

Cali Agents

"This Is My Life"

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[VERSE 1: Rasco]

It be the raw rhyme spitter, no glitter with no glam
I can still turn out your whole jam
It's nothin but fam up in the spot, nigga, ready or not
And if you wanna see us play, put a buck in the slot
We got dangerous plots
Schemes and big dreams, big money themes
I need just to feed my seed
No greed involved, but I still stand tall
Be spendin yo time up at the goddamn mall
Doin things that don't mean shit
Still lookin for tail, I'm lookin for my checks in the mail
Without fail we bring it back to its original form
Been doin this before you young cats was born
Hated in my own backyard, what kinda logic is that?
These niggas mad cause I'm bringin it fat
In fact, I'm never broke, never blowin the smoke
But when I'm standin in the crowd, they be knowin the
quotes
It's like, how in the hell do these cats even sell?
Be spittin big words your ass can't even spell
Stars and quasars, a hundred and ten bars
Of pure rhymes, I'ma tell you one last time
My rhyme's elite, give me 265 feet
I might leave niggas sprawled in the street
When you spit yours, the shit didn't sound right
And now it's because you didn't lay it down right
Cover your folks with all the chronic weed smoke
You just found out that Ras didn't need folks
I do it myself, I keep cash at the spot
Be up in your face, whether you like Ras or not

[CHORUS]

This is my life, I gotta live it
And if you cats really
Don't know we gotta let y'all feel it
It's never the same
You know we gots to maintain
We figured you out, we know your whole damn
game(2x)

[VERSE 2: Planet Asia]

Yo, bon voyage, load the track as we take off
I break off with explodin facts you can't shake off
Experiment in Cali, I rep the Valley up to Central
Hoes, flows, big dough and smashin rentals
Cross the country like young guns bustin at you
outdoors
These backpack niggas don't even know what they out
for
Frontin like they don't want cash
Every since I made my first g I knew I had to make shit
last
I write rhyme for rhyme, line till my mind got elaborate
A complicated torturous arrangement on my tablet
I'm hard-fisted, on some smoke-a-cigar-split shit
Straight out the yard district, here to leave scars
inflicted
On your wack-ass production, the way we freak beats is
unique
You feel the heat just like a backlash or somethin
I write fast but think slow, I keep my cash wrinkled
Yo, catch me blowin grams in Amsterdam at Paradiso
Pullin notches, and not only do we rock fresh gear
But when it comes to hip-hop, we like a breath of fresh
air
Like yeah, and just to let y'all side-busters know
We rep the underground, but still we out to make
dough
Know what I'm sayin?

[CHORUS]

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