

## Gunplay

### "Low Life"

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

I don't ride no more  
Steal a ride, I pack a 2  
Ski a slow, act a fool  
I'm a murker ghoul  
You don't want my true circle dude  
And these killers gonna do what they think they do

Everything I say so goddamn low life  
Every song I play so goddamn low life  
Hard class steel, such a goddamn low life  
Pride, cash deals, such a goddamn low life  
Low life, low life  
Low life my whole life  
Low life, low life  
Low life my whole life

Human methadone now leave me the F alone  
Human methadone now leave me the F alone  
Human methadone now leave me the F alone  
I take your bitch and F her dome  
It's me they wishin' death upon  
Human methadone now leave me the F alone  
I take your bitch and F her dome  
It's me they wishin' death upon  
F 'em all, safety on the F-in off  
Call the trauma truck I'm a check his pulse  
Swing back, Ridge Mars, search and destroy  
All I have in this world is a pistol passport  
Now I throw my dues up in the two thousand new some  
Rainin' cats and dogs but I don't want the roof up  
Get your ishy here I got deuce  
You disappear like bishop Pierce, I do not choose  
My angle obtuse, Triple C my family tree  
I ain't roots, I ain't see, I ain't do

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I just shot and been shot at, rob robbers, boss bosses  
'round  
Hoes in needs, reel the fortune stack  
Low life, wouldn't trust the neither  
Pedigree amphetamine feel, pills 'round the reefer  
Have these niggers' women, never bought dollars  
We just wait for you again, now we all got 'em  
All papers chief, this PO makes me sick  
Another test stress, fuck it, use the paper pins  
Low life, been ply  
Party harder than that day they murdered Bin Laden  
Black and yellow chains, black and yellow fit  
When I throw co legal wait before I cut the check

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Went through my low life fast  
Still lovin' these strip clubs  
Dance is off for two hundred but I'm on the pill and I'm  
six ducks  
Low life of my whole life to my paper loan  
My trap doin' so good, might go to extra zones  
And I ain't even talkin' about no clean money  
I'm talkin' cold profit that keep that triple bean jumpin'  
Hundred thousand dollar car but ain't no fuckin' gas  
I'm one hundred in the hood, you had to pay to pass  
Robbin' for the same work we go to you  
Might take all your new shit, look like it's old to you  
That purple in my swisher got me seeing shit  
I just bought another chopper that ain't seen the quip

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