

Take a Look At My Life

DJ KAYSLAY featuring Fat Joe, Remy Martin & A Bles

Whoo, friendly day in the neighborhood
Birds is chirpin'
(Hi neighbor)

Niggas walkin' they dogs, ha ha, watering they flowers
That's my neighborhood, fuck no

I'm from the streets of the BX Boro where niggas push packs
This is that surge shit, that full flex shit, Al Groh shit
Raul ya heard me?

Macho, Jigga Brown JD, Charlie Rock LD, Remy Ma, unh
Sound boy turn this shit up right here

I'm your idol, your highest title, numero uno

Yes, I'm Puerto Rican and I speak it so that you know
Stomp, yeah, that's the idea
Leave that nigga leakin from ear ta ear
Listen here young bruh, man ya end is near

They probably, find your body at the end of the pier
Niggas must be crazy to mistakin' me for folk lore
I put the eighty to your baby man, I told y'all
Fuckin' wit' crack's like fuckin' wit' Crack
What? Pull out the pipe or push your weight back
Look, ya hate that, look we stay strapped
From Crook from way back done took the game back
Ya shook, remain fact top of the world, stop knockin the girl
She in the drop with already rock lock and the pearl
Fish Scale ta Heron, live well from here on
Half a mil in ya grill, of course we bare all
Niggas thinkin' that this rap is just words
I pull up in they curb, pull a Desert Bird
And clear the block in no time

Get off my dick, stop focus shit and getcha own shine, muhh'fucka
Take a look at my life, and you can see that

I'm from the Bronx where it's known to hear the heat clap
Y'all need a nigga like me to point cha fingers at
So stop hating on The Don, you know ya need Crack
Take a look at my life, and you can see that

I'm from the Bronx where it's known to hear the heat clap
Y'all need a nigga like me to point cha fingers at
So stop hating on The Don, you know ya need Crack
First we was thuggin', then bust sluggin'

My lifestyle the shit, really had the streets buggin'
 Oh no, he ain't come back like that
 Not Crack with a platinum plaque, yo
 It's the thirteenth al spinna, niggas use to doubt
Now we even made Craig Common look like a winner
 Me and Diddy skippin' out on bills
 Just copped the house on a hill, now how that feel?
Fuck, alot of y'all niggas, you been shittin' since the first song
 Now we rip it down spring break with no shirt on
 Ass all out, just swoonin' the crowd
Same damn mean bitches wanna move in my house
 You see us back to back in 'em snow white trucks
 Chain hanging off the rim, you not giving a fuck
 You must not be reading it right
 Ice so bright, we don't need headlights at night
 Yo, crack niggas, ask niggas how I smack niggas
 With the mac flast 'cuz I am what I rap, nigga
 TS throw in your hands, make 'em pack nigga
 To never let another crew move his back nigga, what
 Take a look at my life, and you can see that
 I'm from the Bronx where it's known to hear the heat clap
 Y'all need a nigga like me to point cha fingers at
 So stop hating on The Don, you know ya need Crack
 Take a look at my life, and you can see that
 I'm from the Bronx where it's known to hear the heat clap
 Y'all need a nigga like me to point cha fingers at
 So stop hating on The Don, you know ya need Crack
 Yeah, DJ Kay Slay a.k.a. Slap ya favorite DJ
 The black Fat Joe of the motherfuckin' game
 Terror Squad motherfuckers, y'all know what it is
 I'll buck, ooh, ooh ooh
 I'll slap the shit out of one of you motherfuckers
 Y'all front on the Squad, man? Y'all know what it is, man
 2003 shit, faggot ass motherfuckers, get the fuck outta here
 Oh, oh, oh yeah, and most of youse owe me

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>