

Kool G Rap "My Life"

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Yeah, yeah yeah
G. Rap that's gangsta
(My life nigga)

All of my life, I live
I'll be thuggin' with you
Thug it out baby, thug it out baby
Don't stop 'til I die for this
I'll be keepin' it true
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Yo, yo
Giancanna, the name break it down simple and plain
Went from a small chimp in the game to gorilla king
pimpin' the game
Know how to tempt dames to tense in the Range
Hit the block to pitch rocks, the strength of the name

Limp with a cane, lactosin' limp for the king
We even pack toast expend from the flames, my aim
Strictly about makin' that bread pop blocks red hot
(Y'know)
From feds and cops, lookin' for rock bottles with red
tops

Tradin' lead shots with dreadlocks
Infrared dots 'til their head drop, we fled spots
Word on the curb is when it came to birds we spread
flocks
(No doubt)
No tellin' when the bloodshed stop, glide 'til the sled
stop

Copped the latest every hot flavor in them crocs and
gators
Somebody clique riff, pop the bravest
Out of town trips in whips I got from Avis, drop knots in
Vegas
My plot for paper was crock pots of wafers

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Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Nigga into warm mansion rooms, wall to wall with
handsome goons
Half-naked bitches dancin' to tunes
(Uh-huh)
Marble floor to the terrace nigga, glance at the moon
Play the jacuzzi 'til your hands get blue

Rugs tight, bright as the white sands of Cancun
(Yeah)
Skylights up in the ceilings for the plants to bloom
Nigga we crop grams in dunes, Cuban cigar brand of
grandest fumes
Prison niggaz that ran balloons

Shut down shop from Jan. to June, and still cop land in
the boons
Fuck women in tanning rooms
Every last fingernail on their hand groomed, self built
do
Down to the mink pelts, gator belts and silk suit

If I can't stack a nigga cap get peeled loose
Word to them cats that died on the street, it's spilled
juice
So where that Don be? In the calm breeze in the palm
trees
(Right here)
Bomb G under the arm piece

Livin' in harmony, coke farm pharmacy
Bulletproof armory, school of the hard knock honory
Washin' the jackpot like laundry
Fuckin' Don of the year nominee, honestly

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I'll be keepin' it true

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

G. Rap nigga

What, thug shit, Queens clicks

What, uh-huh

Yeah, thug shit, Queens clicks

Thug shit, Queens clicks

Uhh, yeah

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