

Life's A Bitch (Feat. A.Z.)

Nas

Visualizing the realism of life and actuality
Fuck who's "the baddest"; a person's status depends on salary
And my mentality is money-orientated
I'm destined to live the dream for all my peeps who never made it
Cause yeah, we were beginners in the hood as 5 percenters
But something must of got in us cause all of us turned to sinners
Now some resting in peace and some are sitting in San Quentin
Others such as myself are trying to carry on tradition
Keeping the effervescent street ghetto essence inside us
Cause it provides us with the proper insight to guide us
Even though, we know somehow we all gotta go
But as long as we leaving thieving
We'll be leaving with some kind of dough
So, until that day we expire and turn to vapors
Me and my capers will be somewhere else stacking plenty papers
Keeping it real, packing steel, getting high
Cause life's a bitch and then you die Life's a bitch and then you die
That's why we get high
Cause you never know when you're gonna go
Life's a bitch and then you die
That's why we puff la
Cause you never know when you're gonna go I woke up early on my born day, I'm 20, it's a blessing
The essence of adolescence leaves my body, now I'm fresh and
My physical frame is celebrated cause I made it
One quarter through life some Godly-like thing created
Got rhymes 365 days annual plus some
Load up the mic and bust one, cuss while I puffs from
My skull cause it's pain in my brain, vein, money maintain
Don't go against the grain, simple and plain
When I was young, at this I used to do my thing hard
Robbing foreigners, take their wallets, their jewels
And rip their green cards
Dipped to the projects flashing my quick cash and
Got my first piece of ass smoking blunts with hash
Now it's all about cash in abundance
Niggas I used to run with is rich or doing years in the hundreds
I switched my motto; instead of saying "fuck tomorrow"
That buck that bought a bottle could've struck the lotto
Once I stood on the block, loose cracks produce stacks

I cooked up and cut small pieces to get my loot back
Time is Illmatic, keep static like wool fabric
Pack a 4-matic that crack your whole cabbageLife's a bitch and then you die
That's why we get high
Cause you never know when you're gonna go
Life's a bitch and then you die
That's why we puff la
Cause you never know when you're gonna go

Songwriters

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