

## Square One

### "This Life I Lead"

Visit "[This Life I Lead](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[2Pac]

In this motherfuckin life I lead, sheeit  
Hella motherfuckin roadblocks and crooked cops  
We still ride though, what side? WESTside

[Verse One: 2Pac]

I want money in large amounts, my garage full of cars  
that bounce  
Movin my tapes in major weight cause every dollar  
counts  
Bustas is jealous and half these niggaz is punks  
They runnin off at the mouth 'til I fill it up with my pump  
They jump, my automatic keep 'em wary  
Why you frontin like you really bad-ass, nigga you  
scary  
I been knowin you for years, we was high school peers,  
in junior high  
I was itchin to kill, and you was, ready to die  
Why you bullshittin, niggaz was dyin and catchin cases  
Bustin my automatics at motherfuckers in foreign  
places  
Leavin no trace, they see my face and they buried  
Them bitches die in a hurry, still I ride, I'm never  
worried  
Mr. Makaveli tell me to ride, and I'ma ride  
Pick my enemies out the crowd, and motherfuckers die  
It's not the way I wanna live, my nigga it's how it is  
Homey got into a fight last night, that killed his kids

[Chorus: 2Pac]

In this life I lead, fiend for currency, get high off weed  
Collect G's make my enemies bleed  
When you see me nigga holla my set, and watch 'em  
ride  
Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die, in this life I lead  
Fiend for currency, get high off weed  
Collect G's make my enemies bleed...  
When you see me nigga holla my set, and watch 'em  
ride  
Outlaw motherfuckers 'til we die, in this life I lead

[Verse Two: Young Noble] + (2Pac)  
I ain't a killer but don't push me dawg  
For the family I'll send that ass straight to God  
(whatchu doin nigga?)  
In this life I lead, I seen the most of my twenty-three  
years  
My vision is blurry, the money is clear (hahaha)  
Some of my peers eternally will sleep in a coffin (yeah  
nigga)  
And when Nob' on the road, I'm extremely cautious  
(Westside nigga, you know how we do it!)  
It happen that fast, split second you gone  
At the top of my tombstone put "Nob' was raw"  
Outlaw 'til I'm under the floor  
For Kadafi the Prince I stack dough like I clocked all the  
bricks  
With a watch on my wrist dawg, I know the time these  
days  
We Outlawz, we gon' die this way (NIGGA)  
We already in the history books, 'Pac made sure of that  
Whatever you took, we takin it back  
You know it's all for the foundation  
Outlawz we still buildin the Thug Nation, holla at ya  
homey

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Napoleon]  
It ain't nuttin but in-between nuts, oxygen is gettin hot  
Got a problem ol' fag-ass nigga, kick rocks  
{\*censored\*} on the phone and that nigga talkin crazy  
I don't know, who to blame, him or {\*censored\*} killin  
babies  
I'm a New Jerz' Devil, the street, creative rebel  
Only got one, shot to produce on every level  
This is bags I must, go the max I must  
Nigga I came from not much, so money I clutch  
Uh-uh, Napoleon the strength of the strong-arm  
When they think they was in the right I prove they movin  
wrong  
I'm a, hardcore, product of the ghetto  
Been blessed with a show, to equal my {?} (damn)  
I maneuver, in the right lane, quick to push back brains  
Switchin to the left lane I'm playin my hands  
And I'm plottin on the fortune, it's gettin hot and  
scorchin  
I'm diggin like a scorpion that torture they enemies

[Chorus]

[Verse Four: Outlawz] + (2Pac)

Now with this Outlaw lifestyle that I been introduced ta  
Money and hoes keep us closer to Lucifer (wassup  
Kurupt?)  
Steady seducin us and now I'm all for it  
This the, life for me and the law can't spoil it (riiight)  
So you can call it what the fuck you want  
But I'ma ballin alcholic with a sawed-off pump (nigga!)  
My momma ain't raised no punk; and neither did 'Pac  
So when it jump off, I breathe for Yak'  
Been puttin in work, so I walk with a bop  
And it ain't safe at home, so I sleep with a glock (no  
mistakes)  
Thug livin, uhh, what the fuck'd be better?  
I do my dirt with the family so we dyin together

[Verse Five: E.D.I.]

Nah, uhh  
We on a mission fo' mo', gangsta shit on you hoes  
We ain't fuckin with you most just crooks and niggaz  
about they flow  
Tryin to live Godzilla  
E.D.I. went from a Bad Boy, to an ANYBODY killer  
Look out, wanted man, guns in hand  
Stand firm, nuts and my pride, now let's burn  
Bound to the fam goin down swingin  
Holdin my ground and we the last ones breathin  
Won't stop until we even deep in the trenches  
So many killings it's senseless  
So in this life I lead, I stay protected  
By God, my squad, and this thing in my palm  
Now all my hustlin motherfuckers, get your money,  
sing along

[Chorus]

[2Pac]

This motherfuckin life I lead nigga  
You know what time it is  
Westside, Death Row (Dogg Pound) e'rybody killer  
Bad Boy killer, {?} killer (Thug Life, Death Row)  
E'rybody killer, fuck all y'all niggaz  
If it ain't Westside nigga it ain't poppin, that's on my  
momma

Visit [Square One](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.