

Matchbox Twenty

"Life"

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[Z-Ro]

Too many niggas be trying to take me off of my game
They see me balling, so they wanna take me off of my
change
Ain't that a bitch, these broke ass niggas be creeping
my pocket
But I'm a soldier y'all can't catch me without my pistol
And ain't no pac in the back, run up on me I'm dropping
you flat
My nigga fall behind the trigger, he don't how to act
Better tall your niggas to chill, while we go round for
round
Cause if they trip in Ridgemont dumping, y'all ain't gon
be around
Now kick it with your people, and see you cheer and
grow up
Cause when you fuck with hard head niggas, your body
get dumped
Three or four counties away, up in a open field
On my way back to Mo City, I'm steady smoking kill
So when you see me out in public, don't you come at
me wrong
Disrespect me if you want, hoe I'ma slug at your dome
Be damned if I miss, but I'm too cool don't trick
yourself bitch
Sipping ball, take this bodybag and zip yourself bitch

[Chorus]

Just cause you see me out in public, trying to keep my
cool
Don't mean, that I ain't a damn fool, I'm a guerilla for
real
Ain't nothing studio about me, bitch you bout to get
killed
Cheifing on doja trying to chill, haters fuck up my
moves
God damn that's another dead fool, I'm a guerilla for
real
Ain't nothing studio about me, bitch you bout to get
killed

[Puff]

I'm a guerilla for real, let's roll back to being glad
When I be riding round trying to jack, cause I got
pistols in my lap
And I'm ready to unload, giving it everything I got
From Rugas to Calicoes, even Snug-Nose Glocks
So when you see me riding, nigga don't try to flag me
down
Cause when I'm in your face your smiling, when I turn
my back you frown
So fuck you niggas, I'm already chilling with enough of
niggas
Problems with a couple niggas, don't make me have to
bust you niggas
Ridgemont till the day I die, visit or deal with it
I'm making a mill with it, Puff and Z-Ro trying to get it
Cause everyday, all day bitch having blocks steady be
pumping
I got the weed, Ro got the drank and bitch and it be
dumping
So bitch quit all of your bumping, and come all out of
your ice
Trying to jack a nigga like me, you be coming off all of
your life
Just because you see me flipping and sipping, smoking
on bud
I ain't off no, I got a sawed-off with a barrel full of slugs

[Chorus]

[Z-Ro]

Everytime I pop a pill, I be full of that bar
Hoochies be all up on a nigga, bitch I ain't a star
I'm from the ghetto like you come from, probably lived
in
My life ain't straight and narrow man, I'm barely
dodging prison
Ain't you barely dodging it too, ain't you bout your
paper too
Don't glorify me, I do the same shit y'all niggas do
Not trying to be mean my nigga, my temper just bad
It's Z-Ro versus the world in my mind, I'm going had
Losing my grip sawed-off bitch, come ride with me
You think I roll cause when you bust us, you can't ride
with me
I might get pulled over by the badges, ain't no more
room
Too many circles in my secret stashes
Riding 35 tears from 30, and still acting like I ain't got
Running with less fortunates and have-nots
It's on my face, no smiles, no frowns, no ups, just

downs

I pull a piece but I shut it down, nothing but rounds

[Chorus - 2x]

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