

## Cafe Tacuba

### "The Way Life Is"

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[Verse 1]

Listen up, yo, shit I get upset if I see a nigga, layin in  
his sweats  
With blood comin out his head like sweat, knowin I  
could be next  
So, what about all the babies that aint fully born  
That's less fortunate, like that man walkin with one arm  
They tried to throw me up in a orphanage, with all the  
kids  
But I stayed up in the offices cuz they couldn't get me,  
off a kid  
It's sad when a good mother put hard work  
Like wash clothes, off the shit we played on and got  
hurt  
Why she gotta pay for the dirt  
Cuz her only son is up the street with the whole block  
sour  
Cuz you know bodies lay for 'bout for eight hours  
Wanna talk about our chrome whips  
There's niggas out there don't own shit  
While we sit at home and bone a bitch while niggas is  
homeless  
See niggas get piped over dice, wiped out, over 4 digit  
price  
Damn near broke my heart, made me so sick, I had to  
go shit  
Found her up the steps a bloody mess, hopeless  
It wasn't cops cuz only street niggas empty the whole  
clip  
Ya know this

CHORUS 2X: Case and Drag-On

People come, people go, that's the way life is  
(and I heard that)  
I don't know what to do, guess I'll just handle it  
(and we heard that)

[Verse 2]

Yo bullets don't have no name  
Or maybe y'all niggas should get better aim

And stop puttin these innocent people in pain  
It's a damn shame that life aint, nothin but a game  
And we all at the 4th quarter, cuz our time is shorter  
and shorter  
Cuz y'all got time to tap our phones and hear the  
orders  
And stop the coke from comin across the waters  
But y'all can't stop the slaughters  
Or the people from starvin  
The guns is not standin still, they still revolvin  
Uptight and still mobbin  
Blacks still sling cracks and know I know why they call it  
Fishscale, from Colombia to New York on a boat the shit  
sells  
Tell a weak whore, and when I score  
I'ma open up my door and give to the poor  
Til they tell me they don't even want no more  
Y'all keep raisin the rent, then tell us how to raise our  
kids  
And categorize us on, where we live like by on  
broadway  
It's all Dominicans and blacks that's packed in projects  
serious  
And why y'all call it a project, are we an experiment?

#### CHORUS 2X

[Verse 3]

Yo, I wasn't tryin to be a slave  
Or encaged up with braids  
I was saved by a guy with a older age with grades  
Told me the other ways to get paid, than lettin my gun  
wave  
We know you brave, get yo' shit tight and here's a pen  
It's much lighter, like click click, that's a gun sound  
Blau! That's a round now hit the ground  
That's what Drag learns cuz his pop's back was turned  
Now call the cops, what about that gat that just got  
pungin  
Or that kid that got it 41 times, you call that justice?  
If it is, then what the fuck is this  
Somethin I must have just missed  
Maybe Christmas and get a nut off, we get our hot  
water cut off  
Off my Timbs I wipe the mud off, cuz I put the stomp in  
it  
Pretty rivers, and lakes and ponds, Drag was in a  
swamp in Bronx  
Well death is where I coulda gone  
Cuz where I'm from the bullets long  
Y'all see the news, but why my block gang got no

footage on  
Cuz my life is like a movie, when you die, aint no comin  
back shit  
So if one of y'all get shot, nigga handle it

CHORUS 4X to fade

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