

Mr. 3-2 f/ D-Capo

"Life"

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(*talking*)

Shit, nigga really don't know if you promised tomorrow
I'ma mash today, to make tomorrow better
Know I'm tal'n bout, boys tal'n bout this and that
That and this, trying to get mine right now

[Mr. 3-2]

Lost my daddy, and I turned to a cold ass man
Feed my fam, always keep a strap in my hand
Understand, I lost my mind on drugs
Damn near died, but I got the heart of a thug
Busting them slugs, when them niggaz get out of line
Shoot seventeen times, leave fools flatline
Down for mine, but some boys ain't bout shit
So I ride with it, in my G.D. whip
Don't even trip fuck niggaz, cause none I avoid
Got my hand on my trigger, cause I stay paranoid
Boy all drama, with the G-O-V
Boss Man, Pimpin' Chris of the S.U.C.
Now see, the picture a whole lot clearer
Staring, at the gangsta in the mirror
What do the future hold for me, I hope a lot of cash
Cause if not, I'm pulling out the black ski mask

[Hook - 4x]

In this life, I'm trying to get it with me real fast
Don't know, how long will I last

[Mr. 3-2]

Don't know how long will I last, steady getting cash
Watching my back, come at me wrong I'ma blast
Fool smash on the freeway, smashing the pedal
Pray to make a million dollars, to get out the ghetto
T-Lady is the love of my life, yes sir
I don't know what I would do, if some'ing happened to her
My niece and my sister, man that's all I got
Fuck with my family, fool you gon get shot
Turning west in a casket, frozen stiff
Got the world on my shoulders, trying to lift
With my gift of gab, tired of feeling sad

Pull up in a Jag, that make a motherfucker mad
I'm mad cause Patrick Hawkins gone, and ain't coming
back
Till it's my day to ride, in the hearse Lac
Feel that, while I'm trying to get my head together
But I know in time, everything gon be better

[Hook - 4x]

[D-Capo]

Life is fast, like a fastball from a pitcher
A buzz from the liquor, like a bullet from the trigger
Nigga it's serious, boys better watch it
The cops stay on the block, just to take you up off it
Like a stray dog, they put you in the pound
Put you to sleep, and you can't jump back down
Feel me now, I already lost Mafio
I'll be damned if I fall off, and don't let boys know
It's C-R-E-S-T M-O-B
For life nigga, mash in top speed
With my cousin Diggie D's, and my nigga Mr. 3 to the 2
What boys wanna do, we pack a tool
I'm a fool with it, that's why I stay on the cool with it
Boys have it in they hand, don't know what to do with it
I'm through with it, I don't care how long I last
Cause G-O-D, guides me down my path in this life

[Hook - 4x]

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