

## **Lopez Jennifer**

### **"Life on Da Edge"**

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(\*talking\*)

Ah-ha, we doing it one more time ya heard me  
Man the streets in me, the streets done made me  
I grew up thugging, believe that  
Me and Trae, we gon riot this year  
Y'all gon respect that to the fullest, man look  
We doing it like this here, check the peoples out man  
look

[Hook: Shyna]

It's kinda hard to maintain, living like a true soldier  
Living life on the edge, has got me so caught up  
It's kinda hard to maintain, living like a true soldier  
Everyday is a test, and I just won't give up

[Trae]

I remember back in the day, I was confused as a child  
And never thought that I would grew up, to be this wild  
I'm living life on the edge, to maintain is my job  
They wanna see me crack under pressure, but giving in  
this too hard  
They better get they army to swarm me, thinking they  
taking me out  
I been a soldier out the gates, so fuck what you talking  
about  
Guerilla Maab till I'm leaving, Trae, Dougie D and Z-Ro  
Call it what you wanna, you plex and you'll be six feet  
below  
Cause I been insane living, ever since my brother was  
gone  
Finally facing up with the truth, that he ain't coming  
back home  
I know it's wrong moving on, and though it seems the  
game'll never change  
I don't knock, I gotta be strapped with a shank and a  
glock  
Cause niggas be crucial on my block  
And ain't no way they taking my stripes, I ain't going  
out without a fight  
Unless they catch a nigga, sleeping in the night  
And even still there ain't no killing me, even if I die

I bet the world fin to remember me, a real nigga from  
the streets

[Hook]

[T.C.]

I'm out chea cousin, rioting and thugging  
You could catch me in the hood, grinding and hustling  
The streets mad me, all the radios play me  
Ain't no turning back, ain't no nigga could fade me  
I'm still on a cash route, and I'm in a tight situation  
Dog, the ball blast out  
Still pulling masks out, at any time  
Play with me whodi, you buy it and never find  
Bitches make them cop calls  
While my money keep the cops off, got Trae posted  
With a Mack, 'case anything pops off  
I'm a made man young hustler, ain't no wankster in me  
When I riot duck, that's that gangster in me  
Head buster, got them people talking  
I'm playing with a six shot, I'ma fuck off this some  
whodi  
Cause the streets too hot, too hot

[Hook]

[Trae]

Even nothing but the devil running me hot, and I'm  
going crazy  
All the shit that I be facing, is what got me turning  
shady  
They tell me to keep my head up, and it's easy for them  
to say  
Cause they ain't going through what I'm through, each  
and every day  
When you living like I'm living, and the block get bled  
Running from the cops, praying them niggas never  
leave for dead  
Cause I done seen it from every way, where the thugs  
and killas play  
A nigga from around the way, that'll be strapped down  
with a K  
And ain't trying to murder nobody, I just wanna live my  
life  
And I can't focus on my life, when these motherfuckers  
be shife  
And I be searching for another way, please watch over  
Trae  
Heavenly Father guide me out, so I can live another  
day  
I gotta hold on, everything I got on the line

Surviving is what I'ma do, so I'ma ride behind mine  
Like it was all that I had, or it be all that I got  
Even if I lose everything, it just ain't in me to stop

[Shyna]

I'm trying so hard, to maintain  
Knowing my life, will never be the same - 2x

[Hook]

(\*singing\*)

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