

## **Pegz f/ Hilltop Hoods**

### **"This Is For Life"**

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[Verse 1: Pressure]

Damn I'ma be old and dirty, fat and bold by thirty  
And by 70 definitely cold and scurvy  
Sinking my gums into life or anything as it comes  
I think I've succumbed, got the drinker thinking I'm  
young  
You take a father of four to make a pass at your  
daughter  
Tried to rap, spat my dentures in a glass of water  
It's gonna be sad, holding into wanna be fads  
But I ain't full of shit (nope) - that's my colostomy bag  
Rocking shows at retirement homes  
This trendy geezer don't know when to quit, like a  
smoker with emphysema  
(I've had amnesia) forgetting tracks with my thoughts  
relaying  
(It ain't a seizure) I'm probably bopping in my walking  
frame  
Down to be the last standing, ain't no boundaries  
Ayyo Pegz, it's your shout for a round of tea  
I'll have em' breathing at the bar, the static gripped to  
my mic  
In chrome-rimmed wheel chairs singing "This is for  
life!"

[Chorus: Pegz + Hoods] {X2}

This is for life  
This is a long term membership  
This is for life  
Dedicated to the penmanship  
This is for life  
Popping wheel chairs off the curb  
As the world turns at 33 and a third

[Verse 2: Pegz]

Yeah until I got false teeth, til my beard is grey  
With a fat chain and gold plated hearing aid  
Kids on the streets think I'm weird and strange  
At the bowles club old ladies cheer my name  
This is for life, making beats for my grand kids  
Still using mpc's and sampling

Diggin' in the stake for Aretha Franklin  
With a Honda jet pack and keys to my mansion  
Keep the passion, dropping the promo  
Fans in the front row, poppin' the 'no-doze'  
Suffa's got a comb-over rocking a Volvo  
And still getting love like a pocket of mojo  
Oh no, rocking at the RSL  
Debris on the deck spitting hard as hell  
My man Pressure at the bar nearly passing out  
With a security guard try'na calm him down  
This is for life, brothers need to heed the lessons  
Pegz and Hilltops bring the preconceptions

"Rippin the microphone 'til I'm motherfuckin sixty" -->  
KRS

[Chorus] {X2}

[Verse 3: Suffa]

Until I'm on a pension with dentures, I'm still gonna flip  
tracks  
Til' I'm poppin viagra like they're Tic-Tacs  
Until my teeth are in a glass on the window pane  
It's Suffa MC - the host of your Bingo game  
88' that's two fat ladies from 88 til' I'm 88  
Can't fade the greats, we'll still be hard rhymers  
With debris on the decks try'na scratch with arthritis  
We'll be old timers, cold rhymers with alsymers  
We'll be bald, blind as 50 year old coal miners  
with a suit on, filling prescriptions with a coupon  
Tellin' kids I used to hike with no shoes on  
for 3 hours through the rain and snow  
Just to make it to the club so we could claim the show  
Til' they drained the flow from my piece with a catheter  
I rap with a spectacular, home-grown vernacular

[Chorus] {X2}

"Rippin the microphone 'til I'm motherfuckin sixty"

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