

Jimmie Rodgers

"Life of a Bastard"

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[Fam]

Every day I say I'm stressed out
But I won't pull my hair out
Or wear out my self
It's very, very bad for my health
Get it together, brotha Fam
Brotha man, cause I can
Take a toll on, you understand
We are the world, we make up all the surroundings
I'm roundin
Holdin my port down underground in
This hell hole
You never know which way to go
Get caught up in the game
Or even trapped behind the do'
Po po, I saw one clip today
It was slow, cold Gz was around the way
I had to go, hibernate, create a different mind state
And wait till it was my turn get the first break

Chorus-X2

Life of a bastard, it no easy
Ja rasta know it no easy

[Chap]

I got locked up, the end of last summer, put me on
probation
I had to hustle, cause I was under nuff frustration
I had no cash, wasn't goin out diggin in trash
So I got some weed, bagged it up, called my staff
I broke the rule, hold it, sold in the school
And if in form, word is bond, I use my tool
From Ill Town, so it's natural I'm being real sick
Big up to [Name], gun salute off mi loose lip
How could I be positive
When all I grew around was negative
The dirty lights of four, is what I live
A certain point in my life I never knew where to turn
My concern was more ganja must get burned
A young lad, never had the Dad to play, I went astray
Runnin from the cops duckin stray shots around my

way

Chorus-X2

[Diesel]

You playin chicken rhymes
You kickin on a dead head-on collision
Syllables slicin your styles like surgical incisions
Envision somehow, someway you be better than me
You couldn't fuck around, you nut, I'm a ecstasy
Forgotten just as fast as you came with no name
Rottin ain't the same, servin more niggaz than caine
My brain'll slain careers of future MCs, wannabe's
Rappin like Gz, I make your fuckin heart freeze
Str8 out the land of the Ill
Swear to Jersey, I kill
Anyone duplicatin my skills for real
That's on the High, tell you no lie
My mental's too aggressive for your ways to defy
Every day I'm gettin lifted, sobriety win
I got swingin serpentine in a federal pen
Ooh, let me cool down before I overheat
Representin Double I from the Ill Town streets

[Treach]

Life of a black bastard, boy from a baby
Robbed of a father figure cause Daddy was crazy
shady
My mama had to be hurt, but she ain't showin
She was raisin two little boys
and ain't want neither to know, or to blow it
Now the loner hates the night aroma
Leanin more towards the youth house and less towards
a diploma
A street roamer, damn near knockin niggaz in comas
No daddy to reach, so the streets teach from the
corners
A goner, now the Fed's, so the family splits
Sellin out on Rally Park soon after the star taff was hit
I went past the point, they found me, had a bounty
So the life of a bastard starts a new life from the county

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