# Life

## Freeway

Ooh
It's that real street shit
[Incomprehensible] they're ready for this one, nigga
Ooh shit ohh
I came up with my man, same hood, same age
Withheld names to protect the guilty and
Your boy, Free was filthy, same clothes, different day
Be the first to admit it, while niggaz claim to be willies, hey
We cleaned up the first Donny I drove
We cooled up the first tommy I seen, follow the flow
Smoke a timmy, with this semi, made his chimney move
Nerves made his body shake, everybody froze
So young with a pump and a mac
But still manage to make it the magic, the bad kids
On the block, with a bundle of crack, package of pills
All heads will try to teach us to rhyme
He said, ?Muhammed walk with a sword?, I roll with a gat
This the same shit, different day, from times
Now my man Book ain't writing me back
So I figured, try to reach 'em with rhymes, no listen to Mac
We thuggin' for life gonna take it
And then enough ain't no mistakin'
But it's for life, it's my life
Not for the taking
To all my boys in the hood, the East Coast throw boy back
From the land of them throw boys black
I keep my toast in the hood, gon' squeeze
Hope you throw yours back come to the streets
To bring my homeboys back
Blew my mind out this piece, but I'm always back
I got sheet in my air, like mac, fall away back
Shit, I'm trynna come way up
And make the path so freak, I tear the runaway up
My life a bitch with a period on
But still I keep it real, dog, I'm hittin' it raw
And I don't know how to carry this bitch
Sometime I wanna marry this bitch
Sometimes I feel like quitting this whore
But I can't 'cause it feel like, giving it all

I've been on so fucking much, feel like my living was all
But in my lifetime, I'm a deliver regrets
Still with the evils, know that one day I'ma sit with the boss
We thuggin' for life gonna take it
And then enough ain't no mistakin'
But it's for life, it's my life
Not for the taking
It's not even close, we throw toast, sleep with ya gats
It's the worst of both hoods, holla at 'em Mac
Follow up exact with the Mac, and the V
Get back, if you happen to see, the Mac or Free, at where you be
I be where you at, I come where you live
The cat untuckle the gat, maneuver the thing
The Mac untuckin' a pump, removin' they wig, with ease
Hear the feds trynna ruin the boss Sieg'
'Fore they kill me like Cornbread, you be like Dial Lo
Before I'm stuck like Luima, I be up when you need it
And I'ma ride for you, lace up my sneakers, puffin' my reefer
Tuckin' my heater, duckin' your rounder
Tell 'em tricks they gonna die when I see 'em
Let 'em know my friend colt 45 trynna meet with they mind
But we keep drama, think, rhyme is the reason
And Freeway the reason that you tied up in pajamas
We thuggin' for life gonna take it
And then enough ain't no mistakin'
But it's for life, it's my life
Not for the taking

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