

Collin Raye

"The Wild Life"

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[Fat Joe]

Yeah, uh, dat gangsta shit!
Shout to my homies out west
The hoo-bangers!
Mack Deezy for Sheezy
All my niggas in the Bronx
Holdin them corners down
Ya heard? Get it right!

[Verse 1: Fat Joe]

Joe cracks back, been a long time comin
No mean to disrespect but a lot of y'all's frontin
Shook niggas, me and the Squad done took niggas
Flex drop bombs but you seem to overlook niggas
We the nicest in the game, even lifers know the name
Throwin blows like Tyson when he rained
Fuck the ice in the range, I'm tryin to get stocked
Generate mil's so I can buy back my old block
It's like the rap games far from the crack game
Niggas is mad lane(How come?)They act tame
You can tell from my scars life is hard
Shot down in broad day life in front of my Mom's
And the feds never give up, they tryin to kill us
I'm stressed drinkin VSOP tearin my liver
Livin my life like I don't care
I'm out to take the throne
My mom's in the window hopin I'ma make it home
The streets is funny peeps'll kill you
over piece of money, 'specially if you sleepin
And don't keep it gully, I'm from the Bronx
Home of niggas that'll stomp you senseless
Dont resent this, I'm knowin that you comprehend this

Its the wild life, niggas done lost they mind
Its the wild life, everybody wanna floss and shine
But could you blame them?
Niggas is brought up with anger
Pops in jail, Moms get tossed up on stangers

[Prospect]

Yo it's the wild life

Where peeps takin life for keeps
Yo it's the wild life
We all brawlin, fight to eat
The enemies and the D's lurk through N.Y.C
Some of them on they back lookin up like "Yo, why
me?"

[Verse 2: Prospect]

I never really had a pops
But who the fucks to blame
He did 13, and wonder why the steets my name
And heat's my game, cause I'm the type
To leak your frame, give you a slap
With the cast, you can meet my pain
Defeat I bring, to the nicest rapper you know
I aint a killer but I still might clap at you though
You for real here, niggas be followin with steps
I made my own moves, so the tokers, could swallow
they breath
Acknowledge the best, and do what I did
Like I'm blessed, 7 days in a coma
This is life after death
I'm in it to win, ya heard?
From beginning to end, you could get shot
even though you once considered a friend
Sometimes my minds driven to win
Tryin to scare society
But cant slip again cuz my lil' man relyin me
Everyday I put through a test
But still progress
I'm tryin to climb hills
And tryin to make me kill for less

Yo its the wild life
Where peeps takin life for keeps
Yo its the wild life
We all brawlin, fight to eat
The enemies and the deeds lurk through N.Y.C
Some of them on they back lookin up
Like "Yo, why me?"

[Xzibit]

Yo its the wildlife
Straight kidnappin and carjackin
Yo its the wildlife
Nigga fuck scrappin, we all packin
I'ma smash on anybody disrespectin the turf
Sraight to the dirt
We niggas known for puttin in work

[Verse 3: Xzibit]

I make it all go down right
In front of your face
Another life goes to waste
For names sake of the paper chaser
It aint safe here, the bright lights cablide you
Mix sedica, swallow you whole
They cant find you
Worst thing is walkin these streets
I need clarity, peace and prosperity
Is never gon' see, so niggas with beef
Niggas bumpin they gums and teeth
Straight to the police
Tryin to plant us six feet deep
But I aint goin for that
My shit clap through your starter cap
Pull your socks back, we aint runnin from nothin
Comin from nothin, makes you struggle harder for
somethin
Shit is disgusting, you can even trust who you fuckin
The wild life! Colder the nights
You niggas aint nice, put yo money where yo mouth is
And roll the dice, puffin canibus and tiva
With the Don Cartagena, believe a nigga
When I say, dont make me have to spray ya

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