

Method Man F/ Ricky Watters

"Dead 4 Life"

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Come closer, come closer, come look inside a nigga head
Dead for life, ain't no need for me to think twice
Look for that gat but I just can't find it
Fuck it nevermind it, and since I'm devil-blinded
I'll plot me another way to end this shit
If my gat can't do it, then I guess I got to roll through it
Look to that mirror and I think of the pain
Voices from a devil and it drove a nigga insane
Now I'm all up in that forty ounce O, thinking about my gat
I heard my forty-four callin up on me, in that
Back again with that Manson mind
And now my blood's on that wall; all I can say is its about time

Looking up from my gravesite
First scene from a motherfucker dead for life
What do I see? My baby-momma sucking up on another dick
Fucking my bitch cause my death made my woman rich
She never really gave a fuck
And when that check came through, guess who got the first buck?
Ashes to ashes, and dust to my bank book
Who would have thought that my baby's moms was a crook?
As for my son, my poor little worm's got no food to eat
Cause his mom's always in that street
Poor little O.G
And I'm thinking to myself he never really got to know me

Looking up from my gravesite
Second scene from a motherfucker dead for life
What do I see? Mom's gonna choke from the smoke that she be blowing
Them wasted years not knowing that no matter what
Whatever happen let it happen
But after what that pipe say, and when them tears start flowing

When them years start growing short, yo
The fear of her laying right next to me, and up on that
note
That one little rock get lit up, hit up
Better toke that shit up, too much to take
But better make that blast last, but she spliff too fast
How come moms won't get up?
Is it because that lit been did up
By too much cut up in stuff that shit can't even set up
Fed up by my own clothes cause she smoke them
bones
Momma gone, drown my own, but then no one knows
What she done been through, what she got herself up
into
What's in the past to make her blast up? Must have
been rough
Crack monster ain't nothing nice
That's what I see laying hella deep
That nigga dead for life
That niggaz dead for life

[Break]
Dead for life

And as they, life after death
Little angels with wings coming down to bring you up to
your maker
Seeing all them people you missed
Hear about them good things, and what that future
brings
But what I see, ain't nothing like they told me
Ain't no god in sight, and no shining light
And my dead daddy's still in the box
Cold as a motherfuck, still moldy like a motherfuck
And to think we believed in that shit
Heaven ain't nothing but a casket
And about that Devil, that so-called Devil
Ain't nothing but a man with his hand on that shovel
And all them Sundays dressed in my best church
clothes
Them shoes always hurt on my toes
And now I'm dead, as life goes on until they die
Goes on until they lie up in that grave with me
Maybe if we all wished hard enough
All that stuff about that God might come true
Cause if not, we finally gonna rot up in that grave
Ain't no chance to change our ways, dead for life

