

## **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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