My Life

Calicoe

[Verse 1]
See I won't change, it's a blessin'
But I'm starting to feel pain from the stressin'
All these sacrifices I done made is depressin'
But I'm just trying to look at things as a lesson
Man I'm just trying to get some change and exit
What message? I was on the plane, I didn't get it
Ain't no telling how deep the streets will go
Look at 'em talking
Don't even know who them people know
I'm counting a hundred bands without Summer Jam
I never let that petty shit get to me
You roll with me or not, I'm still here to make history!
Destroying niggas mentally
Get rich is how my niggas be
Destroying niggas physically
Get rich is how my niggas be
Bought a lot of block, these haters about to call the feds out
Them boys saving damn near 200 out the red house
If I can't find no purple, I give red out
Say he got the bag but when I ask he put his head down
I ain't trying to stunt on no nigga, say I got bags 'round
These middle men with zips be making strips before I add pounds
Ball nigga! Make sure you get to the top!
I'm trying to make a least a hundred before you get to the block
I'm coming with at least a hundred
Why you gone get to your Glock?

[Hook]
I just wanna live...
My life, my life, my life... hey
[Verse 2]
These feds don't want nothing but snitches
And these niggas don't want nothing but bitches
That be the main shit that take you out the mission
Like how the fuck I end up in this club trippin'?!
He called and said he want the Dennis Rodman
If he can get them for the Scottie Pippen
I missed a nigga call and now he feeling like I spent him

Threw him a touchdown and now he feeling like he winnin'
Ain't no telling how deep the streets will go
Look at 'em talking
Don't even know who them people know
Who his big homie? What they teaching bro?
I roll with niggas you ain't never even heard speak before
Who got the plug? That's for me to know
But let me know if you can get it cheaper though
Cause I might pull up on you with some tree to blow
Your bitch talk to you crazy cause you living like you need the hoe

[Hook]

[Verse 3]
Boom! Aye, I'm just getting money
And I might have a bitch you know to go and get it for me
A nigga called me for a zip and he don't even know me
Like "hit me when you get it in", I'm like "that shit is on me!"
Smoking out the zip, Glock poking out the hip
I ain't got time for no bitch and how emotional they get
Heard niggas hoping I would slip
So I went and put a nigga from Nova Scotia on the list
Yeah, another 20 ball
I'ma stack it on top of all them other 20 balls
It's like Brady to Moss when I send 'em off
Focus on the money but get hoes for the Renault cars
Heard they was looking for the city stars
And we ain't even realize we was the city stars
Till all the hoes say we fucking up the titty bars
Acting like the city ours... so the city ours

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