

# Life We Chose (feat. Lloyd Banks)

## Havoc

Got these cowards out plotting on me, red dotting for me  
Blast 'em with the clapper, know I keep the ratchet on me  
All that beefing shit is corny, nigga, faker than the Twitter beef  
Your girl wants something realer so she's in my sheets  
And I don't blame her, she rather be around this paper  
Every move made is major, fuck a crib we buying acres  
ODing off of life is where the high can take us  
Sky's the limit, up above and way beyond you haters  
I'm coming at your head better duck  
Out from under bushes like, "surprise, remember us?"  
My music is the most ominous shit you'll ever bump  
Niggas wanna meet their maker I'm just here to hook it up  
And when you get there just be sure to send him my regards  
Lord forgive me for this shit these niggas got me on  
I'm trying hard, so very hard

I pull you into beef that you can never squash  
This the life we chose, dealing with the life we chose  
It's a cold world homie and it's only getting colder  
Motherfuckers get their whole life froze  
This the life we chose, dealing with the life we chose  
It's a cold world homie and it's only getting colder  
Motherfuckers get their whole life froze  
This ghetto giving out scars, we'll run the world in a year  
I only figured out a plan and switched it, life sucked  
Felt like I was tortured  
Every day we had to climb through the dirt  
Hell if I forfeit  
Been around the world and back again, nigga, check out the portrait  
No more selling me short shit, my will so strong  
For my soul, if you came across it, time to reclaim my fortune  
Big fleet, line up the horses, gotta stay on my feet  
Fuck running, down with the fortress, M-O-B 'til I sleep, nigga  
South Jamaica is my drive, watch your fucking own back  
That's what it takes to stay alive  
If fiends wild, I've got the crystal shiny with me now  
A thousand and more styles, mine's like a clip of rounds  
Watch for the shifty smiles, just push the bar higher  
Done lifted the crowd  
Building on tilt, fill up this bitch with loud  
A temper on me and that click-and-pow  
Holding on to all these memories  
I've got to think about them just to smile  
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Songwriters

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