

Group Home "Life Ain't Shit"

Visit "[Life Ain't Shit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro: Lil Dap

Uh, this one here

Is for the pimps, the hustlers and the cool niggas

Hahahahahahah, Straight like that

{Lil Dap}

East New York, Brooklyn, my destination of birth
Momdukes gave us power to walk the streets of the
universe

We comin from Brooklyn, fully damn armed

These situations of life a' make a nigga drop off

Power after power, and day to day

Warrior for my niggas in the streets all day

Haunted daily to our life I said "The crime don't pay"

They say "The rich get rich, the poor get poor"

'cause we can walk down the block, politic all night

Start to make our own tracks, for these cats to recite

Recite, we'll pull your juggalo vein right out your throat

Make these cats want to propate

I'm holdin it down with my throat

Heard me walk about it, Islamic and knowledge

Shinin bright like a diamond, sittin in BK, rhymin

Holdin it down, waitin for the sun to set now

Look in the sky, see my man B.I.G. floatin around

One day the shine so bright, livin life so right,

Lost my man tonight - Settin it off, aight?

Check it like this, it got to go with the flow

Some niggas may not understand, but you know how it

go

Chorus 2X: Lil Dap

Because life ain't shit, gotta work for yours

Gotta hustle from the bottom just to feed the poor

Niggas think shit is funny, gotta work for yours

Because the rich get rich, the poor get poor

Jump up and grab ya nina, 'cause you got to get yours

{Lil Dap}

B.I. 2000 Roman numerals are stamped in our skin

Now let us begin, and break it down, it's how we get in

We don't know about kites, all we know about life

Situations all about it, how we break it down right

Chorus

Life ain't shit, gotta work for yours

{Agallah}

Don't ever come to BK no more

Little shorties I got around me, yo they spray some more

They make you pay from the door

Sneakin on niggas coming outside the stores

Runnin around sellin coke outta they drawers

Morning, I ain't got time for talkin back

I assured the clip in the motherfuckin mack, ready to attack

A lot of these cats, speakin on they do such and such

And while to fuck to around, get smoked like a dutch

Yo, my rifle gon search and sniper MC's

All the way from Blake Avenue all the way to Mercia

Blazin verses up, chain robbery people cold shake

Ya breath is up, kidnap your style, take a person up

Never fake me for certain, pullin the curtain

Runnin outside like my stomach hurtin

Comin in ya 9 to 5, make ya stop merchin

When I start squirtin, BK is a fucked up place

Kick ya down the staircase and cold piss in ya face

Chorus 2X

{Melachi The Nutcracker}

Aiyo my life ain't shit, plus my job ain't shit

My car ain't shit, and you know bitches ain't shit

If you wanna get my dough, you gotta work for it

You gotta grab ya gun and bust for it

Aiyo the Group Home is stick and we swermin like alligators

Risin to the top, like project elevators

Life is like a war, we gotta feed the poor

The rich will get rich, but ghetto love mean more

Family foundation, till you gotta love yours

That's the only way to build a strong structure

'cause when it rains it pours, we opening the doors

A roof over ya head is like sun galore

Chorus 2X

Visit [Group Home](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.