

A.C. One

"Way of Life"

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[Fat Joe]

Diggin In The Crates 9-9

Don Carta bomb harder

Uh, still diggin ya'll

Yeah, Big L, yeah

Yeah, there's only one way for me to explain

The key to this game is longev, keep it the same

The seeds'll remain, only if they bringin the pain

Hip-hop won't stop like the heat in my veins

The streets know my name, Don Carta bomb harder

My persona is honored in the Bronx as my alma matter

I'm smarter than the average Joe, packin a flow

That's stackin the dough, bring the triz in the bag and

let's go

It's Fat Joe, I'ma set it straight

If you do your hist. I exist through Diggin In The Crates

Bringin in the ace, had to stay up late

Playin the corners but never seen a day upstate

Til the day I escape or see Tone at the pearly gates

I continue to run shit even after the computer breaks

You know the rates, fifty-thou for every verse that's foul

As I bring rhymes to life like the birth of a child

Chorus [Armageddon]

We all self-centered, it's our world you just in it

Check the VIP part of the club, flooded wit women

Push a plush tinted truck wit thugs in it

You never catch any one of us broke wit no dubs drivin
the limit

It's our way of life, you in the game better play it right

Buy a house wit only my chains, so playa name your
price

Fly nigga, since we was crawlin, you can ask our pops

You ain't really ballin wit that, so nigga pass the rock

[Big L]

Check it, my whole crew holdin

We all got rides wit extra features

It's a bunch of ya'll, one got dough, the rest is leeches

You probably mad cuz I be sexin divas

I should pull this pistol out and make you touch your

sneakers
I'm on some cool out shit, but I will pull this tool out
quick
And put some holes in your new outfit
You frontin hard cuz you whip a Range
But it's a 4.0, you nerd nigga, you heard Jigga now get
your change
You ain't a willy you a small soldier
Give it up son it's all over
And you never sold a, pound of cane
You a clown wit fame, goin down the drain
All yo' shit sound the same
I'ma shine pop-o, cuz when you got dough your rocks
glow
L got a hot flow that rap coppo
I'm Uptown's smoothest, my first album left you clowns
clueless
Sayin I'm wack, you niggas sound foolish
Niggas hate to see L bubble, they'd rather see L
struggle
Cuz what they sell, I'ma sell double
You wanna see rocks, then look at L's wrist
If you see me in the club drinkin Mo' that means they
don't sell Cris, what!

Chorus

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