

Immature F/ Da Boy Wonder, Mr. Mike Nitty "Dis Iz Da Life"

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(talking)

>Man, 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 frucking crazy, I tell ya

(Chorus - Ali & Murphy Lee)

Maaaaaan, this is the life, club packed, I'm lovin that
Picking the best hoes like a runningback, what up with
that?

Ma' (come on ma'), let's break and leave the spot
Before the haters who ain't fuckin shoot up the parking
lot

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Maaaaaan, this is the life

(Murphy Lee)

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 curr (care) a that, it be ok 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 D-I-G-I-Ts

I'm a L-U-N-A-T-I-C, 'bout to B-L-O-W-U-P, c'mon

(Chorus)

(Kyjuan)

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 nights 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 Kerr 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

(Chorus)

(Nelly)

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 vivrant thang, a vivrant 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 a y'all ain't playin
right

(Chorus)

(talking)

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?

(both) Maaaan, this is the life!

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