

Nas**"Life We Chose Feat Cyclinder"**Visit "[Life We Chose Feat Cyclinder](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Nas]

To my niggaz.. huh..

We all we got..

Let's hold it down though, y'know?

However it's gon' go down

This what we gotta deal with, y'know?

Yo this is the Remix

Chorus: Nas

It's the life we chose, where friends become foes
and the dough'll get you killed quicker than you know
This is the life we chose, bring fake snakes and hoes
and the only way out, is death or goin broke
This the life we chose, ain't too many happy endings
That's why there ain't too many happy niggaz in it
And I'll admit it, this life is fucked up but yo..
(but yo..) this life is the only life I know {*echoes}

[Nas]

Uhh, uhh, uhh

Gold bathtubs, makin love to my Queen

Get my back rubbed, Chardonnay, rollin up green

Statues, marble floors, rare paintings on my wall

My lifestyle's like the Forbes Magazine

Closets, full of rockets and submachines

Take this nigga out the projects, and his thug team

Yo we cruise past street lights, ill rides

Mr. Child both coasts with the most loud toast

Calicos roast y'all folks, keep y'all dyin

Cause it's hard to fuck around when we dealin with
scienceMy enemies got money, so y'all should watch how I play
it

They never know we enemies until they hear me say it

Til they kid's on the phone sayin, "Please daddy pay it"

Til they brain's on the floor, mixed on the pavement

High-class elegance, you respect or you hiss

You go against you'd rather piss on an electrical fence

It's strategic, how these niggaz want you to think

You'd be surprised, who'd be the one to put you to

sleep

Why you stink? Yo these streets don't allow you to blink
You get showered by lead, comin out with your mink
Bow ties and tuxedos, bust Eagles

Chorus

[Cylinder]

Hey yo the life I chose was like Ludacris
smoke or get smoked
Kid's be gettin choke to death by they parents on crack
I was put in jail cause I had to fight back
But that's life on the street's nigga's come up with fake
ass beats
But I'll never suffer defeat never stop makin my beats
Nigga I'll kill every one on the streets this is the
Life I chose fuck them other hoe

Chrous

Dump drugs and acid, then they rush with the Rico
It's hard fuckin with niggaz you hope you can trust
You a fool if your main bitch is easy to fuck
And you've got money - is these hoes greedy or what?
Shit is devious, ex-friends wantin you stuck

Chorus: Nas

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