill me like Cornbread, you be like Dial Lo  
Before I'm stuck like Luima, I be up when you need it  
And I'ma ride for you, lace up my sneakers, puffin' my  
reefer  
Tuckin' my heater, duckin' your rounder

Tell 'em tricks they gonna die when I see 'em  
Let 'em know my friend colt 45 trynna meet with they  
mind  
But we keep drama, think, rhyme is the reason  
And Freeway the reason that you tied up in pajamas

We thuggin' for life gonna take it  
And then enough ain't no mistakin'  
But it's for life, it's my life  
Not for the taking

