

## **T. Rex**

### **"My Life"**

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[Daz]

I know it's your life nigga..you do as you please (That's right)

But you know we be fucking up

Huh, Huh....Yeah Aye, Aye, Aye..Yea, Yea, Yeah (What)

Aye, Aye, Aye.....Yea, Yea, Yeah

That nigga Daz and T.I. is in the motherfuckin house..You know what I mean

It's your life nigga....live or die.....Wooooh!!

[Chorus]

Can't ya see I'm on fire, so quit hating on me pimpin,  
I'm just living my life

Think I ain't gone ride, on all you pussy niggas tryin to  
put an end to my life

You can't do it, don't try...I know you sucker niggas wish  
that you was living my life

In white linen, I'm fly..top down in the spiderville, riding  
for the rest of my life

[T.I.]

A-town veteran, started at eleven

When and bought an eight-ball, I was staying down  
every since

That's why it's hard to find a young rapper nigga better  
than

Bankhead resident, Westside represent, Pimp Squad  
mobster

Grand Hustle president, heart of a lion and the nuts of  
an elephant

Trap musik heaven sent, you hating and it's evident  
You trying to stack presidents, I'm tryin to set

precedents

The comparison is insulting my intelligene

Cause real recognize real, and real you ain't never  
been

You never will, I catch ya where you chill,

Holla at ya where you live nigga, fuck a record deal  
(what's happenin)

I graduated out the yay, to stack a couple mill

Who would figure it would be a rap nigga I have to kill

My potnaz telling me shawty you have to chill (fuck that  
shit)  
But Ima end Up hating with steel, what is is, still dope  
boy trap niggas  
Worldwide lovin it, haters see the spider and they  
wanna put a slug in it  
Fuck it, I'm a G, I been a rider, I ain't studding it  
Better get ya mind of mind, and start hustling

[Chorus: with ad libs]

[Daz]

I should BG banging the stripes, ideas when I strike  
Breaking my victims, lining them niggas all with the  
light  
Get it right, hold it tight, blast with all your might  
See we hustle for them grands til the early light  
Follw my plan on command, leave'em dead where they  
stand  
Ain't no stopping the man nigga with grands in my  
hands  
Living the fast lane, grand hustle the gram when the  
cash came  
(Grand hustle nigga)  
The police book me, take my fingerprint and last name  
If I'm stuck in a cell, how would I maintain  
Lock up all these niggas, the penitentiary mind frame  
I strive for perfection, my method is quite collective  
Check out the fuckin way I just rep it  
This dog pound gangsta in the back take a licking  
Rims shining, fresh paint, T.I. counting paper  
Big moves stay on deck with the tools  
All ya'll niggas and bitches and niggas get sprayed  
with the tools..Blahhh

[Chorus: with ad libs]

[Daz]

This how we hustle for the paper, cause the hustle get  
harder  
I'm dog pounded out, an Atlanta Brave starter  
Money, weed, and bitches, 24 inches conversating  
T.I. plotted on getting these niggas, now for my niggas  
Murdering, killing, wheeling the spider, on a mission  
All my niggas ya'll know how the fuck we kick it  
I'ma keep my eye on a meal ticket, hustle it up  
motherfucker better kick it

[T.I.]

All eyes on me, with my westside homie  
In a drop 65, on D's, wanna ride on me

I got a forty-five, on me  
In a hurry to die homie, get live on me  
You charged with tryin to OG  
And I'm creepin through the crowd, low key, nigga  
You don't know me  
I learned from niggas before me  
I got insomnia shawty, I don't sleep, I bomb, I don't  
creep

[Chorus: with ad libs]

[Talking: T.I. & Daz]

Ya'll niggas know how we do this shit  
T.I, that nigga Daz....youknowwhatimean  
This my life, your life, our life, his life.live it to the  
fullest  
One time for Pac, we miss you nigga...Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
One time for Shorty B, keepin it pimpin' (Aye)  
PSC, Grand Hustle, pimp (yeah)  
Fuck nigga, let this be a lesson to ya...Yeah, Yeah, Yeah  
Ya'll niggas better start training man  
You better be a damn good ducker nigga,  
When I goddamn let loose with this chopper, you  
understand that  
I ain't playin with ya'll niggas, Once the motherfuckin  
judge  
Slam that goddamn gaffel nigga and let a  
motherfuckin case beat nigga  
I'm at ya'll ass nigga..Mark my motherfuckin words,  
Fuck boys  
I'm laying low for a reason pimp..Ha...Fuck niggas

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