The Life

BMC Gang feat. Kidd

(kurupt & el drex)
Ach, ka-nelk, ka-chica, ka-dick
Sub drex (uh yeah, one two)
Mmm, haha, yeah we headed up there baby
Sky's the limit(yeah)
Way up in the sky
Once in a lifetime
You only get one chance, one chance
(you like that shit)
One chance to dance
And then it's over
Kurupt:
Check it, from catchin buses and cabs
Pen and pads in the lav
Sippin genuine drafts and no cash
I ain't the first and I'll be damned if I'm the last
Roosevelt drive, clay courts from cliffs to az
El drex:
Aiyyo wassup how you feel me I'm chill
But I'm still tryin to make a mill inside sharon hill
>from where I stand I see it's time to expand
To foreign lands for hundreds of grands and white sands
Kurupt:
You know it's about that time
Niggaz set and prepare your rhymes
Start off and a little after nine, bump n grind
Sexual, young intellectual
With a whole lot of life to live, just a child
El drex:
It's 2-5-2-5 little town of shit
You can call a sharon hill and a dogg be town shit
I wouldn't break bad if you come from out of town
'cause I'm down by law and I'm from tha deuce pound
Chorus:
Having to survive living in the life
Got to stay alive living in the life
Have to survive
Living in the life
El drex:

Yo, so how you want it, you want silence or violence
Plus, me and my crew shine like the n on new balance
The most talent where girls fly
They hopin champagne gets pop and it don't stop
These jealous cat cut g's keroodle with top
We can cruise the city block like yachts
Y'all niggaz worse than the cops
Kurupt:
Before I smoke, I tote my first tote
A fool or here sneakin young bulls red bulls
Me k-i-d, the elite mc
>from the hill, got my top chopped by a tree

On the hill, too young to flare one
It's all about rhymes and fair ones
Show me the mic and bust like a flair gun
Don't shove me or push me, I give sucka punches
Now what's the deal
El drex:
You sucka cats be wildin and wanna fool now
And pull the tool now why can't we keep it on the cool now
I make a new route to get my crew out my peeps no doubt
And then when school out, it probably when the album's due out
And when you see me, the cream from my pocket ooze out
Forever player and winner and never lose out
Kurupt (el drex):
Tell me do you remember (yeah, I remember back when)
When conway park (yeah, I remember back then)
Sneakin in the firehouse, the fun begins (next week, instead of then)
And I'm be sneakin again
See back in the day, it was all about flows
Coolin out the t-la rock and mic stroll
I go next door to see my nigga man bang
Sneak in the basement, couple sips of ing bing
I feel all right, I could rock all night
No plots and schemes, just million dollar dreams
Money like a mothafucka homie gimme mine's paid
I come stompin like a parade, the escapade
Psychotic anolyisis as I consume a whole carton of mushrooms
We clear sight, the day lights like the night
A closet full of franklin's, a g's paradise
A nice 40 ounce of o-e on ice
Precise poetical poltergeist on mics
El drex:
Well, it's the el baby, baby the el baby baby

The one that rocks you so well baby baby
Many brains I feed, another thought conceive
Yes indeed drex ya heed will make yo body bleed
The intellectual seed, knowledge be growin like weeds
Money stash from crack, you can't determine the speed
I'm a rap fiend, they gleams like the head of carene
I'm extreme but never fade like acid jeans, I mean
I see more green than builders, feel this dilga enthrill ya
Stay tough like armadilgas and that's on the for real-a
Pop dukes will call me killer casualties with ease
The world will spend a million g's savin dyin mc's
Now you got mad love for shahi raffi
I'm in knee deep and peace the bull and meet me
Kurupt: to my nigga kel el, escoball, what all up in this piece
Chorus: (to end with kurupt talking)
El drex: 2-5-2-5 little town of shit
You can call a sharon hill and a dogg be town shit
I wouldn't break bad if you come from out of town
'cause I'm down by law and I'm from tha deuce pound
Deuce pound deuce pound deuce pound deuce pound
A town with no recreation
And when we grab the mic we formally rock the nation

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