It's Your Life

Ja Rule

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
Ja Rule, Uh
Shade and Irv Gotti
Niggas don't want none of this
Power gonna six niggaLadies call me white Kane, pure as snow
Like cocaine, cutiepies powder they nose
I've been preaching to the stars, ladies be livin' real harder
A lot of icons, but consider me GodBorn in the seventies the eighties was growing wit' time
Now it's two G nigga and the world is mine
I was a smart nigga, figured if he put me on the spot
Wit hot shit bubble me up till I rockCome put me on the block in a new form and new sound
For Ja Rule and I'm feeling like I'm too strong
I move on down to D.C., V.A.
And I even did as far as Californ-I-ACome to shit, they fly, they float, they snort, they smoke
Hustle, bag and mope for more
Down the freeway racing out of control, it's crazy
When you fucking wit' Rule it's shadyNiggas, if you hustle and stick 'em
It's your life
Bitches, if your fuckin' and striping
It's alrightWe all got to eat
So live your life
Niggas
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Bitches
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Niggas, if you hustle and stick 'em
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So live your life
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Niggas
It's your lifeNow I got to hit you wit some other shit, Sentinella gutta shit
Four sides of the chrome flows smack you wit the rubber grip
Never been a nigga, niggas wanna play they cards wit'
See me in the dark whip, better go call your guards quickBetter go hit the block and tell them bitches that shisty shit
Known the freaks face like that yellow bezel ice shit
Similar response, yo that kid spit the nicest

Baby re-intice this, CD's raise they pricesMake a nigga chain, paid off in a different name
Maid think they got flame, Shade just hit the brain
Me and Ja fucked around and made the teams A-list
Two niggas from two sides, like a 7/10 split bitchNiggas, if you hustle and stick 'em
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It's your lifeNiggas from the East, Jesus Christ from the gun to the mics
I'm living my life, running through hell wit' no ice
It's a sin but I'd sell my lost soul to win
Go to bed and die then I'd wake up breathing again 'cause I'm all inEven though shit ain't right, I wake up sweatin' my life every night
Help me, is it the devil that going to get me or is it God don't feel like
Being bothered wit' me, so hard to hit me, this life a sacrifice
If I grow blind through the dark my kids gonna see the lightIf I die young it's cause a nigga too high strung
Got scary love for gun wit' too much weed in my lungs
And still niggas screaming Ja the one, the chosen
The God's only begotten Son, it's my lifeNiggas, if you hustle and stick 'em
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