

Charlie Rich

"Life of a Sinner"

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(Verse 1)

Wakin up was the first task of the day
I don't know why but I just feel this way
Because the life that I lead is tragerous
I think today I'll go out and jack for a lexus or
something
Maybe do a little bumpin
Or go out and kick it at a party that's jumpin
Naw, fuck it
I think I get a fat sack of that chronic
And kick it with the homie Fat Rat
Now I'm on a mission for a sack to pop
Hopped in my Reager and headed for the bus spot
Went to a house that looked like it was damn near
And bought a sack from the Jamaicans
Now I'm ready to get high and get some vapors
Stopped at the liquor store bought some papers
Zig-Zags baby nothing but the best
Any other kind of papers who's made for smokin stress
Scooped up Bat Rat fired up a dub sack
Rolled up the window so I can get a contact
I had the Reager straight servin
And the chronic and the atmosphere had me buzzin
I'm feelin pretty good it was some propper shit
Humped in a backer corner and bumped a propper
bitch
And get happy when I roll up
I got the bitches in my neighbourhood straight sewed
up
I bumped a bitch named Rochelle
She wanted to get me some pussy
cause she was in love with my pony tails
That's not the only thing she's seein me
Bitches ain't got no choice but to love a muthafuckin G
We Hooked up ?? then I said see you later
And it was time to go jack for me some paper
I got a victim in sight
I'll take his life for a stripe and his money for my
appetite

(Chorus)

Livin the life of a sinner

(Verse 2)

I really don't try to commit any sins
I just wanna have a good time with my friends
But sometimes it don't work right
Cause some crazy shit happens almost every night
It might have to be a throw down or show down
And I'ma be on your ass just like a bloodhound
But then again it might be another dub raid
Or maybe a couple of niggas that got they ass sprayed
But whatever it is I'm up
Be quick to pull a strap on your ass
For whatever kinda shit they kicks
187's 211's
Bring it on and we can take it to the break of dawn
As a sucker punk jumps sellin crack on the corner
He's not from the hood so his money is a goner
I pull my strap and then I attack from the back
Gimme your money muthafucka you're gettin jacked
Just like that went back to the bozack
Bumped ?? tryna check up for their chronic sack
He's not only my friend
He's my brother so I hugged and kicked the door in
We got the bozack and made a getaway
I'm gonna be smokin chronic until my lungs turn grey
And get the muggiez go home and eat dinner
Hit the yea endin the day in the life of a sinner

(Chorus)

Livin the life of a sinner

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