

Life's a Bitch (New Version) [New Vox Up Version]

Nappy Roots

{ Aye man, I wonder what's gon' happen the minute my cash get dropped
You ever thought about that skinny? Nope?
Shit what about you scales man? I'm I'm unsure man
I got alotta, lotta question that need to be answered
True we all got questions, but dawg I got questions
I got a lot on my mind, just just
Just get me a blunt man, just fire it up man
Man} Now fire up the weed, 'cuz one day I'm gon' pro'ly burn
The ten commandments in life, never my concern
Thing on my mind was, 'get 'em, fore they get you
Thing on my mind was, stick 'em fore they stick you
That's why niggaz know, I'm bout the game before peace
'Cuz being free-hearted that's where it leave you deceased Cold world, cold game they gon' split ya thang
And bang shit out the car what, would drive the average man insane
Ghetto love, ghetto life, ghetto death, then ya gone
And after I'm deceased I'll know life gon' go on
And what about my sons, will they do what daddy didn't finish?
Will the light come to a close, shortly after my decision? What about daddy's girl? Will she do what I wanted?
Or will she break my heart and let these, niggaz up on it?
What about daddy's girl? Will she do what I wanted?
Or will she break my heart and let these, niggaz up on it? Life's a bitch
I swear to god, you take your chances
Too many questions, and not enough answers
Life's a bitch, you take your chances
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Too many questions, and not enough answers
Life's a bitch, you take your chances
Too many questions, and not enough answers I'm on the verge of losin' my mind, this word is my last nerve
I done served my last dime, standin' on this crack curb
It's absurd, I been on this block, from the first to the third
Rocked a 'bird and seen two niggaz shot and left for dead in the dirt
I'm concerned if I die by the glock, will my soul soon burn?
My past clash with my future then, take a drastic turn I'm submerged knee deep in this here, but those around
can soon return
Morality's hotter than burn, makin' they hearts they burn
And say, "Fuck the world!"
We all going to hell for some, shit that we deserve
But first we was promised a hearse

And a chance on earth to visit church, for what it's worth I'm tryin' make amends for all the sins that occurred
The uncontrollable urge that emerged when I, snatched that lady's purse
And the, last week that I slurred, when I, cursed on every verse
Inevitable, but well rehearsed, freezin' my hunger as well as my thirst
Is glocked, ready to burst, on any fools I encounter first
With the, maximum amount of force, even if, worst comes to worst
'Cuz life's a bitch Life's a bitch
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Too many questions, and not enough answers
Life's a bitch, you take your chances
Too many questions, and not enough answers
Life's a bitch, you take your chances
Too many questions, and not enough answers My total first, nineteen seventy six
Welcome to the world I did nine months for this shit?
Moms and pops couldn't get along, older brothers gettin' grown
Now I got nothin' but this dice I'm sittin' on
At night I'm closin' my eyes, and thinkin' about my folks that died
Tryin' to sleep on 'em, thinkin' I ain't supposed to cry
Uncle Paul he just died from too much alcohol
And all he wanted was a fifth and pack of Paul mall And Momma's heart gettin' bad, grew up on hormones
I'm tryin' cut down on drinkin' but that's a lost cause
Guess we don't learn our lesson until we all fall
These racist cops got niggaz writin' they own laws
Please god, don't let 'em take us
Just tell momma I meant well, in time don't let me wake up
"Please God, don't let them folks take us!"
Sincerely, I meant well, in time don't let me wake up Life's a bitch
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Songwriters

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