

## **Jim Jones**

# **"This Is the Life"**

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See this is the life that most people dreamed of but this  
what we live for

They wanna take this from us why  
'Cause we young black rich and famous, I wouldn't  
trade it for the world  
And there's no regrets in life, how that sound

This is the life  
When the champagne spills and the Rollie on a nigga  
wrist glows  
This is the life  
When the spotlight shines and the camera gets me with  
a sick pose

This is the life  
When the night time falls and the cash shuts  
everything down  
This is the life  
I'm escapin' on a heartache so why you gotta blame the  
hood?

Main dragon chin chillied up  
Took the champagne glasses, please fill 'em up  
Don't be scared that you spillin' it  
And tell the truth is you feelin' it

That's the breeze from the gutta  
We make cheese cop V'S and burn rubba  
The latest coop V's got the ladies loopy  
Indulged in the world so we spend the paper loosely

Life in the lime light, pretty, pretty bitches  
My ice shine bright, break bread wit my niggaz  
The feds takin' pictures, we call 'em paparazzi  
I tell my possie vogue strike a pose  
I hop up in the Rolls, blunt, I'm gonna smoke

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I wanna tell my problems to the reverend  
Prayin' to God is there Harlem up in heaven?  
Gazin' at the stars Ferrari engine rarrin'  
At the red light and Harlem was the settin'

I'm married to a gang but didn't come for the weddin'  
It started with the dealin' and dreams of four wheelin'  
Comin' up I ran a amuck in the streets  
Chasin' the fast bucks, stomach touch gotta eat

Now we orderin' breakfast, I'm sittin' at the table  
Stackin' up my pancakes the syrups on maple  
I gotta watch my brothers 'cause Cain can turn Abel  
Gotta watch the money 'cause the thing can turn tables

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All I need in this world of sin is just me and the pearl  
twin turbo  
Blowin' smoke through the pipes, gettin' ghost through  
the night  
This is fast life livin', pick a coast if you like

The day we cell dope, the night is velvet rope  
Party with the chicks from the club with hella smoke  
Whips that we valet soon as we hit Cali  
Call the more buckets, ask the waitress what's the tally

Swipin' all da cash, lightin' up the grass  
Four Seasons stays, more reason for us to play

Doin' sunset the Porsche Caberlay  
Or the red eye flights like the Jedi Knight in Star Wars

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Heaven for us  
I wanna know is there a heaven for us, us, us, us, us?  
Heaven for us  
I wanna know is there a heaven for us, us, us, us, us?

Heaven for us  
I wanna know is there a heaven for us, us, us, us, us?  
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