

## UGK "Living This Life"

Visit "[Living This Life](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Lord, it's so hard, living this life  
A constant struggle each and everyday  
Some wonder why I'd rather die  
Than to continue living this way

Uh, I don't wanna do this no mo'  
But dis the only thang that I know  
I keep a pistol in my back and a gauge on the flo'  
The laws and the jackers wanna kick in my do'

I'm a D-boy, didn't graduate  
But I got Ph.D from Pimp State  
And I got a Master's Degree in movin' weight  
And my people dependin' on me but they gon' be  
straight

Uh, I wanna go to service  
But I ain't been in so long, kinda make me feel nervous  
'Cause they be lookin' at me funny  
Watchin' the plate when I tithed put in my money

I don't wanna go back to that hell  
Rather be dead than doin' life in a jail cell  
Die young, oh well, I had a good life  
They rappin' 'bout it but I'm out here payin' the price

Lord, it's so hard living this life  
A constant struggle each and everyday  
Some wonder why I'd rather die  
Than to continue living this way

I wake up out of bed, right after the crack of dawn  
And I give myself a stretch up, a mornin' yawn  
And see, I'm a pawn in this neighborhood chess game  
Move one step at a time, long as the Lord bless me

I know the rest aim high, I'm tryin' to aim it higher  
Watchin' the lames aspire to street success, mayne  
They tryin' to flame the fire but that's like wettin' water  
You either burnt or washed out, so get in order

Everyday it's gettin' harder to fuck with the flow

I'm tryin' to keep all of my motherfuckin' ducks in a row  
I gotta see a man 'bout a dog and sell him a cat  
If you don't know, then you don't know, dat's dat

Shit, a dollar outta fifteen cents, I got a dime  
Tryin' to hustle up my way to a million, I gotta grind  
Walkin' the line like cash, I'm on my mash  
Two hundred yards behind in a hundred yard dash

Lord, it's so hard, living this life  
A constant struggle each and everyday  
Some wonder why I'd rather die  
Than to continue living this way

Lord, I'm sittin' here on bended knee, my hands  
locked, eyes shut  
Askin' You to watch over me, no matter what  
Even though I ain't too well behaved, I'm still a child of  
You  
And faith in my Holy Father is all that keep me smilin'

Through the bad times and worse times, through it all  
When my head is hangin' low, You help me to stand tall  
The only way I'ma ball, the only way I'ma shine  
Is if You lookin' after me while I'm out here on the grind

Uh, I know you bless the child that go get it  
I'm the product of the ghetto, the flame of the city  
So I talk the language of the ave'  
Forgive my dirty mouth, please, I'm whippin' slabs

Fifties, quarters and the whole thangs  
Balance in my life on the fo' beam  
And I need codeine just to stay sane  
I'm steady prayin' to You but I don't know Your real  
name

Knahmtalkinbout?  
But I'm under the impression that if your heart is in the  
right place  
Your prayers gon' get heard anyway  
So some say Jah Jah, some say Allah  
Some say Jesus, some say Yeshua Ben'ta,  
knahmalkinbout?

Ay man, I just look like this, man, knahmtalkinbout?  
I ain't get this far bein' no square man  
You wanna hide some'n from black folks  
They say you can put it in a book, I don't believe that  
'Cause I done read fo' libraries worth of books

I got some knowledge y'all need to get up on, mayne  
But hold a pair of hearts, knahmtalkinbout?  
For they laws and power, knahmsayin? The art of war  
The secret societies of America, knahmtalkinbout?  
Everythang ain't what it look like, man  
And don't judge every book by its cover, ya dig? Hold  
up

Visit [UGK](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.