Life Is 2009

Ugk

Yeah, see I remember, how it all began
I used to slang dirty raps to my P.A. fans
And back then, I knew you couldn't stop this flow
No other MC around can go like I go
I brought the new style in and the bass it got crunker
I bought me a slab and now I'm a pop trunker
Do I wanna rap or swang on 4's?
Your brother's comin' down slammin' Cadillac do's
People tellin' me that it's just my time
They know it's UGK for life and I get down for mine
14 on the mic and you never seen me play
Big, big chain and comin' straight up outta P.A.
Quote out the Texas, the land of the trill
And fuck your diamonds man these boys done put a gun to your grill
It's Bun Beeda, you know that I be reppin', Mayne
See we done said it befo', but we gon' say it again
Life is, Too $hort don't you agree?
While I'm livin' my life, don't fuck with me
Life is, Too $hort, whippin' the slab
Comin' down blowin' sweets and hurtin' hoes on the ave
I've been crushin' these niggaz, me and Bun B
Been a legend since 1993
Gimme thirty thousand and I'll serve ya some heat
I'll write your rhymes, sang the hook and I'll make ya a beat
I used to dream about this shit, now my money is legit
Ain't no mo' ridin' up that ten with that shit tryin' to win
I let the young whippersnapper take all the risks
They'll serve a nigga dope and now it's all on a disk
Keep a bad yella bitch and a thick young brown
Top dropped down when I'm ridin' through the town
Y'all call 'em trues', we call 'em Vogues
They call 'em shorties, we call 'em hoes
Y'all niggaz behind still playin' wit'cha nose
I got two matchin' Bentleys just bought me a Rolls
My momma drive a BM and my girl got a Benz
Watchin' life through my rear view I see haters in my lens
Life is, Too $hort don't you agree?
While I'm livin' my life, don't fuck with me
Life is, Too $hort, whippin' the slab

Comin' down blowin' sweets and hurtin' hoes on the ave
Life is too short, that's what I always say
We wasn't homies last week so don't call me today
I ain't got nuttin' for you, can't loan you shit
Don't you hate when broke niggaz be on yo' dick?
I can make a lot of money, I know I can
But the mo' I make, the mo' I spend
Lot of cash in my pockets just to show my friends
I can put it in the bank to buy fo' mo' rims
For my fo' do' Benz, with the royal blue paint
Sometimes you wanna quit, but you know you can't
You gotta keep hustlin' or you lose it all
If you choose to ball you pay your dues and fall
I said fuck bein' broke, if I gotta sell coke
I'ma rock the shit up and raise hell with my folks
I'll be posted on the block, at night I gotta get mine
I'll pimp hoes and I do white collar crimes
'Cause life is, Too $hort don't you agree?
While I'm livin' my life, don't fuck with me
Life is, Too $hort, whippin' the slab
Comin' down blowin' sweets and hurtin' hoes on the ave
Now life is to some people unbearable
They tellin' on they homeboys and that's terrible
Was it way too much time or nothin' big?
'Cause if you tell on us, we'll be splittin' your wig
Now my freedom is to me my main asset
So I'ma keep it 100 and give like I get
Chill at the Ponderosa and smoke that good
I'm tryin' to get rich while I rep for the hood
See everybody's got that same old dream
Of big cars, bad bitches and a mountain of cream
Drive a brand new Bentley, Benzo or a Beem
But ain't none of that worth tellin' on yo' team
It's on you homeboy, so what'chu gon' do
You need to take my advice and stop snitchin' fool
Or you can close yo' ears and run yo' mouth
But when they catch you homeboy you'll soon find out
Life is, Too $hort don't you agree?
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