

Too \$hort "It's Your Life"

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It's your life, don't be stupid dope
'Cause when you waste it
It's your life, don't don't be stupid dope
'Cause when you waste it

Now, I come from, the Oakland town
Task force roll and rock, cold cracked down
Young brothers my age making dollars so long
Drive a brand new Benz with a cellular phone

See his diamonds and gold, call him big bank bob
Got a ring for each finger and he can't get a job
This is not a song I made about crack
It's all about losing what you can't get back

'Cause the name of the game is to control yo' life
And all the things you do you must do them right
It's not my life, it's on you baby
What's really going on is that cash money

How you make it, it doesn't matter to me
Work at Mac Donald's or just slang them KI's
Or you can be like me and go straight legit
Drive a brand new Benz and they can't say shit

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Partners in your face, ain't even your friend
Probably have to blast him if you see him again
And if you don't blast him you'll get shot in the head
Seven days later you'll be buried and dead

I can't be like that, the only thing you fear
Homeboy you can't see it but you know it's there
It's called tomorrow, whatcha gonna do with that
Cut school, sell a few dope fiends crack

It's not a one-way street, it's more like a dead end
So if you take it, you better turn back my friend

I know a lot of young brothers don't think things
through
They really don't know what they wanna do

When you lag, you lose, you start paying your dues
You can't kick back and let your bankroll stack
You'll be stuck on stupid, for smoking a friend
Ten years from now you'll still be in the pen

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I got my eighteens pumping, riding the five
People looking at me like I stole the ride
Am I a gangster, player, making them G's
Cocaine dealer with the Z's and V's

Can't tell 'em nothing, so I say, "What's up?"
They get mad, I don't give a fuck
I keep riding, siding, whipping and dipping
Look at all my homeboys tripping

They'll knock you out, one punch like the champ
Going to jail is like summer camp
We shake hands one day, kill each other the next
And if you don't like it it's just like that

'Cause I come from, the city of dope
It couldn't be saved by John the pope
But since I have the chance, I'll say in the rhyme
We have to stop the killing sometime soon

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Don't be stupid dope, don't, don't be stupid dope
Don't be stupid dope, don't

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