

T.I. "The Life"

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T.I.

I bet you niggas thinking that I living it up
'Til you see polices laughing as they picking me up
Went from seeing how many bitches i can fit in the
truck
To 3 hots and a cot is you kidding or what fuck how
Many millions I got nigga so what if I'm hot when I got
prices on my head
Feds rushing my spot a million
Haters wont me dead force to carry me gat
But you a seven time felon what you doing with that
It's a catch
22 either you lose or lose
That's the way the game structured for real niggas to
suffer
And I ain't never
Been a busta always stood on my feet
Like a man prepared to take what ever coming for me
A pussy nigga
Or polices wit a warrant for me
I'm a "G" prepared to die for whats important to me
Look anybody in the
Eye who say they want it wit me
Put up the house and bet the odds if coming from me
OG's say I need to
Learn and be patient
You telling me wit these seven years of probation
Pistol charges and a host of
Other open cases
If niggas only knew the kind of time I was facing
I tried to keep to myself but
Sometime I couldn't take it
Got 4 kids wit smiles on they faces
Mean more to me than my crown and my bracelet
Take that away from me and my life is butt naked

Chorus:

I could tell ya bout the life of a real nigga
I could tell ya bout the life that I live nigga
What you know bout the life of a real nigga?
What you know bout this life that I live nigga?
Hey I could tell you bout the life of a real nigga

I could tell ya bout the life that I live nigga
What you know bout the life of a real nigga?
What you know bout this life that I live nigga?

Brisco:

I deal with stone cold killers, drug dealers, and
extortionists
Ex-Convicts, Five percent is in this lawyer bitch
See, I was brought through the rugged terrain
I'm two-faced a cuz a jack boy showed me the game
It's four four that's a pretty ass key
That's the sound, we call that there a free throw
Pop you know the numbers equivalent to last week
Buyin whole sale, break it down and put it on the street
My big brother shake ice all night
A sore loser when we do, he be ready to fight
I could tell ya bout the life of a real nigga
He keep it happenin, when hatas come, he deal wid em
That's all it take 'ain't that a bitch
She broke down wid dem troopers found all them
bricks
And through all this shit
One thing I could never understand (what?)
?A snitch

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