That's Life

Termanology

Yo what up Term?
(Chillin' man)
I hear you doing yo thing man, let me hold something
(I aint got it like that man)
But I just see you on BET, I just heard you on the radio
(I know man, I know)
What do you mean you aint got it.I just came back from tour but I'm still in the hood,
Feel like I never left cause my money is less
No food in my crib, no money in the bank
No bullets in my gun and I'm still on the run.I'm fresh off the radio, they was playing my shit
And that's cool, but them niggas aint paying me shit
But what's worse, my little cousin looking at me like a star
I tell him I'm never one, he say you still are.If I don't make it in this rap shit, I'ma sell coke
Cause I'm nice with the rap but I'm equally nice at both
I probably could've been a school teacher or something
I'm fronting, I probably could've sold *** or something.I'm like they'll earn hard, I'll probably die of speed
Racing through the city high in the grandma keys
I'm from the hill, but fuck NYPD
For they did what I'ma do, you can count on me.Just say whatever I feel like ODP
I aint a punk, you can catch me where the OG's be
With the 40 in the crack house with no TV
I put 40 on the game, nigga NFC.A hustla's blood, homie we can watch it on the widescreen
Front, I can get you a box made out of pine tree
Ever since 19, I've been the best around
Then I got a big ass heart to wrap my vest around.I got investors now they want to make me rich
Look they want me singing like John, they want to make me switch
I got a crazy gift, nigga the way I spit
And I aint gotta switch up my style for me to make a hit.It's nothing new in the game these nigga's make me sick
Same beat, same hook, same ***
The judge says I'm a menace, what would he say to this?
Well I could give a fuck, hope somebody takes his kids.There's no justice dawg, it's just us
That's why I pack a burner on *** bus
And my mama told me son you better watch them sluts
Keep a Trojan on you don't wanna knock one up.I guess I roll with the dice in the heat of the night
Not knowing what I'm out for, fuck I'm about for
My bullets blow you out your, heart and your back
Leave your heart on your lap, try hollering back.That's life,

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