

Young RoDDie

"Life"

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[Verse 1]

What you know about short days and them long nights,
boy?

Tryna get your bread up

But my homie caught him a life sentence, damn...

Hope he keep his head up

And I made it this far simple 'cause, why?

I stay prayed up

And I'm clearly past my limit

Tryna maintain my image

Gotta push start for my engine

I kick, push then go get it

For all my dead peers I pour Henny

To the single mothers, get money

Boy, my ribs touchin' and I'm hungry

LOL but ain't shit funny

I'm spaced out, I'm blunted

Will I make it out, should I wonder?

All them crabs up in that bucket

Trying their best to pull the kid under

I don't think so

That fake shit'll make me go loco

Unroll, why not? Just slow coast

I'm too deep, man, my four-four

And her ass fat, but I can handle that

Her hair down when she throw her back

Life...

[Verse 2]

The game funny so I don't play

Big money, nigga, heavyweights

Successfully every level, so I graduate

With high honour, marijuana, I'mma levitate

Present that sideways slang, I'mma set you straight

Should've never came in this game if you couldn't
accelerate

You've been ran over, flatlined, pancaked

You'd do better stepping off than ever standing in my
way

