

Black Eyed Peas F/ De La Soul

"Lifestyles"

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[Verse 1]

Desperado always drinkin' out the bottle
Young hyena with the HK hollow point staple spray
Turf tight soil block warrior from the avenue
Mean muggin' like I'm mad at you
Boiler make Baker's whiskey mixed in with my brew
Celebratin' smoking Mendocino bud this is the lifestyle
of a thug
A hooligan a heathen wolverine everybody on my team
got a triple beam
Tossin' candy to the dope fiends
Million dollar spot million dollar dreams
Four or five different colored techa-marines
Yellow diamonds and stones and two-way pager
phones
Plushed out SUV's smokin Leprechaun
Flowers in the back seat watchin' Austin Powers with the
windows up
Lost tryin' to get where we gettin'
Talking to the operator on my OnStar system

[Chorus x2]

This is the lifestyle that I choose
We smoke tweed get ki'd all day and drink brews
Which of these rap stars fart, shit, burp and get paper
Spray myself with sucka repellent and shake haters

[Verse 2]

Every morning I got to have a nice fat joint and a hot
bubble bath
Wrapped in a Backwood or a Zig-Zag
Eyes red like a broad on a rag
My pants sag down past my waistline with the vive
When I leave the coffee table got my nine by my spine
Funkin' like its goin' out of style
Mo' beef than a cow speakin ebonics
Evonics and broken English from Venus
Intelligent hoodlums and geniuses
From the inner city Al Capones and Frank Nittys
From the ruler to the tutor hubba heada shoota
In the back for a hubble rock or crack

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 3]

See uh I just look like this but I'm really about my
scratch
See what it is I want the po-pos to think that
I'm just as square as a box of apple jacks
I shoot craps drive GMC Avalanches and EXT Cadillacs
If you snooze you lose I know you got a lot a trust in
your dudes
But check for traps and clues nobodys playin' by the
rules anymore
Not even the people that made 'em up
My hood is corrupted and full of infidel one poverty
Not too much faithfulness mostly all betrayal
Mostly all my folks are dead or locked away in jail
Speakin' about some people that I miss
Tijuana Carter, Ricardo Slay and Lisa Smith
Fred, Tito, Pat and Kobe and OG dead brother Fab the
big homie
Hillside representin' this to the fullest
And all my homies locked down pullin' bullets

[Chorus x3]

Uhhhhhhh!

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