

## **Astonish f/ Termanology**

### **"Life Ain't Sweet"**

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[Astonish]

I paint a picture with words  
Trying to find the right color that describe a nigga  
pitching them birds  
Hitting the herb, my people trying to make it out the  
street  
But they hardly ever get to the curb, ain't nothing sweet  
Busting heat like it's going out of style  
Fiends running for the rock like it's going out of bounds  
Enough to make you frown but we smile at the face of  
death  
Send me to hell, I'm too cool to break a sweat  
It's now or later nigga, dying's got a waiting list  
Living this life will turn a nigga to an atheist  
Thinking if Christ really cared  
He'll take some of these muthafucking bullets out the  
air  
But living isn't fair and dying cheat a little too  
Good die young, niggas was dropping out of middle  
school  
Carrying the heat till they bury me a G  
I'm fighting like a man, only scary niggas flee  
This is me nigga

[Chorus]

You know what it is, you know what we about  
That brown paper bag dough, money in the couch  
Cuz life ain't sweet and life ain't fair  
So I'm a grind till my life ain't there  
That's how it be nigga  
You know what it is, you know what we about  
That brown paper bag dough, money in the couch  
Cuz life ain't sweet and life ain't fair  
So I'm a grind till my life ain't there  
This is me nigga

[Termanology]

You thought I wasn't going to make it but I'm taking  
A eight and lacing it up with base and chase right in  
front of Jacob  
To celebrate the age of the day that I raised the stakes

up  
Remember the days when I razor blade and chopped  
the place up  
Remember the rage of the enemies that shot the place  
up  
If anything I should lace up all their faces with a razor  
Montana paper, I'm the ganja blazer  
Till my eyes looking like Dan the Automator  
Blazing the lime green, I stay with a grime team  
Ever since 19 had a perfect rhyme scheme  
So if you commercial and So So Def  
Or underground as a Rawkus I'll turn you into a caucus  
I've been starving, labor pain shit  
Given birth to many styles, piranha niggas bit (that's  
life)  
Hate to sound pissed but life ain't sweet  
I'll go out with my gun blazing before I call the police  
That's me

[Chorus]

[Astonish]

Ain't got the life a nigga dream about  
I'm living what these other rappers sing about, trying to  
find a decent route  
If niggas with skills was getting the deals  
Then I'll be pushing a Beamer out and not a DeVille  
Struggling to help my Ma with the bills that's pilling up  
High as fuck, I'm trying to find the answer in a dutch  
Got an arsenal that turn the hardest nigga to a  
marshmallow  
Walking a thin line, my life is like a carnival  
Ring the alarm and bring me a bomb  
So I could blow up but I ain't never read the Qur'an  
So I ain't taking about a terrorist sect  
Me and Term, that's my word, couldn't find a better  
pair in the batch  
Hate it or love it, but you could never say that we  
fronted  
But we been fronted on cuz niggas be hating for  
nothing  
But I'm a ride until the die that I expire  
And to all of y'all I give my all like Mariah  
You know me

[Chorus x2]

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