

Master P F/ C Murder, Gambino Family, Silkk The Sh "Life's A Bitch"

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[A] Aiiyo, wassup wassup let's keep it real son
Count this money, yaknowhatl'msayin?

[N] Yea yea

[A] Aiiyo, put the Grant's over there in the safe
yaknowhatl'msayin?

[N] Yea yea

[A] Cause we spendin these Jackson's
The Washington's go to wifey, you know how that go

[N] I'm sayin, that's what this is all about right?

Clothes, bankrolls, and hoes yaknowhatl'msayin?

Yo then what man, what?? *echoes*

[Verse One: AZ the Visualiza]

Visualizin the realism of life and actuality

Fuck who's the baddest a person's status depends on
salary

And my mentality is, money orientated

I'm destined to live the dream for all my peeps who
never made it

cause yeah, we were beginners in the hood as five
percenters

But somethin must of got in us cause all of us turned to
sinners

Now some, restin in peace and some are sittin in San
Quentin

Others such as myself are tryin to carry on tradition

Keepin the schwepervesence street ghetto essence
inside us

Cause it provides us with the proper insight to guide us

Even though, we know somehow we all gotta go

but as long as we leavin thievin we'll be leavin with
some kind of dough

so, and to that day we expire and turn to vapors

me and my capers-ll be somewhere stackin plenty
papers

Keepin it real, packin steel, gettin high

Cause life's a bitch and then you die

[Chorus: AZ the Visualiza]

Life's a bitch and then you die; that's why we get high

Cause you never know when you're gonna go

Life's a bitch and then you die; that's why we puff lye
Cause you never know when you're gonna go
Life's a bitch and then you die; that's why we get high
Cause you never know when you're gonna go
Life's a bitch and then you die; that's why we puff lye
--> chorus #1 echoes at the end

Cause you never know when you're gonna go
Life's a bitch and then you die
--> chorus #2 includes these lines, echoes at the end

[Verse Two: Nas]

I woke up early on my born day, I'm twenty years of
blessing
The essence of adolescent leaves my body now I'm
fresh in
My physical frame is celebrated cause I made it
One quarter through life some God-ly like thing
created
Got rhymes 365 days annual plus some
Load up the mic and bust one, cuss while I puffs from
my skull cause it's pain in my brain vein money
maintain
Don't go against the grain simple and plain
When I was young at this I used to do my thing hard
Robbin foreigners take they wallets they jewels and rip
they green cards
Dipped to the projects flashin my quick cash
and got my first piece of ass smokin blunts with hash
Now it's all about cash in abundance, niggaz I used to
run with
is rich or doin years in the hundreds
I switched my motto -- instead of sayin fuck tomorrow
That buck that bought a bottle could've struck the lotto
Once I stood on the block, loose cracks produce stacks
I cooked up and cut small pieces to get my loot back
Time is Illmatic keep static like wool fabric
Pack a four-matic that crack your whole cabbage

[Chorus]

{*Olu Dara plays trumpet until fade*}

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