

Chris Howland

"Whats Ya Life Worth?"

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[Bell]

[whispers of Outlaw]

[Fatal]- Yall muthafuccaz don't wanna die
stop all that bull shit frontin' and all that talk
a real nigga will pick the time, to go what

Verse one

Kadafi like the lyrical father hezzy
give me feet if your crucified, like you was Jesus
on the floor spreadin', like diseases
sippin' the Henny, who say cool lockin' the Semi
Automatic, niggas jumpin' like acrobatics, when static
erupts
you stuck, wit no fuckin' bucket to piss in
know all you cowards goin' miss in, heres a bitch
name glock you blockin' me, to be kissin' (I said it)
it's like a midnight moon, from night to
afternoon(noon)
get cooked up, like coke in a spoon(spoon)
protect your body from a ? shot, from my fuckin' shooty
layin' it down, the road dog Hussein, Kadafi
cuttin' ya ear to ear, fittin' these niggas head gear
like I'm county bound, wilin' from to tear to tear
shootin' and popluting, ya atmosphere
wit crates and waste, waitin' through the fuckin' state
tryin' come up in this world, cuz it's money to make
laid to rest forever, you wanna do rap under ground?
so maybe six feet, will make the raps better

Chorus [Fatal]

Whats ya life worth? more then a beef
when you got heat, and til scared of the streets
how you gonna make it wit ya body, lost and cause
wit cha soul, departin' slow, still shootin' for the stars

Some times, I feel that I'm a dead man walkin'
wake up and cold sweats, and see myself in a coffin
my life is hunted, I'm confused and fond
if my blood stop pourin', I regulate like I was born (2x)

Verse two

What the fuck you think this is? hands up everybody
spread'em
the first muthafucker move, dirty bird gotta wet'em
ain't nobody gettin' out alive, if I don't get that melt that
I came for
in plus a muthafuckin' ounce and bounce
cuz, I'm on that type of shit, nobody be knowin'
alias Hussein, anybody look to strange I'm blowin'
I got these thugs, and hotties knowin'
haulin' ass, wit Daz, and money bags,
and the ass of the shooty showin', play the ?
I bring the heat to ya street, like Al Pachino and
Dinero, eliminate thirty muthafuccaz to zero
watch me, streets is black hockey
their's rules in the game, that's never let a cop top me

Chorus

Verse three

Back to back, doin' niggas like this
when I get pissed, the hollow point slugs rip
Thug Life, the type to swallow a bible
I'm a swallow clips, follow this nozle of the mack
so I don't miss, much hesitation, not nuff retaliation
blame ya legislation, for puttin' me on probation
allagations facin' the nation, so poor I'm in the
basement
ready for cold war, but I remain pateint
my sustained, station, name takin'
for my rocks steady, feel ya fuckin' brain shakin'
makin' a switch, from tricks to rich
clips to bricks, wit slow dipps
turn in to dough hits, look at slowly, folded
toted an broke click, you need a light?
I'm a type, that you can smoke dick
rock a crew, down to ?
like Makaveli, crack frames like Hussein
jackin' planes, back to ?
through the crack of the ice, I surface like a seal
new rap without, practice, do the rap without
nervousness and chill
shot and spin I, wit you got is men I
she top they droppin' did I, you got popped in the lid I
rock fight pop hoes in ya retire, bullets scatter
through ya crewshea, devils desire

Chorus 1/2

