

Yuki**"La Costra Nostra"**Visit "[La Costra Nostra](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah
Yeah
October 18, '74
The year I was born
A young nigga ready for war
Its in my blood to get the fatty for sure
I was cursed since birth
And my daddy slangin' baggies of raw
And i'm the advocate
Crack hit
In 86 we started havin' shit
Rockin', cookin', cuttin', baggin' it
Straight havin' shit
Pushin packages for my cousin
Makin 20 off a note
I refuse to go broke
My whole family slang dope
And my big sister was a little richer
Cause she always hung around with the big pushers
I watched niggas brake keys in the sink
With jack hammers and gensues
Throw me money for tennis shoes
I been the dude since high school
The latest clothes and them jewels
Had me paper chasin'
I didn't finish school
I bought a quarter ounce and an uz
With my crew
Hit tha block
Start hustle like them real niggaz do
I'm walkin in the shoes of Felix Mitchel
And little D
Them balla niggaz from my projects I listen to
I kept it real in my interviews
I was broke as fuck
And sleepin' on the floor in the village dude
I'm just a Y.G.
Chronic D
Smokin' fire weed
Niggaz corner peak
I'm building dynasty

So I pistol whip and rob niggaz
What goes around comes around
Cause I end up gettin' shot nigga
But God love me
My heart don't stop
I pop bubbly
Got the whole block locked
I live lovely
And my father the black gorrilla family crack dealer
With the house on the hilla make scratch for realla
That's why I say it's in my blood
Cause my father was a thug
With the columbian plug
Flood the block with drugs nigga
We slang lots of coca
With glocks up in the holster
La Costa Nostra Nigga!

Chorus

Livin this Life
Livin this life
Every days a stuggle
Just to survive
Just to survive
Costa Nostra
This is my life
This is my life
My life
La Costa Nostra
La Costa Nostra

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