

Ghetto Mafia

"Facts Of Life"

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[Wicket]

I got my Viper ready to kill a nigga
Standin in my drop with my fingers on my muthafuckin
trigger,uh
This shit is real in this game you gots to pack your steel
I can remember sellin rocks on the fuckin hill
I steady keep it cause I'm silent
Because these niggas in the street
All they thinkin about is violence
Jackin your ass for your muthafuckin grip son
I got my .9 package come get you some
Niggas get large or straight hoe-out
But a nigga like the wicked murder (name) will blow
your brains out
Leavin your ass in the gutter
Everytime I look up I been approached by an
undercover
Tryin to make a fuckin drug trade
But I'm too damn smart
That's how them wickedest nigga stay his pay
My homie died at a early age
Since he was black he never made the front page
Left a son and a pregnant wife
That's just another fact in these facts of life

[Chorus]

These are the facts of life
These are the facts of life

[Nino]

Sippin my grip just smokin on some weed
I'm thinkin about the nigga [name] rob for some keeps
My only trade is sellin dope
So fuck a job and these muthafuckin white folks
My mama always fussin at me (why?)
I never had a education now I G.E.D.
Keep sayin take your ass to trick
Before a craze muthafucka like myself wind up in a
hearse
Now I'm in jail I got a bail
Them muthafuckas truded me with a cell

So I did four years in the county
Listenin to these pussy-ass securities
Stressin me depressin they sendin me crazy
That's just a modern day slavery

[Chorus]

These are the facts of life
These are the facts of life

[Wicket]

Back at your ass with these muthafuckin facts of life
I pack a .9 nigga you pack a pocket knife
My younger brother's in the pen again (why that?)
Cause he was sleepin with four ki's in his fuckin benz
Took everything the nigga owned
But before he went down he gave me love and his
Herringbone
So now I'm all alone
The closest friend I got is my fuckin chrome
I'm ready for the drama
I'm in so deep can't even go to see my own mama
And it's hard to survive
When I look at my son I see tears fall from his eyes
My little boy needs diapers
My only thoughts of income is jackin niggas with my
chrome Viper
I often reminisce
Thinkin to myself how did I end up like this
But I try to live right
And everytime I tried I got fucked by the facts of life

[Chorus: till end]

These are the facts of life
These are the facts of life

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