

Cappadonna f/ Raekwon, Ratchet

"Life's a Gamble"

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[Raekwon] Aiyo, when we writing, yo, shit is like the
vice laws Fighting everybody wet, Lex dog, vibe on
biting necks There goes the new hammer, microwave
blamp, from the stove to the roads Down in New
Hampshire, brolic size, wallet guys Frame broiled
shotties, with the Ducati's, my pockets is set Now watch
what you rep, I've been buying niggas heads Wall
crawler, Captain Caveman, in the hall scrawling Money
is stacked up, better than yours Do with the rappers,
clap niggas, slap 'em, and car jack 'em Everything
niggas is serving, is crack, what, preferebly Kelloggs
You just a goldmine, yup, cereal bowls of heroin Yup,
the Don Baron, it's worth hundreds, say something
Niggas fronting while we doubling, pump 'em And lay
'em right in front of the steps The new Mark Cuban,
Mavericks, we moving like Arabics Faces is wrapped,
crosses on like Catholics Blend to the music, it's all in
the game [Chorus: Ratchet] Riding through life in this
fast lane, fast change Ya'll deal when the lights green,
but when that light change You gotta make a slight
change, use your wipers cuz it might rain Life's a
gamble like a dice game [Ratchet] Aiyo, I'm when I'm
writing I be thinking like Donald Goines Posted up on
the strip, fishing like bitches hoeing Blowing like Jesse
Owens, run laps around these tracks And I stay up in
the hood like, weed and cracks Damn right, I still pack
the strap, duck if I whip it out But if I whip it out, you're
people will be picking out A coffin and a tombstone,
park 'em in the graveyard Prayers and a leap of faith,
probably couldn't save ya'll That's the path of
bravhearts, clap you in the hallway Turn two o's that
soft, into three the hard way Move the diesel all day,
shut it down in night time That's when the undercovers
buy, in night time Move to the forefront, Ratch' had the
store front First I had two goals, now I got more front
Bitch I been G'd up, put a O in front of that Keep them
bitches ski'd up, blowing off each other's back [Chorus]
[Cappadonna] Heavy white ice, gold ornaments, hustle
and life Hustle and light, good wit the pill Be at all the
tournaments, stroll in the beach Out in Luv Allah, we
love all of ya'll Killah Hill, Staten Africa, rap massacre

Make a phone call, have niggas get at cha Rat ya, two
double nines in the back of the Acura, it's a Don thing
Don King, Don bitches under the ring We don't ever
sing, raps get cut in the bing Posse up, see me the
Beemer or Benz truck Reppin' that W, it's trouble for
you Knife through ya bubble goose, veterans loose, 39
on the deuce Pick it up, stick it up, niggas is thinking to
bust Breaking these states for they cake, you know
what it do What's up, Goldie? Niggas wanna march,
hanging wit Jody Street Flavor click, roll thicker than
shit We the upmost, faggot niggas get bitched
Smacked wit the toast, crackin' the line in the coke
Niggas'll cutthroat, cutthroat, infered on top of the
scope Crack in the dial, mixed with soap, Killah Island...

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