

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 tryinna 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 tryinna 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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