

The Lost Boyz

"Lifestyles Of The Rich And Shameless"

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Verse one:

Take a trip into my set
How much you wanna make a bet
My peoples struggle for the shit they get
They steady f**kin' with theses coppers and their
scams
Me and my man are power moving caravans
It's hectic coming up in the gutter
When they say they have no work they make you
Hustle for you bread and butter
And everybody's ill
I know kids around my way who get a thrill from seeing
blood spill
Now who's the one to blame my friend
For bringing guns into the states and knockin' down my
men
And keeping them inside the pen until they figure out
when
To let my people on the street until they frame 'em
again
Now listen, there's no way to escape
I got the test to show the well now you're just what it
takes
Mr. cheeks and lb fam illegal drug thugs kid
The game was hotter than a flame so out the game I
slid

Chorus: lifestyles of the rich
See some die nameless all the same game it's
Time to move a muscle, see the
Year's nine-five everybody's gotta hustle.

This nigga jack he owns the block
Not an ordinary thug around the way or in the drug
spot
He drives a black mercedes-benz
Be in the bar with the local drug stars and his lady
friends
Now understand he's getting cheese
His life is all about rollin' dice with g's getting nice

flipping keys

That's some way to live
I guess somebody's gotta do the taking if nobody
wants to give
Making moves with his peeps outta town
Shorty with the work, his man got the four-pound
He's getting bigger than his jeans
Setting up niggaz for cream, beatin' down crack fiends
Lickin' shots at the jam
Coming up with ill scams, faking jacks on his man
Now how long will that last
Until his time runs out and someone gets up in his ass

Chorus

This chick yvette was getting cash
She had this block up in the smash, her lifestyle was
living fast
Cocaine, champagne always pop [pop pop]
Her and her friends making ends hoe hopping
Licking shots down with undercover cops
Getting paid helping cops raid drug spots
Shorty's on some wild shit
Getting niggaz for their chips on some pretty girl smile
shit
Her downfall was getting nice
I heard that crime don't pay but somebody has to pay
the price
So who's the one to lose
Baby girl od'ed over caine when she blew a fuse
You're 'bout to hold your guns and your vest
Budda, cess, may your soul rest
Some you win some you lose
But that all goes along with the lifestyle that you
choose

Chorus

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