

Rockie Fresh

"Life Long"

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[Intro]

So self-made
Shout-out my Crenshaw niggas
Them down-south niggas
Yeah...

[Verse 1]

I pray I never die a broke nigga
Terrell Owens, owing all the dope dealers
Sometimes I glorify the finer things
Because I didn't see them minor things
And the games are known by the refs
Restaurants, I'm even greeted by the chefs
Hangin' with the Jews, you'll get the meat on us
Bangin' with them tools, you'll get to see a bonus
All I wanted was a chance to celebrate
We in the belly of the beast
Collect calls from Gunplay
I pray one day I get to see some peace
But I'mma ride until the wheels won't
Anything Double-M I will kill for
Shots fired - blocka, blocka, case closed
Mexican numbers, talkin' them pesos

[Hook]

Yeah - so many say I'm livin' life wrong
Yeah - I work hard and I fight strong
Young nigga, I'm just tryna live my life long
Young nigga, I'm just tryna live my life long
Work all night, party all night
Count money all night, then I smoke all night
Young nigga, I'm just tryna live my life long
Young nigga, I'm just tryna live my life long

[Verse 2]

Five in the morning, I already made five stacks
Them Satchel Paige diamonds, yeah, them bitches
pitch black
Tried to put your city on your back and that shit cracked
Consider me a Caterpillar crane, gift-wrapped
About to take the load off, lifestyle so boss

I could pay your costs, all my old hoes lost
Blowin' weed while she blowin' me, you getting
blown off
And I set the bar high, hopin' you can pole-vault
I am not a rapper, just a real nigga
Who accidentally be rhymin' when speakin' on how I
feel
Shout-out to everybody that's fuckin' with me for
real
I got that fire flow and these bitches they know the drill
My style is all natural, bars is all factual
On the verse I'mma tax you, I spin like I'm on an axel
Survivin' even though I'm sick, Magic Johnson
money shit
Laughin' to the bank, but I ain't with that funny shit

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

I plan to live my life a rich nigga
That's known to always keep a clip with him
Talkin' on the Bluetooth in the 6, nigga
Lookin' like a Westside Crip, nigga
I threw the blunt 'cause she ain't wrap it right
She ain't attracted to the passive type
She told you "no" 'cause you ain't ask her right
I'm getting head at the traffic light
Smokin' on the kush, that's the average night
Money way taller than the average height
Fuck tryna live an average life
Being broke'll make a nigga snap like a plastic knife
Fresher - Mac-11 on the dresser
All I know is I'm gon' get this shit together
Pressure - I know you heard the expression
Desperate times call for desperate measures

[Hook]

[Outro]

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