

Krizz Kaliko

"Getcha Life Right (feat. Skatterman & Snug Brim)"

Visit "[Getcha Life Right \(feat. Skatterman & Snug Brim\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus:]

I'm just tryna get my life right
Get it to go my way (go my way)
If ya ain't got pay
I'm just tryna get my life right
Top of the hill with my family
Cop a couple mil can't be mad at me
I'm just tryna get my life right
Don't wanna beef with ya
Get ya money let me eat with ya
I'm just tryna get my life right
Cause I gotta be the boss
Gotta get it no matter what the cost
Getcha life right

[Verse 1: Krizz Kaliko]

I ain't tryna be Bill Gates
I'm tryna be the nigga Bill Gates hates
Make no mistake 'bout it
I'm tryna make it where my son see anything he want
on the Internet and PayPal it
I stay valid
There ain't nothin' you can say 'bout it
If ya hustle gimme enough greens to make salad
I gotta get my money and my life right
I push ya bucket as long as my momma and my wife
right
Don't really want people to see me in the wrong light
And stop me from feedin' my son it's on nigga, on
sight
Pass around that collection plate
The selection got me feelin' nigga rich but I'm Section 8
Momma taught me how to behave
But aunt showed me how to fuck weed in a microwave
So if you know me know I love you from a distance
My absence is all about business

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Skatterman]

Some people callin' my story an inspiration

Relatin' to the time I get if I skip this probation
Patiently waitin' for me to slip so they can can me
Off in a cell when I was just tryna feed my family
But I'm addicted to these streets and blocks
And this concrete is crucial, either ya eat or ya not
Plan on reachin' the top
Gotta be willin' to poke your shirt out
Stick with the truth if you's a griddin' pass the work out
How can I judge a man that life just left me
I'm blessed, knock on some wood
Slip through the ice like Gretzky
Every move I hope the vice don't catch me, I gotta try
I used to pick shoes baby momma for an alibi
Nigga had to switch it up
Rap game pickin' up
It's critical, tryna walk that line of cash residuals
I'm tryna make it to where my prophece is invisible
And if I fail, just call me pitiful

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Snug Brim]

I'm just tryna get my life right
The kids and the wife right
But still I'll bust a mothafuckin' head if the price right
Right or wrong
Homie I don't give a fuck
As long as my son can get some [?] for his Tonka truck
I'm bein' in it
Stuck in the game, dodgin' the [?] cops
Been griddin', [?] things when will they fuckin' stop
(fuckin' stop)
Paranoid, thinkin' who gon' blow the whistle on me
Change my daughter's diaper in the dope house with a
pistol on me
I sold coke, sold crack, sold this, sold that
Pray to the Lord, but I won't never get my soul back
I used to get the powder, when I touched it it would turn
to bricks
But lately everything my finger's touchin' seems to turn
to shit
I go to church on Sunday cause I wanna be a good
nigga
But I'm a product of my hood nigga
Plus I'm sick of being Strange Music's black sheeba
But I don't wanna go back to them back streets

[Chorus]

