

George Harrison

"That's How I'm Livin'"

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I was born in new jersey, I said it before
But I guess nobody heard me
My mother died young
No sistas or brothas, I was the only son
When I was twelve my pops died too
What a brotha was supposed to do?
They sent me out West
To live with my aunt
I guess they though it was the best
But there was no love there
Growin' with no moms
I guess I was prepared to live in a vacuum
The bedroom the kitchen, the hall and the bathroom
I didn't leave home much, didn't like L.A.
Didn't have no friends to trust
Got busted to a school
Blacks and whites, I guess the shit was cool
But in highschool I changed
Didn't wanna bust, didn't wanna play the game
I walked to Crenshaw high, shit was fly
I hooked up with new cru
Some brothas that knew what the fuck to do
You might call it gang but we called it a set
And it was our own thang
The whole school was down
And one way or another everybody fucked around
When the hardcore or not
you wore the right color or your ass got shot
That's how i'm livin'...

I did three years in and made close friends
Havin' no love my homies came my only
I was glad: a family I never had
But I grew up fast got a girl on 10th grade pregnant
Needin' cash, I had to change my style
Switched from bangin' to hustlin'
No more goin' buckwild
Had to get a cashflow
But my hustle was weak, it was a no go
I join the army, four years in that shit
Be all fucked you can be

Came back to the hood
My homies had done good
Had elevated their game
About 100 gees a lick, no mothafuckin' shame
Passed for the jewels
Baby sledgehammers with the tools
I speak on this with a hesitation
Even though it passed the statue of limitation...

I checked the bank
Bought a porsche and gear, earn high streetrank
But as I grew my whole crew fell thru
Cops had us on the books as innerstate crooks
Murder robbery rape escape, the whole damn nine
You robbed a nigga blind
I had too much juice, I cut my boosters loose
I was intread with the pimpgame
Took on the ice-name
But the pimpgame moved too slow
Especially for a nigga who was hooked on quick dough
In one nite late I was in a carwreck
And I was lucky to escape
Hospital for teen weeks, in bed almost dead
And when I got well, I got gaught in a cross
And got locked in a jailcell
That's how I'm livin'...

They cutted me loose
And I had to change troops
This time they didn't catch me
Next time they'll stretch me
Cause my time was gettin' short
All my homies was in court
Or locked in a hole, this shit was gettin' old
So I changed my life
Putted down the gun and picked up the mic
It took ten years to get from there to here
But I still keep a gun, cops got me on the run
And they hate me more now
Than they ever did before
My homies came back from pen
And we all worked together
True friends but every once and while
Some punk mistakes me as a junk
And he gets in my face
Wrong mothafuckin' place
And I aint lyin', that's how you dyin'...

