

## Madonna, Andrea Corr and Jonathan Pryce "Facts of Life"

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(Wicket)

I got my Viper ready to kill a nigga  
Standin in my drop with my fingers on my muthafuckin  
trigger,uh  
This shit is real in this game you gots to pack your steel  
I can remember sellin rocks on the fuckin hill  
I steady keep it cause I'm silent  
Because these niggas in the street  
All they thinkin about is violence  
Jackin your ass for your muthafuckin grip son  
I got my .9 package come get you some  
Niggas get large or straight hoe-out  
But a nigga like the wicked murder [name] will blow  
your brains out  
Leavin your ass in the gutter  
Everytime I look up I been approached by an  
undercover  
Tryin to make a fuckin drug trade  
But I'm too damn smart  
That's how them wickedest nigga stay his pay  
My homie died at a early age  
Since he was black he never made the front page  
Left a son and a pregnant wife  
That's just another fact in these facts of life

(Chorus)

These are the facts of life  
These are the facts of life

(Nino)

Sippin my grip just smokin on some weed  
I'm thinkin about the nigga [name] rob for some keeps  
My only trade is sellin dope  
So fuck a job and these muthafuckin white folks  
My mama always fussin at me (why?)  
I never had a education now I G.E.D.  
Keep sayin take your ass to trick  
Before a craze muthafucka like myself wind up in a  
hearse  
Now I'm in jail I got a bail  
Them muthafuckas truded me with a cell

So I did four years in the county  
Listenin to these pussy-ass securities  
Stressin me depressin they sendin me crazy  
That's just a modern day slavery

(Chorus)

These are the facts of life  
These are the facts of life

(Wicket)

Back at your ass with these muthafuckin facts of life  
I pack a .9 nigga you pack a pocket knife  
My younger brother's in the pen again (why that?)  
Cause he was sleepin with four ki's in his fuckin benz  
Took everything the nigga owned  
But before he went down he gave me love and his  
Herringbone  
So now I'm all alone  
The closest friend I got is my fuckin chrome  
I'm ready for the drama  
I'm in so deep can't even go to see my own mama  
And it's hard to survive  
When I look at my son I see tears fall from his eyes  
My little boy needs diapers  
My only thoughts of income is jackin niggas with my  
chrome Viper  
I often reminisce  
Thinkin to myself how did I end up like this  
But I try to live right  
And everytime I tried I got fucked by the facts of life

(Chorus) -till end

These are the facts of life  
These are the facts of life

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