Life We Chose

Nas

To my niggas huh,
We all we got,
Let's hold it down though, why'know?
However it's gon' go down
This what we gotta deal with, why'know?
Yo[Chorus]
It's the life we chose, where friends become foes
And the dough'll get you killed quicker than you know
This is the life we chose, bring fake snakes and hoes
And the only way out, is death or going broke
This the life we chose, ain't too many happy endings
That's why there ain't too many happy niggas in it
And I'll admit it, this life is fucked up but yo,
(But yo) this life is the only life I knowGold bathtubs, making love to my Queen
Get my back rubbed, Chardonnay, rolling up green
Statues, marble floors, rare paintings on my wall
My lifestyle's like the Forbes Magazine
Closets, full of rockets and sub-machines
Take this nigga out the projects, and his thug team
Yo we cruise past street lights, ill rides
Mr. Child both coasts with the most loud toast
Calicos roast y'all folks, keep y'all dying
Cause it's hard to fuck around when we dealing with science
My enemies got money, so y'all should watch how I play it
They never know we enemies until they hear me say it
Til they kid's on the phone saying, "Please daddy pay it"
Til they brain's on the floor, mixed on the pavement
High-class elegance, you respect or you hiss
You go against you'd rather piss on an electrical fence
It's strategic, how these niggas want you to think
You'd be surprised, who'd be the one to put you to sleep
Why you stink? Yo these streets don't allow you to blink
You get showered by lead, coming out with your mink
Bow ties and tuxedos, bust Eagles
Dump drugs and acid, then they rush with the Rico
It's hard fucking with niggas you hope you can trust
You a fool if your main bitch is easy to fuck
And you've got money, is these hoes greedy or what?
Shit is devious, ex-friends wanting you stuck[Chorus]Uh, what's love when you don't give your man enough

dough?
He want to stick you
What's love, you got beef?
Nobody rolling wit you
What's love, you locked up, and your family don't care
Is love a four-letter word, that deceives the air?
What's real, when you know your man's girl is a hoe
And you don't even let him know, cause you fucked her befo'
What's real, when you talk behind a man's back
Then you see him and give him dap, now explain that?
What's trust, when they separate your case
When you at your court date, your co-de', can't look in your face
What's trust, when you keep your wife away from your man?
And he never crossed you, but you claiming he's fam'?
What's trust, when you get bust, your niggas don't retaliate?
They blaze purple haze with em the next day?
God forbid one of my niggas get hit, I'ma go haywire
Won't hesitate, I'ma spray fire
But everybody's different, you won't know how you react
Til you in that position, and that's an actual fact
The hearts of men change as time goes on, who's wrong?
You was hungry when you stuck Duke, he came back to buck you
Who's wrong? Foul all your life, now you 90
On your deathbed you regret being grimy
What's lust, a bust nut? What's a thug?
A ghetto child raised around drugs, til he's old enough to bust slugs?
Then what's jail, to rehabilitate, or to make a nigga worse
When he come home to catch another case?
Life's about decisions, you choose it, you gotta live it
You did it, heaven or hell or prison
Who knows when your clock'll stop tickin', get your weight up
Save up before it's over neighbor, I told ya
You getting older player, look at those who gave up[Chorus]

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