

## Sinister

### "Life of a Sinner"

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(Verse 1)

Wakin up was the first task of the day  
I don't know why but I just feel this way  
Because the life that I lead is tragerous  
I think today I'll go out and jack for a lexus or  
something  
Maybe do a little bumpin  
Or go out and kick it at a party that's jumpin  
Naw, fuck it  
I think I get a fat sack of that chronic  
And kick it with the homie Fat Rat  
Now I'm on a mission for a sack to pop  
Hopped in my Reager and headed for the bus spot  
Went to a house that looked like it was damn near  
And bought a sack from the Jamaicans  
Now I'm ready to get high and get some vapors  
Stopped at the liquor store bought some papers  
Zig-Zags baby nothing but the best  
Any other kind of papers who's made for smokin stress  
Scooped up Bat Rat fired up a dub sack  
Rolled up the window so I can get a contact  
I had the Reager straight servin  
And the chronic and the atmosphere had me buzzin  
I'm feelin pretty good it was some propper shit  
Humped in a backer corner and bumped a propper  
bitch  
And get happy when I roll up  
I got the bitches in my neighbourhood straight sewed  
up  
I bumped a bitch named Rochelle  
She wanted to get me some pussy  
cause she was in love with my pony tails  
That's not the only thing she's seein me  
Bitches ain't got no choice but to love a muthafuckin G  
We Hooked up ?? then I said see you later

And it was time to go jack for me some paper  
I got a victim in sight  
I'll take his life for a stripe and his money for my  
appetite

(Chorus)

Livin the life of a sinner

(Verse 2)

I really don't try to commit any sins  
I just wanna have a good time with my friends  
But sometimes it don't work right  
Cause some crazy shit happens almost every night  
It might have to be a throw down or show down  
And I'ma be on your ass just like a bloodhound  
But then again it might be another dub raid  
Or maybe a couple of niggas that got they ass sprayed  
But whatever it is I'm up  
Be quick to pull a strap on your ass  
For whatever kinda shit they kicks  
187's 211's  
Bring it on and we can take it to the break of dawn  
As a sucker punk jumps sellin crack on the corner  
He's not from the hood so his money is a goner  
I pull my strap and then I attack from the back  
Gimme your money muthafucka you're gettin jacked  
Just like that went back to the bozack  
Bumped ?? tryna check up for their chronic sack  
He's not only my friend  
He's my brother so I hugged and kicked the door in  
We got the bozack and made a getaway  
I'm gonna be smokin chronic until my lungs turn grey  
And get the muggiez go home and eat dinner  
Hit the yea endin the day in the life of a sinner

(Chorus)

Livin the life of a sinner

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