

Hundred Reasons "Life is Crying"

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[Hook: NOLA & (Nina Creque)]

Life has too many tears, too many fears (Well)
Too many cry, too many die (Why)
Too many weep, too many sleep while they awake
Too many claiming to be real but too many fake
(Hmmm)
Everybody answer this, would you lie for your life (Uh
huh)
Would you die for your life (Yeah)
Would you kill for your life (Would you)
Would you to keep it real in your life

[NOLA]

Now who's saving you if you ain't saving yourself (Well)
In the fucked up situations life's facing
I see ya pacing
Getting nervous, hard times at home a grown child
Getting no relief on mama's shoulder
Now what I advise is only cries from everybody else
Except yourself, depending on your parents, where did
you inherent
All the poison thoughts
All the tears through the years fucking over peers
To get on the next niggas dick
Now how you figure life's a bitch
Life gave you life, quiet scared to hold your breath
Life gives you death, death gives you truth, truth sets
you free
Yes indeed, watch as I proceed to puff the weed
And read the Vibe that's reading me
I can't trust the fake thugs, stab ya like a knife
Don't need them kind of people in my life
On the real, I hope that y'all can feel what I'm stressing
Depressed people bring depression

[Hook}

[NOLA]

It's a thin line between the real and the fake
It should be a crime if motherfuckers play hate
Anticipate that ho shit, with that foe shit

Taking em' what you making em' that's bullshit, turn legit
Fo' I forget, where's the gat, who got my back
The one who caught my slack before they pass my crack
Like Mr. Mike chats, where your love at, huh where your love at
Now girl get that fake grin off your chin, you ain't my friend
When I was down and low, had nowhere to go you was my foe
Now all of a sudden everything is peaches and it's cream
It isn't what it seems, I see you still worried about who fucking me
I might be fucking myself, I might be fucking your daddy
Raping his pockets badly but who's to say it's your business
If I ain't told ya, for those who want to kno who this is
We be NOLA

[Hook]

[NOLA]

I can't find a way out, blackout, lights out
Why is it so dark in this motherfucking house
Why is this big bald daddy we sick such a bitch
Like I won't deny, standing outside letting the rain camouflage
The tears I cry, why does everybody wants to go to Heaven
But nobody wants to fucking die
Why they try, you didn't beat the lies
Sure to hits the skies, then you realize
Letting this person know the longest leg between your thighs
Pardon my frankness, by asking what you thanking
If you think it's all a game, then ask yourself if you fucked yourself
Or the next man, oh who this dame, I maintain
Ducked the smiles, false grinning
My conscience got me on the outside looking in
Like so-called friends, who pretend
As darling, yes y'allings, when they was calling
When I was balling but now I've falling

[Hook: with Nina Creque ad-libs] to fade

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