

The Life

A Plea for Purging

(kurupt & el dred)

Ach, ka-nelk, ka-chica, ka-dick

Sub dred (uh yeah, one two)

Mmm, haha, yeah we headed up there baby

Sky's the limit(yeah)

Way up in the sky

Once in a lifetime

You only get one chance, one chance

(you like that shit)

One chance to dance

And then it's over

Kurupt:

Check it, from catchin buses and cabs

Pen and pads in the lav

Sippin genuine drafts and no cash

I ain't the first and I'll be damned if I'm the last

Roosevelt drive, clay courts from cliffs to az

El dred:

Aiyyo wassup how you feel me I'm chill

But I'm still tryin to make a mill inside sharon hill

>from where I stand I see it's time to expand

To foreign lands for hundreds of grands and white sands

Kurupt:

You know it's about that time

Niggaz set and prepare your rhymes

Start off and a little after nine, bump n grind

Sexual, young intellectual

With a whole lot of life to live, just a child

El dred:

It's 2-5-2-5 little town of shit

You can call a sharon hill and a dogg be town shit

I wouldn't break bad if you come from out of town

'cause I'm down by law and I'm from tha deuce pound

Chorus:

Having to survive living in the life

Got to stay alive living in the life

Have to survive

Living in the life

El dred:

Yo, so how you want it, you want silence or violence
Plus, me and my crew shine like the n on new balance

The most talent where girls fly

They hopin champagne gets pop and it don't stop

These jealous cat cut g's keroodle with top

We can cruise the city block like yachts

Y'all niggaz worse than the cops

Kurupt:

Before I smoke, I tote my first tote

A fool or here sneakin young bulls red bulls

Me k-i-d, the elite mc

>from the hill, got my top chopped by a tree

On the hill, too young to flare one

It's all about rhymes and fair ones

Show me the mic and bust like a flair gun

Don't shove me or push me, I give sucka punches

Now what's the deal

El drex:

You sucka cats be wildin and wanna fool now

And pull the tool now why can't we keep it on the cool now

I make a new route to get my crew out my peeps no doubt

And then when school out, it probably when the album's due out

And when you see me, the cream from my pocket ooze out

Forever player and winner and never lose out

Kurupt (el drex):

Tell me do you remember (yeah, I remember back when)

When conway park (yeah, I remember back then)

Sneakin in the firehouse, the fun begins (next week, instead of then)

And I'm be sneakin again

See back in the day, it was all about flows

Coolin out the t-la rock and mic stroll

I go next door to see my nigga man bang

Sneak in the basement, couple sips of ing bing

I feel all right, I could rock all night

No plots and schemes, just million dollar dreams

Money like a mothafucka homie gimme mine's paid

I come stompin like a parade, the escapade

Psychotic anolyisis as I consume a whole carton of mushrooms

We clear sight, the day lights like the night

A closet full of franklin's, a g's paradise

A nice 40 ounce of o-e on ice

Precise poetical poltergeist on mics

El drex:

Well, it's the el baby, baby the el baby baby

The one that rocks you so well baby baby
Many brains I feed, another thought conceive
Yes indeed drex ya heed will make yo body bleed
The intellectual seed, knowledge be growin like weeds
Money stash from crack, you can't determine the speed
I'm a rap fiend, they gleams like the head of carene
I'm extreme but never fade like acid jeans, I mean
I see more green than builders, feel this dilga enthrill ya
Stay tough like armadilgas and that's on the for real-a
Pop dukes will call me killer casualties with ease
The world will spend a million g's savin dyin mc's
Now you got mad love for shahi raffi
I'm in knee deep and peace the bull and meet me
Kurupt: to my nigga kel el, escoball, what all up in this piece
Chorus: (to end with kurupt talking)
El drex: 2-5-2-5 little town of shit
You can call a sharon hill and a dogg be town shit
I wouldn't break bad if you come from out of town
'cause I'm down by law and I'm from tha deuce pound
Deuce pound deuce pound deuce pound deuce pound
A town with no recreation
And when we grab the mic we formally rock the nation

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