Cradle To The Grave

Thug Life

From the cradle to the grave
Life ain't never been easy living in the ghetto
From the cradle to the grave
Life ain't never been easyJune 16, 1971, mama gave birth
To a hell raisin' heavenly son
See the doctor tried to smack me
But I smacked him backMy first words were
"Thug for life" and "Papa pass the Mac"
I'm bustin' on these mothafuckas ballin'
Listen you can hear my mini 14 callin'From out the window of my drop top
I got my glock cocked
Bustin' at niggas when will it stop?
Now tell me are you scared of the dark?Can't close my eyes I see visions
And even with this thug livin', will I escape prison ?
Penitentiary chances was an all day thang
The only way to advance and if you slangBetter have your Nikes on 'cause when we fight
It's in the middle of the night with no lights on
Hey, there must be a God 'cause I feel lucky
Paranoid out my mind, this mothafucka's tryin' to rush meAm I goin' to jail? Look at me bailin'
Commin' out the court house all about my mail and bank
Never die, be a hustler mothafuckas and makin' thugs out you suckas
From the cradle to the graveFrom the cradle to the grave
Life ain't never been easy, living in the ghettoFrom the cradle to the grave, since a little bitty child
I've been known to get ill and kinda buck wild
Pop, pop, just like the part that's in my walk with street talk
Go runnin' up the block in the dark with less sparkSurveillance on a nigga every day
Waitin' on my daddy just to take his ass away
Now Mama always workin', tryin' to make ends meet
So now a young niggas bein' raised by the streetsAnd then the only other one that ever showed me love
Was my dope fiend uncle strung out on drugs
A straight thug, just me, my mama out here on our own
So I got two gatts, one black and one of chromeNow I don't wanna hurt nobody but I must defend mine
It's all the fuck I got, so stop and walk a thin line
Young niggas be brave and keep on thuggin'
From the cradle to the grave, from the cradle to the graveFrom the cradle to the grave
Life ain't never been easy, living in the ghettoFrom the cradle to the grave, I'm glad to say
I made it this far, many G's died hard
They know that got was their name here up on a wall
It's sad thinkin' about the timesLife goes on, I'm steady lost in this land

As the war zone I got no home
Don't have no friends neither
It's just me by my lonely so I married my NinaI keeps her wherever I go, I love my ho
Never leave home with out my sugar
I'm hafta plug a nigga
Mama told me not to trust no punksAnd kick his ass if he lay a hand on me
Since then I been known
Sometimes I think my own self stupid
'Cause I stay shootin' at marks
Get twisted up in police reportsSince the cradle, I've been ungrateful
My first toy was a gun
I got sprung and learn to love weaponsBut now I'm through with money
And through with street fame
Somebody peeled my cap
And put me in my graveFrom the cradle to the grave
Life ain't never been easy, living in the ghetto
From the cradle to the grave
Life ain't never been easy, living in the ghettoMarch 18th, that rainy day, my mama gave birth
To a baby boy, trapped in hell on earth
From day one it wasn't fun I never had a crumb
Daddy worked two jobs and Mama won't stop drinkin' rumI tried to cope loc but my family's broke
And my pocket's short so now I gotta sling dope
In a game filled with pain, it's a fuckin' shame
The white man got a mothafucka slingin' caneSo now it's on from dusk to dawn I get my serve on
Always in the spot with my glock slingin' rocks at the rocks
The shit don't stop I'm steady dodgin' cops
I never flip flop, hear my glock cock thug till I dropAnd if I hit the pen I gotta do my time
Sittin' on my bunk reminiscing about the good times
It's fucked up a nigga gotta grow up doing dirt
But from the cradle to the grave I'ma put in workFrom the cradle to the grave
Life ain't never been easy, living in the ghetto
From the cradle to the grave
Life ain't never been easy, living in the ghettoTime's movin' fast, will I last another day?
So I pray and I lay with my A-K
Did I sell my soul as a young kid?
All the things I did wishin' someone held me
But they never didI can't take it, will I make it to my older age?
Before I'm shot up or locked up in a fuckin' cage
Lord, help me, guide me, save me
'Cause that's the way that Daddy raised me crazyDo or die, nigga, pull the trigger don't give a fuck
You'd rather be in jail than get your ass bucked
Nobody cares, it's me against the world
Keepin' murder on my mind and my Tech-9I got nothin' to lose, payin' dues, nigga you wanna die?
I get high then my mission is a walk-by
You'd better jet when I hit your set 'cause I'm commin'

Start runnin', yellin', "Evil mind", as I'm gunnin'One in the chamber for the anger that I build inside
For the mothers that cried, for my homies that died
The beginning is an ending, am I just a slave
So I got to be brave from the cradle to the graveFrom the cradle to the grave
Life ain't never been easy, living in the ghetto
From the cradle to the grave
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