

## **The Group Home**

### **"Make it in Life"**

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Chorus 2X: Lil Dap & Agallah

As the weed burn kid, I'mma make it in life  
Am I qualified for a crib, a kid and a wife?  
Do I have to stay worried getting shot stabbed with a  
knife?  
Gettin caught gambling dice, to hustling ice  
Going to jail once, going to jail twice  
A nigga sold, 25 to triple life yo

{Lil Dap}

We took time in the ghetto building with O.G.'s  
To askin me, do we know the code of the streets  
Walkin the beat, in the hood were it's all good  
A Tear For The Ghetto, they don't wanna be in hood  
It's like a tear in disguise, decides to get wise  
And through my eyes, I can see through these fake ass  
guys  
I turn a thug into a rapper, a rapper into a thug  
Throw that ass into the street, show him no more love  
I guess these cats have brought reality from the one of  
above  
Too deep in the game, can't concentrate  
Droppin bombs in the ghetto, like the game of Kuwait  
Meditatin with my niggas, 'cause we just can't wait  
36 months left till the year 2G  
I've granated with my niggas across the land and see  
Because we channel thru our music and thats all we  
know  
Comin thru the ghetto with that ill ass flow  
Got to reach the top, got to reach our goal  
Separating real brothers from these weak ass souls  
What? Channel thru our music and thats all we know  
Comin thru the ghetto with that ill type flow  
Got to reach the top, got to reach our goal  
Separating real brothers from these weak ass souls

Chorus

As the weed burns kid I'mma make in in life  
As the weed burns kid I'mma make in in life

Interlude:

Why are we doing this?

Because the families have no love

{Agallah}

At the city, crime found dead eight o'clock sharp  
Nigga get murdered, right by the string of a harp  
Cannot get saved from the heart, and I'mma bring this  
art

Like an exhibit in Greenwich Village nigga, Agallah  
Mozart

Rock shots to block and drive the Benz slow start  
Lyrics keep going when Pose Polebar  
I'm just a soldier, man, I'mma go far  
Some of you never made it, 'cause you refuse to know  
god

Comin at me with crowbars, when I'm comin out of 4  
cars

Fillin so many maggots in me, Corleone tron  
Puerto Rico my homeland of the man sipping the motar  
My whole clique, G.I. Joe, y'all are Cobra  
Stay fake niggas, is always caught John Blaze  
Contemplate, moves of Agallah 8, make a mistake  
Yo I come to your wake, with 5 niggas with bandanas  
Yo, your clip insert banana arm

Chorus 2X

{Melachi The Nutcracker}

Just to make it in life, I used be livin trife  
To be precise, run up on you with a gun or a knife  
And that's word, to my fam 183rd  
Yo A-Mob, and fuck what you heard  
The Battle Cat is back, but I'm no longer 16  
I'm down with Dap and we don't shine we gleem  
The Group Home team is tight like old slacks  
Of the meat rack, slappin weak rappers back  
You get caught up in my track, and see that this is no  
act  
I wan't more than a smore stack, move against me and  
floor flat  
Is the black man qualified to make it in life?  
Or will he die trying, to earn some stripes  
I gotta eat, so you will meet your defeat  
To make my mission complete

Chorus 2X

As the weed burns kid I'mma make it in life  
As the weed burns kid I'mma make it in life

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