

T.P.E.

"Life"

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[Verse 1]

It's the first of the month and my beeper is blowing
I can't stop cause my cash is flowing
I'm baggin' em' up bustin' em' down quickly
Cause I got five brothers waitin' on me at Thrifty's
I'm in the other bucket on the late night pursuit
With two kis and and forty ounce of brew
I ain't trippin' cause my tags are legit
Ah shit, now them tats is on my tip
So I drops my brew, what the fuck am I to do (Pass the
street to shake that fool)
So I smashed on my pedal and rolled down Golden
Gate
And threw these motherfuckin' kis in the lake

[Verse 2]

Guess who comes through, it's a fool
I gat tapped that ass, red dog, and boo
We kicks it on the Hill everyday
Slangin' rocks with glocks now we gots to get paid
The street life's how I'm livin' and the po-po tryin' to get
me
But they can't catch up to a motherfuckin' philly
That's how I'm livin' in the day
But when it comes night I packs a forty and an AK
Waitin' for some punk to jump so I can start to pop
And put some motherfuckin' holes in his drop
The watch his ass grasp, then I laugh
He shouldn't have last so I taxed his punk ass

[Chorus]

Street life, because there's no place I can go
Street life, it's the only life I know
Street life, there's a thousand lives a day
Street life, until you play your life away

[Verse 3]

A young brother in the game with my fame and glory
I'm really down for my pops and the hardcore stories
Mandatory is my money, ya best believe
Because I'm rollin' through ya town with gold tone D's

Lookin' clean with my mug on mean
But in the ghetto it ain't nothin' but dope fiends
I pull up on the turf not thinkin' of gettin' burnt
With a nine in the trunk it ain't gon' be no funk
Serious about my mail, don't give a fuck about a jail
cell
Because I post bail and all hell breaks loose
Cause I got juice, though it seems to me
In reality the other man is out to get me

[Verse 4]

Forever on the run, that shit ain't funny
And I ain't never heard of no extra money
The ninety-eight cents, no food for less
I send a dope fiend to steal my Guess
The ghettos of a way where the players star
Where white men won't, where white kids won't
They say it ain't cool and it's bad for they health
And if ya hit magazine then break ya self
Cause that's the rules man and don't ask why
Either you slang, gangbang, or die
My only concern is to strive
Fucked up around in the street life

[Chorus]

[Verse 5]

The reason I ain't do eighteen yet, check
Is because I got people praying for me, bet
I pays my ties even though the money's filthy
Don't wanna go to church because I feel guilty
The way of the street life is really quite scary
Thinkin' tomorrow man I might get married
So when I leave my pad I grab mt glock
And my bulletproof vest and my ski mask dock
On the gooch pal, I won't be caught out of bounds
Can't let these fools stop my life
So I strive, I might be about one eight
But in the mind I more like twenty eight
I see the po-po poppin' the brothers droppin'
Niggaz plottin' and children starvin'
All this shit in my face
I gotta get up out of this place
The middle of V ain't enough see
A nigga feel like I gotta sell D
I share a room with six little brothers
Three to a bed fightin' over covers
The crack of dawn, I read the paper
A Jewish old lady said a nigga raped her
The finger always points at the black man
But not the whites, Filipinos, or Mexicans

[Chorus]

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