

St. Lunatics "Dis Iz Da Life"

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Man, uh, I've been thinking
What you've been thinking about, man?
Ever since Country Grammar done spent seven million
Millions, I told you, that shit's been crazy
Shit's been fucking crazy, I tell ya

Man, dis iz da life, club packed, I'm lovin' that
Picking the best hoes like a running back, what up with
that?
Ma, let's break and leave the spot
(Come on, Ma)
Before the haters who ain't fuckin' shoot up the parking
lot

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Ay yo, I'm Chachee Acolla, dirty, I know ya heard me
'Cause I'm forty eight plus negative thirty, Murphy
perverted
And you know that, be in strip clubs where the shows at
Keep a show packed, ay, Yella Mack, where my dough
at?

Herky got my quarter 0 sack and blunt papers
Quick to rip and rap roll that, my life saver
Playa hater hater, Lunatic rhyme maker
I'm the arm, the leg, the leg, arm, head maker

Call me when you finna' break up, you can't take a
I take care a that, it be okay when we wake up
Short so I gotta lay up, no dunkin' for me
I sport the ten, ain't no puntin' for me

Murphy Lee, the school boy's, what you want me to be?
So, I'm a be that, for six DIG IT's
I'm a L U N A T I C, 'bout to B L O W U P, c'mon

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Y'all be hatin' a lot 'cause we makin' a lot
I be's that nigga like Vacant Lot
I'm achin' hot, check what you got to get in the spot
I'm takin' a shot before I pull up on the lot

It's V.I.P. parkin', walked in sparkin'
Ain't nobody chargin', feelin' like a sergeant
They all linin' up, all nines and up
And I better make my choice, the night's windin'
enough

Long skirt, cornrows, she's fine enough
Dressed in black, black suit and my brim be black
With a Cardinal bird on it, my team gon' blow
Nigga, I put my word on it, my team shoots well

That's if I had a curve on it, no standin' in line
(Who, me?)
My coat got fur on it, I'm a slide right in
And I keep a room key, ain't no need for no pin
I got Sugar Daddy partyin' wit' me, man, bring mo'
friends

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Check it
It ain't my fault, I was born with Country Grammar and talk, Ma
No Ma, I ain't hurt, that's just my walk, Ma
Slight limp son, you know, to Simpson
I keep it burged out, play your cards right you get some

Call me Kane when ya sayin' my name, the lips numb
I'm talkin' brains in the back of the Range, been done
I be's like only five, ten, weighin' one, seven, one
But if you close your eyes, swore you're gettin' crushed by a bum

Be like, "Oh Nelly, can I call you Mr. Hanes?"
Whichever one just made you came, then that'll be thy name
The one they couldn't tame, I ain't speakin' from the vain
I'm speakin' from the change, the rapper and the chain

The high rise, overlookin' ducks and thangs
I can see you're fascinated by the trucks and thangs
On Q, when she hopped on the tip my man
She must've been a vibrant thang, a vibrant thang, ay

All my niggas, if you wit' me, let me know
(Why?)
Who keep it hotter in the night than in the day
(I)
You boys for real, you fakin at the same time
Gotta set the game tight 'cause some of y'all ain't playin' right

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Ever since that Country Grammar shit
You know, this has been the life
Man, I don't know, I've been thinking
I don't man, like, everywhere I fucking go
They all know that 'Down, Down, baby' shit

Maybe, it's nothing changed
It's the other people around them changing
Everybody else around you changed, I have noticed that
I noticed that maybe, maybe

You just try to do what you've been tryin' to do from day one
You know, it's like everybody with you until this shit happens
Once the shit happens, nobody rolls with you anymore
Everybody wants to be like, you know 'Fuck him'
You know what I'm sayin'? Fuck them, dis iz da life

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