

## The Beach Boys

### "It's Your Life"

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\* send all corrections directly to the typist

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo  
Ja Rule, Uh  
Shade and Irv Gotti  
Niggas don't want none of this

[Ja Rule]

Ladies call me white Kane, pure as snow  
Like cocaine, cutiepies powder they nose  
I've been preaching to the stars  
Ladies be livin real harder  
A lot of icons, but consider me God  
Born in the seventies  
The eighties was growing wit time  
Now it's two G nigga  
And the world is mine  
I was a smart nigga  
Figured if he put me on the spot  
Wit hot shit bubble me up till I rock  
Come put me on the block  
In a new form and new sound  
For Ja Rule and I'm feeling like I'm too strong  
I move on down to D.C., V.A.  
And I even did as far as Californ-I-A  
Come to shit  
They fly, they float, they snort, they smoke  
Hustle, bag and mope  
For more  
Down the freeway racing out of control, it's crazy  
When you fucking wit Rule it's shady

[Chorus]

Niggas if you hustle and stick 'em  
It's your life  
Bitches if your Fuckin and striping  
It's alright

We all got to eat  
So live your life  
Niggas

It's alright  
Bitches  
It's your life

[Shade Sheist]

Now I got to hit you wit some other shit  
Sentinella gutta shit  
Four sides of the chrome  
Flows smack you wit the rubber grip  
Never been a nigga, niggas wanna play they cards wit  
See me in the dark whip  
Better go call your guards quick  
Better go hit the block and tell them bitches that shisty  
shit  
Known the freaks face like that yellow bezel ice shit  
Similar response, yo that kid spit the nicest  
Baby re-intice this, CD's raise they prices  
Make a nigga chain, oaid off in a different name  
Maid think they got flame, Shade just hit the brain  
Me and Ja fucked around and made the teams A-list  
Two niggas from two sides, like a 7/10 split bitch

[Chorus 2x]

[Ja Rule]

Niggas from the East  
Christ from the gun to the mics  
I'm living my life  
Running through hell wit no ice  
It's a sin  
But I'd sell my lost soul to win  
Go to bed and die  
Then I'd wake up breathing again  
Cause I'm all in  
Even though shit ain't right  
I wake up sweatin my life every night  
Help me, is it the devil that going to get me  
Or is it God don't feel like being bothered wit me  
So hard to hit me, this life a sacrifice  
If I grow blind through the dark my kids gonna see the  
light  
If I die young it's cause a nigga too high strung  
Got scary love for gun wit too much weed in my lungs  
And still niggas screaming Ja the one, the chosen  
The God's only begotten son, it's my life

Chorus 2x

