

Nas**"Sinful Living"**Visit "[Sinful Living](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Situations I be kickin' just you get you pacin'
That attentive, parental supervision, you should do the
diction
Street chronicles, struggles and losses
Can make a nigga's moms hang up crosses and
horseshoes
I brought you, to that state of mind you needed
By now your weeded, bob your head, recline seated
And put your life inside the shoes of the shiestiest
crews
With sports cars and the iciest jewels, Ya know the
rules
In this street life, by now the beasts might be least
white
Stash your heat right, my pop passed the peace pipe
And shed light on, he put me right on
To be an icon, cause dead niggas got they name wrote
up in krylon
The fast life, fistfights, that shit could like amuse me
Some chose a road some niggas died so what's to
choosin'?
At night time it especially addresses me
Preferably, around 10, when my weed cipher begin
We start buggin' on facts, half the facts that's for sure
Put your zone in my world if we adapt, crack, and pour
Make a toast yo that's how we break bread together
Probably when we dead be better, the problems ahead
whatever
Courvoisier sippin', whippin' out-of-state missions
And just in case your snitchin', the safe's hidden
With these conniving things, niggas make it to obvs
(obvious) to bring
Hatred to enterprising cream, advise your team to
wiser schemes.

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