

Lyrics by Third Eye Blind

"Hi Life"

Visit "[Hi Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus:

Hi Life
We livin' that hi life
Hi Life (Hi Life...mmmmmmmmmm)
We livin' that hi life...mmmmmmmmmm

Pimp C:

I'm tired livin' fucked up, tired of livin' bad
Tired of hearing grandma tellin' me
When you gonna go to church Chad
Now I'm tryin' to live up to the image
That she would want me to be
But I got one foot in the street
And every week I flip a Ki
I never wanted to be a G
But niggas depend on me
It ain't safe to hit I-10
So niggas fear with me
And all the niggas that I went to school wit
Got cool wit, went to fool wit
I dealt selling that white shit
Pushin' cocaine, niggas holding pistols
Dependant on the game
What ya want me to do, its like somebody cut my throat
Got \$20,000, tryin' to turn it to a hundred
And ain't nobody got no dough
So niggas came to smoke, bad habits do exist
And if this bitch came thinking to ease my mind
By sucking my dick
Bitch make up for a minute cause that ship never lasts
In 1996 niggas is dyin' from layin' on that ass
First Magic Johnson got it, then Eazy-E died
And you wonder why yo' niggas out there smokin' fry
I wish that I could tell you I wore a rubber everytime
But if I told you that nigga you know that I be lyin'
And I've been fucking pussy since the tender age of
nine
It's gettin' to be a full-time job just tryin' to stay alive
And Crackers tend to smirk, offended by the weed

smoke comin' off my shirt
But still I puts in work and front for my folks
Cause where I come from nigga, family just ain't no
joke
Now D be gettin' married, and Edgar on the boat
But what about Baby Doe, some say that nigga's selling
dope
And you know that I ain't lyin', that just how family talk
But what you gonna do when the Devil poke you with his
fork
And everybody sittin' in the pulpit ain't saved
Most preachers are false prophets
Fuckin' hoes and gettin' paid
I'm lookin' for the...

Chorus

Bun B:

You only got one life to live
That's all they give you to do it
You could bullshit your way through it
Or stay true, it can be complicated cause niggas
Be gettin' shot in the cross
People and names get lost
The people in the lane get tossed
The streets'll eat your ass alive
Take your positions with pistols, bare hands, and
knives
And nobody's surprised if somebody
Don't survive the dusk to see dawn
It's treacherous how we was left to die
On the streets that we be on
Motherfuckers sleepin' on them corners that you pee
on
Probably cause society felt they didn't belong
Now who in the fuck made it this way for us
Got all these little niggas slangin' that yay
Because it ain't like they make high levels gainable
And that punk piece of American pie just ain't
obtainable
So how can I sustain a full life before death
Man, I'm left out here to make it by my goddamn self
Now c'mon, who gives a damn when you can't afford
the turkey or ham
Livin' off of Raemon Noodles, beef jerky, and Spam
Now that's sad, but that's a fact of life
All I can see in front of me is up for grabs
Come off that slab
Cause poverty will push a nigga over that brink
Over the edge especially if you don't know your ledge

So instead of being without, I'm hustling
Tryin' to get through these ungodly days
Thinkin' of ways to get the fuck outta this maze
A man will committ a crime 'cause a fuckin' crime pays
I'm going through a phase you don't grow out
Until there's a reason a mother fuckers gots to pour out
His 40 on the curb, disturbed and left with no doubt in
his mind
But still sometimes he don't know why
He walkin' around just hopin'
He can get one more try to make it
It's bullshit he going through, but yo, he gots to take it
You can't fake it, to get that hi life

Chorus until the end

Visit [Lyrics by Third Eye Blind](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.