

## **Notorious B.I.G. F/ Too \$hort**

### **"New Jersey Lifestyle"**

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{\*a parody of Fat Joe's song "My Lifestyle"\*}

[Tom Rockwell]

Uhh.. yeah.. Jersey baby!  
Welcome to Jersey, ya heard?  
Yeah, uh!  
Can't even pump your own gas here!  
Yo.. yeah, yeah, yo

[Verse One: Tom Rockwell - Sudden Death]

I live alone in the armpit, of the nation  
In the state with the densest population  
The Garden State, where the gardener wrecks it  
I tell people where I live by the exit  
Joisey, where hygiene's secondary  
If the locals ever saw a real book they'd commit Hari  
Kari  
Neon glow car, chain around the license plate  
Two inches off of the ground, it's like a rollerskate  
Me and my neighbors play a game whenever we're at  
Baskin Robbins, seein who can count the most flavors  
Aiyyo, if you're lookin for class you're outta luck  
The state symbol is Calvin, urinating on a Ford truck  
Muscle shirts are considered formal attire  
My neighbor's hobby is to sit for hours watchin the drier  
And at the strip club, is the Bride of Frankenstein  
With a back so hairy that it's a crime  
Before you visit that park you best be insured  
Everyone I know has come back severely injured  
Don't look at me cause it's out of my control  
People disappear for years in our massive pot holes,  
whoa!

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Y'all wanna live my lifestyle  
Never had a job, never seen a dentist  
Wanna hang with the boys, go to Wal\*Mart  
Visit me and I'ma show you inbred

[Verse Two: Tom Rockwell - Sudden Death]

At least half the state, has major brain damage

You can get the same replies talkin to a ham sandwich  
My next door neighbor, only bathes on a Friday  
But every single day he uses soap to wash his driveway  
That's why the first week in July as we speak  
Is "National Be Nice to New Jersey Week"  
God help you if you wanna turn left, you'd have to be  
deft  
Usually you have to make three rights to go left  
And get this, if you take the folks on my street  
and add 'em up, maybe you could get a full set of teeth  
You wouldn't believe, but one of 'em forgot how to  
breathe  
So much hair in their nose you could make your own  
weave  
It's a last resort, where chickens can be child support  
And driving is a contact sport  
It's where malls are considered a shrine  
I've lived here for three years, I'm fittin in just fine  
It's a place where kids play the game Name Those  
Scents  
Where all the garbage gets recycled into lawn  
ornaments  
Yeah all the freaks in my town all belong in the pound  
Even Smokey the Bear said go 'head, burn it down, go  
on!

[Chorus]

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