

Face the World

Nipsey Hussle

When all dreams seem to die
The summer's gone, the breeze stops blowing
The sun just leaves the sky Yeah
Uh
Yeah, this your life, you can play with it
You make your bed, you gon' lay in it
Do your thing, just be safe with it
Triple bunks in the state prison
Blue laces in my blue chucks
I ain't never gave two fucks
BET I chunked the hood up
Asking if that nigga Nip hood, what
Like I wouldn't take it to the back with you
Same nigga walk the track with you
Same nigga shot a strap with you
Same nigga bought a sack with you
Nineteen touchin' two birds
Alpinas off a few swerves
Grey leather in my white Lincoln
Shit smellin' like a new purse
Two C's on my bitch shit
My money risin' like Bisquick
Six words hope you get this
Rich Rapper On Some Crip Shit
I prayed for blessings as a young nigga
Not to learn the hard lessons of a drug dealer
Triple life with a gang enhancement
The judge triple white and he hate your blackness
Slam the gavel with a racist passion
Got you waitin' on appeals but your patience passin'
All you've got to offer is a fight
It's too late to run to Christ once you caught up in this life
Look So face the world now or cry
Look
Don't cry tears, they don't fly here
And if you don't die here, you supposed to fly lears
365 here is like a dog year
No wonder why these niggas 20 and got white hairs
Stressin' like they 40 and some change

Slowly in this game, all my homies is in pain
And brodie is the slang, but it don't mean he your brother
It don't mean you can trust him, it don't mean that he love you
And we was raised wrong but we stayed strong
And when we kept it real, we got faked on
And when we showed up, we got flaked on
While them niggas story's gettin' cake holmes
I bet my life I'm a dice shaker
Electric lights on a skyscraper
Was up and downs for a real nigga
But you'll be lame all your life, hater
Mac-10 in my black Benz
Show me signals of betrayal, can't be back friends
Long flights get my mind right
Victory to me is when you spend your time right
Victory to me is when you get your grind right
Victory to me is when you get your moms right niggas
Got this shit twisted like Jean-Michel Basquiat destroyed his pictures
Self-inflicted homicide, don't pull the trigger
I feel like I got to tell you you got something to contribute
Regardless what you into, regardless what you been through
I feel like I got to tell you you got something to contribute
Something to contribute
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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