

Al-D f/ Trae, Ronnie Spencer

"Life & Times"

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[Hook: Ronnie Spencer - 4x]

Struggling, with life and times (liiiiife and tiiiiimes)

But I gotta keep moving, moving

[Trae]

Reminisce bout past times, only praying daddy get better

Giving anything for a smile, eliminating that rainy weather

For cheddar we mash on sight, I done came a long way
Ain't no time to be being broke, united for cash we got's to get paid

By any means necessary, live the life that you made to live is what I was told

No more sleeping in the cold, I gotta get up get out and get mo'

And keep holding on, so thugging on the block is a part time grind

So my other half, I'm wrecking shows studios all the time

And now I'm H-Town walking on stage, looking good for Screw Zoo

S.U.C. independent thugs, everywhere we getting ghetto love

We done made it through the struggle, we ghetto gold superstars

In candy blue wide body cars, crawling up the Boulevard

Remember me, that same little hard headed nigga Trae

Running up and down on Few Quay, grew up to be Guerilla Maab made

With the help of a lot of love, and I'm knowing I lost a lot

My brother Dinkie locked up for life, but I pray to get him out cause I be

[Hook - 4x]

[Al-D]

Wish I could turn, back the hands of time

My pops died of cancer, got a grown man crying
Thoughts in my mind, to give up so I fell to my knees
God fax me a picture, of my daughters sons and
cheese
So much to achieve, but it's hard when you starve for
nothing
Cookie cutting, crack seems the only way to get
something
My pops worked for forty years, and we still was po'
Don't want sardines no mo', so I start cooking coke
Seems I'm walking on a tight rope, trying to find a right
road
Screw made the beats slow, so my voice sounds
throwed
Having dreams since young ones, to mash together
The man upstairs call your number, thug in peace
forever
Staying in mash mode, cause you made it fa sho
Legend in your own time, make the music go slow
Can't give up, all the dues you keep on paying
And hear your voice while I'm alone, and you keep on
saying

[Hook - 4x]

[Al-D]

Poor times, made me harder
A born bastard, trapped in hate with no father
Mislead giving folks, in that water
Left me looking through a window, with my daughter
Plus I got a little brother, doing sixty agg'd
That's why I don't smile, strapped up and mad
Sometimes I feel like, I'm falling off the edge
So much pain from my grace, I can't hold my head
In the FED where they said, I would end up
I'm staying high till I fly, I don't give a fuck
In the cuts swanging nuts, screaming black G
Putting it down, for my motherfucking family
After Screw flew away, they say my shield gone
But he ain't here to stop me, now I get my kill on
A young nigga got plex, from his own people
In they face on a chase, for the root of evil

[Hook - 8x]

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