

Nas F/ Foxy Brown

"I Hate the Way I Live"

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I got money, I got fame, I got houses, cars, stupid shit
Thought everything would be alright
Thought I'd do something for my moms
I'm telling you, I love you mom
I love you baby
Eryn Cierra, I love you
Ha ha, I hate the way I live
I hate the way, I hate it, I hate it
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon

Chorus: repeat 2X

Niggaz close to me too scared to let me fly
Niggaz close to me ain't scared to let me die
What I'm ridin for, ain't nobody fightin for, ya heard me?
I hate the way I live, I hate the way I live (c'mon, c'mon)

[Mr. Serv-On]
Niggaz act like we was close
I could see it in they eyes, what we had went up in smoke
We used to laugh and joke
When money was small, time to change
I thought everybody would ball, thought if I could call back our life
I guess the bad times when we was broke and down to fight
I'm back to back, pass me a strap, but I feel assed out
It's like I'm the only nigga screamin for the poor niggas down south
The rain seem to cover my tears
I remember the days stealin out of Sears
How am I ever anticipated by bitches killin niggas doing time
And gang related, somebody feel my pain
I thought I'd change, thought I had so much to give
I made a little money, but I hate the way I live
I hate the way I live, c'mon

Chorus 2X

[Mr. Serv-On]

See my life

If it was a book I'd tell my homies turn back the page

Cause it be like I'm a little child

walking in a man's body lookin for a better age

Cause when I was two I lost my pops and I ain't know
what to do

I know what they put my moms through,

working her fingers to the bone

It was like she was stabbin at her head stone

Get home alone, trying to become a man in this fuckin
killers world

And I look up now I'm a father with two girls

what should I do (I love them both)

Hope last, but then I look at the past

See how many niggas fell down

And now I'm sayin damn I could scream for a town

I'll always be rowdy, and I'm always ready to ride

But I put this tank on my chest

and I'll tell you niggas I ain't scared to die

When I write about it, lot of niggaz read about it, y'all
dream about it

What up, y'all niggaz can't fuck with what I stand for

I'm a nigga that'll live this game,

nigga what you ride for, I know what I'd die for

And when the time come nigga I'm a be my mama's
son

And I'm a blast till there ain't no more, c'mon

Chorus 2X

[Mr. Serv-On]

I sit back and I watch women, y'all hooked on crack

And then I say god damn that makes me wanna just
pull my strap

Get em, get em! The fool out there that's sellin it to em

They pregnant with a baby

I see em through it, I don't and I go crazy if it was my
lady

I gotta look back, that's the way life is in these streets

Look back then one day you standing up

And one day it'll knock you off your feet

You got tags on em, I get back and I sit back,

(what's my name?) You see I'm Serv-On

But the thangs gon' change my fame, maybe if you
know my name

It's better than what I can

That's why I try to shield some of these people

You gotta be what only God let you

But then at the same time I'ma be a +Devil+ and get

with the +Advocate+

Take it to another level, that's my game, that's my style
You'll never understand what it means to be a father of
the child

Ya'll just full of hate, I look back and try to escape
Deep into my dreams, (I hate it) but this is the way it is
I've been a fiend, I've been one
C'mon

Chorus 2X

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