

What It Be Like (feat. Nipsey Hussle)

Stalley

What it be like?
Niggas ain't fly like me like
All this yellow on my neck Chuck E. Cheese bright
Candy Jack, could you please stuff my peace pipe?What it be like?
If a nigga act up, got the piece right
On the small of my back tucked for these nights
Speeding through the city under street lightsWhat it be like?
Michael Jordan 3's or the three stripes
Got your hatin' ass niggas in police lights
Only mess with OG's, hoes be the freak type
Only shoot craps, don't do the three dice
And we Vegas, Mayweather ring side
Got 100K large in my Levi's
Stay with the paper like a nigga slanging bean pies
How you do that? Well it's easy though
I just let them watch like a TV show
And this bad foxwith me and she speaking fo'
And this long fox, drag it down to the flo'
I'm a pimp, yeah I speak the code
I be highed up but I keep it low
Profound, profound tires on the Beamer yo
Dope boy, dope style, no miles on his hoWhat it be like?
Niggas ain't fly like me like
All this yellow on my neck Chuck E. Cheese bright
Candy Jack, could you please stuff my peace pipe?What it be like?
If a nigga act up, got the piece right
On the small of my back tucked for these nights
Speeding through the city under street lightsWhat it be like?
BCG, we supreme team like
All these other fake crews get the green light
Life's a dream, stack my cream to Akeem height
Chunks of gold on my neck, so Akeem like
Rose petals when I step, live the king life, sweet life
If a nigga trying to stop it, then I swing knife
Left, right, put him at a halt like a stop light
Matter fact, stop life
Trying to touch what I'm earning
Then I'm clutching the burner and I'ma pop mine
I got my team on my neck, it's loyalty and respect

See, I'm bout mine
 Outwork a nigga till it's clock time
 Get yours, don't clock mine
 I'm at the jeweller, all gold, clock bomb
 But the prettiest watch can't even stop time What it be like?
 Niggas ain't fly like me like
 All this yellow on my neck Chuck E. Cheese bright
 Candy Jack, could you please stuff my peace pipe? What it be like?
 If a nigga act up, got the piece right
 On the small of my back tucked for these nights
 Speeding through the city under street lights What it see like?
 Live from the city of the three strikes
 Offer terrible advice but it seem right
 When you're sticking to the script, fuck a rewrite (right)
 What it see like?
 Pick a tail, shoot a box, catch a chief flight
 He got married to the game, he don't need rice
 Sold his soul to the streets, he don't need Christ (right, right)
 But what it see like?
 All these rats in this race for a cheese slice
 Need to pass on the safe for at least like
 Six digits and his niggas ain't gon' eat right (right, right)
 But what it see like?
 Flat broke, got him feeling he don't need life
 Split screen, to the left is police lights
 To the right, visualizing his dream life (right, right)
 What it see like?
 He gon' have to be willing to leave life
 Half his blood on the cross like he Jes' Christ
 All the love that he lost, that's a cheap price (right, right)
 But what it see like?
 Niggas can't shine like these lights
 'Cause niggas ain't grind like [?] right
 But shit ain't even always what it seem, right? What it be like?
 Niggas ain't fly like me like
 All this yellow on my neck Chuck E. Cheese bright
 Candy Jack, could you please stuff my peace pipe? What it be like?
 If a nigga act up, got the piece right
 On the small of my back tucked for these nights
 Speeding through the city under street lights

Songwriters

MYRICKS, KYLE / DOMAN, DAVID L / BROFSKY, ALEX / BECK, MATT / ASGHEDOM, ERMIA

JOSEPH Published by

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