Life's a Puzzle

B.G. Knocc Out & Dresta

Life in the hood, (life in the hood)
Life in the hood, (yeah, just like a puzzle)
Life in the hood, (life in, life in the hood)
Life in the hood, is just like a puzzle[dresta]
Its like a jungle, sometimes
When you rhyme
The hood took you under
Niggas start to wonder
Why you missin all these summers
I ain't seen the streets
In like five or six weeks
Cos I'm back on the cell block
Lookin like I'm shell shocked
In and out
Down south, up north
I'm back back, forth and forth
I can't seem to keep my black ass outta dough
Cos I'm steady doin dirt
Put in work for the turf
I did a gang of killin
And still ain't learnt a damn thing
Except how to gang bang
Talk slang and shoot game
And now I think I'm the mack of the century
Cos I got this bitch runnin through the penatentiary
But never knowin she was hoe'ing in the hood, black
Till the day my homies say 'dre that bitch a hoodrat'
But shoot the package on some nights
And I'm alright
Just another piece of the puzzle of my fucked up life[chorus]
Life in the hood is just like a puzzle (like a puzzle)
If in the game, your lookin for trouble (lookin for trouble)[bg knocc out]
My life is like a puzzle
I thank God for everyday I'm seeing
Livin in the world cos I'm bout european
Bein, a young black male is like havin on
Some gaseline underwear bailin through hell
Cos we have no win that we can all see
Ask rodney king, michael j and mike t

And what about oj, I think it's a set up
Pac you said it first but my nigga keep your head up
They don't wanna see another black man make it
And everything we get that look nice
They wanna take it
So make it, 187 on the po-lice
I'm tired of seein nigga's get stressed
And fucked with no grease
No peace, no justice
Motherfuck this
Live bg's doin dirt outta cuttless
The three strikes march
It didn't help the situation
All it did was increase the jail population[chorus](life in the hood is just like a puzzle)
Life in the hood is just like a puzzle[dresta]
My homies is a piece to my puzzle
I love they ass to death
But the more I look around
There ain't too many of us left
Survival of the fittest
And the strong don't survive
I can count more real niggas dead than alive
So niggas stop the talkin
Let that bullshit keep walkin
I'm tryin to get mine
So quit wasting my time
And if I had a dime for everytime I met a bitch
That I thought was the shit
My ass would be rich
But no, I'm broke
And bitches ain't a joke
Nigga you better check yo bitch, talkin shit
Will get that hoe smoked, (I'm down with you baby)
Bitch, don't even make a nigga start
Tryin to get inside my heart
So she can tear my life apart
I already got enough strain on my brain
Than to be busy worried about some busy ass dame
But game, recognise game with the dresta
Fool, I thought you knew about the westside gangsta[chorus till fade]

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