

Luca Natalie

"Art & Life"

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[Intro: Young Chris]

Yeah..

Young Chris, M-eez, my nigga Free-Wheez

The boy Twista

Holla

My life on the track (Okay)

Up and comin'

State Prop Chain gang (That's right)

Get low (Get low)

It's the Roc in the building nigga

(Holla...Yeah)

It's the motherfuckin' Roc bitch, who hotter than us?

(Okay, okay)

[Young Chris]

Ayo..ever since a young buck, I been on the come up

Known to dish the raw, dish the law if they come up

And cheddar 'till the sun up..

If there's a ransom and the law get involved, then we
never get it summed up

Never put ya gun up, if ya come round me

I go to war wit' niggaz 'round the corner from 'round
me

You could front 'round me, but I read through that

Wit' the mili' and I ain't talkin' 'bout no Segal mac

Niggaz see shoot back, we can see to that

Hit yo front letters see through back, bring yo peoples
back

And I used to grind out on my friend's spot

'til he's mom wanted my Tim-bots

Now my paint got me discounts

Or trans-quo all around the world, like I was signed to
Pimp-dot

And if it's ten targets and I got ten shots

I'm tryin' to leave at least nine out of them ten shot..

[Memphis Bleek]

I got my mind on my money, money on mind

But some say its a gift, I don't write but I rhyme

I, complete songs with just one try
Tell 'em it's no lie, I beef all my life...dogg
I never think, it's already there
I find ways to say it, so you motherfuckers hear it
And when you hear it you feel it, you know its real so
This is how I live it, how it's pictured for real...nigga
I'm shittin' for real
Diamonds against wood, underground king for real
Big crib when I lay, yeah I'm livin' for real
Trust me the guns come off the shelf whenever shit'll
get real
Automatics and extended clips, that's what I'm hittin'
wit'
Dummies in the black rhinoes
Yeah, they be killin' shit
Masked up kidnap shit, that's how my niggaz get
Chi-town, NYC, that's how my niggaz get..

[Freeway]

Yes, just picture me rollin'
The smith and wesson'll stay goin' put a hole in yo
chest
It's just, another hustle paper gettin' made and fold
Get mad, you street niggaz finally made it
I swoop five, he know the ride, heavily loaded
Deliver pies like cake, they go straight through yo
payment...yup!
Chump...you don't really wanna war
With the State Prop clique, if ya clique shot us, squad
up
S-P game so damn tough, the 4 4 in the 5th tucked ya'll
can't hang
Transporter turned rapper, get a camcorder film my
life
Still accomplished, tryin' to fill they cups
The rap version of Mandela, call my bluff
We still the street dwellers, feel my pain (my pain)
I spit a verse and split a clip in the rain
A fool-proof when the full force open you up (what!)

[Twista]

Twista will rock you, you don't want the thug apostle to
pop you
Hostile when I drop you, turnin' everything colossal to
fossiles
I speak street gospel, all they life I spit words and paint
portraits
For real niggaz that hold down they fortress and serve
off of porches
Hit 'em in the body wit' the powerful forces, that'll end
all your doubt

Make you clean up your house, bag up an ounce, hit the
dance floor and bounce
We blessed wit' the talent, fuck wit this clique, it ain't
gon' be easy
'Cause you fuckin' wit' Twist if you fuck wit Chris, Bleek
and Free-wheezy
So speak and breath easy... Or the scutches my future
in 3D
I like wars, I'm from a city full of Vice Lords, and GD's
Breeds and Souls, 2-6's, Kings, BD's and Stones
Spanish cobras and all the true soldiers, survive and
I'm gone!
Watch me spit if for the killers and hustler's, flippin' all
the pounds and bricks
Hate on me I'ma bust at you hoes, and I put eleven
down wit' a clip
Niggaz servin' fiftys and hundreds, when I see you and
I'm on yo tip
Twista and this East-Coast regime, it's that chi-roc shit

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