

'n Sync "My Lifestyle"

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{*background*}

(Ya'll wanna live my lifestyle
Never seen a brick, never seen a crackhouse
Wanna a war with the Don have your techs out
Bring it on, and I'ma show you gangsta)

{*lapses over*}

Yeah...ughh...right back at you
motherfuckers....ughh...yeah..

[Verse 1]

Yo, Yo, I stand alone in this cold world, could you believe that?
I've seen some good men get blown over G-packs
In the Bronx where it's known to hear the heat clap
And live niggaz get it on with the D-techs, SHIT, my life's legendary
If I wrote down all in a book it would be very scary
What you know 16 be missin' Benzes
Rope chain down to my dick, the beef looks tremendous
Me and my niggaz flip holes in bitches
Back then, when I wouldn't even pose for bitches
A-YO, you can ask dapadan who was the man
Back in 88, every other week tricked 30 grand
Even my bitches wore Gucci and Louie
My peeps already in the crowd looking for groupies to screw me
Exit the club, about to cruise up the block now
with the taj, stay frontin' with top down
See me in that new thing with my fiancée
Ass so fat, making you say "Muchos GRANDE"
Don't blame me, blame them, the white folk
for giving me ten mil, for possessin' the tight flow
WHOA

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

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Never seen a brick, never seen a crackhouse
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Bring it on, and I'm show you gangsta

[Verse 2] {*lapse over chorus*}

Yeah, yeah, uh, yo, blow half your head off, leave you
with brain damage

He got his shit rocked cause he didn't pay homage

It's the Don of this rap shit, go on with that wack shit

Heard you walked the dorm in a thong on your last bid

Joey Crack is, the most official

Toke the pistol for those who appose the issue

I hope I convinced you to back up, really you acted up,
believe me

I could EASILY GET YOUR ASS TOUCHED

And that sucks, ain't nobody could fuck with this

Bullet shook could make you take a bucket of piss

For runnin' your lips

Got the fifth stuck in your ribs, don't make me...

splash your lungs right in front of your kids

I'm a basketcase, don't ever give this bastard space

or I'ma have your ass erased

I'm from the Bronx amongst corrupt cops, we mothered
this rap shit

But still don't get enough props

All I hear is "Gangsta" you ain't build like that

Don't make me have to pull a tool and really tilt your
cap

I'm from crills to crack

You've been dealin' with rap

You ain't never run the streets, now I'm revealing your
act

What the fuck

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

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Wanna a war with the Don have your techs out

Bring it on, and I'm show you gangsta

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