

Grassroots

"Your Life"

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[O.C.]
Uhh, uhh
Yeah, yeah
Hah, hah
U NAST and O.C.
O.C. and U NAST
Yeah, yeah
Medina style, y'know?

Commitin crimes with the rhymes, always on time
Lampin on the Island with a honey that's a dime
Sippin on wine, escapin New York life
Fleein the inner city streets for a little paradise
I rent a villa on the beach on the lam
like a killer chillin, but I'm not a villain
Feelin effects of the Mai-Tai and the weed U NAST
copped from the rastas, gettin, high as the climate
Designer drug dosage, raps I spit
be ferocious, quote it like Confucious
Thick like mucus in the membrane, penetrate like Ben-Gay
On the mic motherfuckers call me Sensei
Cluster, illustrious like a carat that I got
from the District, bust rhymes like a biscuit
Mister, Oh pronounced with the Cee
Mesmerizing chicks from New York to gay Paris

Chorus: O.C.

I never knew that my life it could be so hard
Whatsamatter with your life?
Gotta get yourself together, and make things right
y'know
Whatsamatter with your world?

[U NAST]
General Monk mong style U NAST I get wild
Chase you two thousand two hundred miles outside of
town
Yo Oh hold it down (no doubt) at the rate that sound
travel

My team'll have you caught from a smokin barrel
Dead or paralyzed, my mack parallel lines
is my rhymes, the shit I design
You and I burst, I verse, draw last die first
Time to realize you're fuckin with the worst
and it gets no better than the twenty-first letter
Can't a man on the planet stop the God from gettin
cheddar

[O.C.]
Yeah, uhh
Yeah, yeah
Whatsamatter with your world?

We in the mix like this, drink Henn (pop Crist)
Warmin up another verse (yo Son I got this)

[U NAST]
Watch this how I rock shit, lock shit
Six hundred Coupe chop shop shit, ?be gafe rop chop
shit?

[O.C.]
Hey I like spike mics like football punts
Man I do this on the real yo this shit ain't no front

[U NAST]
No illusions, I want the absence of confusion

[both]
And if I can't get it I'ma start a revolution

[U NAST]
Yeah, know what I'm sayin?
Everything that glitters ain't gold
And when I seem I'm at my tightest that's when I lose
control
But right now, me and Oh, we gonna show you how it is
back at home

[?Nevaha?]
So what's the deal people, how y'all, it's ?Nevaha?
Caught a little drama back in South Carolina
Caught up in some bullshit a half a brick thick
Me and these three cats and this one sneaky bitch
Called up wifey, "Mama, I need bail
Don't tell Mama Dukes tell I get out jail"
Airplane ticket, get the loot, move your tail
Now it's back to the drawin boards, my plans fail
Couple weeks later, here comes wifey's birthday
You're turnin twenty-four, it's a glorious day

Showed you all my plans down to X on the map
Ten days after that you lied dead on my lap
I seen my whole world diminish in just, two minutes
Where I thought our life was startin off, yours just
finished
Now I'm home at night, holdin down our seed
Tears rollin down my face while I steam these trees
It's a must that I bust cause I must succeed
I'm the strongest out my breed so I provide what Mia
needs

[O.C.]
Whatsamatter with your world?

Chorus

[O.C.]
Yeah... co-signing on my nigga trial, shit got wild
He caught a case for a body and a pist-al, shit's foul
Cats run they mouth a mile a minute like bitches
Instead of holdin it down, niggaz turn snitches
Stressed like FUCK and you could see it in my face
I was, goin through problems with my shorty plus
thinkin
bout my man ?Nevaha?, politickin with his Ma Dukes
Strugglin to scrape up cake, for his court date
I felt like shit, I didn't come through
Blue skies turned gray so I proceed to pray
It ain't workin, the whole situation's uncertain
Rent's overdue, bills pilin like curtains
Bitches on my back, this chick named Cat
was on my side til I got wise and opened up my eyes
Bad luck for this life I hail, I say
Whatsamatter with my world?

Chorus: repeat to fade

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