

Kittie

"Life"

Visit "[Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Master P]

You know what?

This ghetto got me so crazy

My life, it almost feel like I'm a phone call or ring away
from death

Ain't this fucked up

Big Ed, tell a story of the streets

[Big Ed]

My nigga Jay got his ass snatched, why wasnt he
strapped

Kidnapped by four niggas dressed in black

Ahh dats it, They called his momma

Told her, no joke, we got your son, she updated me on
da drama

Her voice trembled, she was hysterical

The bounty was a hundred G's

for her to ante up, it would take a miracle

Shes very spiritual

She got on her knees and prayed to god that I would
help her yo

We'll get em back, I do anything to help my dawg

Try to relax, I hit you back, let me make some calls

For situations like this,

I keep a safe full of money with 100 round clips

I told my lady, get the cash and the mags

No questions asked we filled it up in a duffle bag

I through in my camoflauged fatigues

My A-R, a hand grenade, and an ounce of weed

Head out the front, put the bag in the truck right next to
the M-1

And the pistol grip pump

Hit ma dawgs on the celly mercenary group of killers

We're methodical niggas with infered triggers

Put the Lexus in reverse, and let's roll double 0

Limo tint big body black four do'

Meet V-90 at the diner with Burt bought my bad ass hoe

China

Who smoke this dope out her vagina

Chocolate, jet black hair, slanted eyes you shoulda

seen her

Bad ass body look, flexible like a ballarina
Seated at a booth, three niggas with broad and bullet
proofs
Met for combat, made more calls, met up the troop
I told em Jay got snatched
The Downen boys got connects on silencers for gats
Bring me four, meet me by Jay mom's crib
I'll be there in ten, it's time to get it how we live
When I got there she said that the jackers know about
me
That I got cheese with the Miller boys at the Calliope
Now they want two fifty, it's cool though
It's time to act a fool though, heard a knock at the front
door
Reach up my shirt and put the gat to the peep hole
(Who is it?) It's my nigga Boz, open up the door
And Red nigga, these niggas down to kill nigga
But hold up, the plot gets thicker
He said, Jay's a trick ass nigga, nobody snatched the
nigga
He's plottin on me, tryin to get richer
He's hiding at the Motel Six, room two twenty
How many hoes in this world, man nigga plenty
Boz got this hoe named wendy, stripper slash dancer
Red met her at Chocolate Sixty in Atlanta
She got a twin sister Candy, Boz hooked Candy to Jay
Jay fell in love with the hoe and got a baby on the way
But he's broke and busted, down and out disgusted
Scheming on me, him and Candy discussed it
Candy told Wendy, and Wendy told Red
Red told me my nigga Jay wants me dead
Not my nigga, but I gotta investigate
We drove to the Motel Six, seen his car, checked the
liscense plate
(Yeah that's him) See what happens when you try to
pack fair
Peeped in the window, seen Jay gettin rolled in the
chair
That's that hoe Candy, workin it backwards
Lookin at her titties got my dick hard like she's a
private dancer
Kicked the door down, his pants down, my gat in his
face
Pushed the hoe off the nigga and shot his dick off his
waist
And that naked hoe Candy pussy is wide open
Jay can't believe she betrayed him, his eyes is wide
open
Jay tell me why nigga, before you die nigga
I would have gave you some money, didn't have to lie
nigga

But I can't kill ya cause a nigga love you too much
So V-90 shoot him in his head and throw him in his own
trunk
Watch your click (watch your click)
Cause niggas switch when you get rich
That tek and ski mask cause life's a bitch

Visit [Kittie](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.