The Life I Live

Pete Rock

[Intro- Kurupt](Krook)
Yeah, My Life
Kurupt Young Gotti, Why everybody mad
(The life I live) (Yeah..)
Yeah, Lifes a bitch homie
[Hook- Krook]Back in the days
Growing up in the hood
Run-ning those silly streets
Always up to no good
Were up all night...
And sleep all day
The strangle and find a way to get payed
The life I live...
[Verse 1- Kurupt]Yeah money and cars, Life of a gangsta in world of stars
Family and friends the way lifes starts and the ways it ends
8 feeled with inspiration-16 seperated-17 I graduated
21 I finally made it-hope flows-life driffs-money wastes-blood drips
Learn a little bit, earn a little more
A close mouth don't defend dip behind doors
This is my insurence just to reinsure
Its hard to exist, in this existence
Pistol blazing fifths in this existence
I tra-vel a million miles just so-I can see
A million in one miles, a million in one thousand
Casin',
and-carry the case just like grates in waist sell fates in my states
Imperial game, help you survive except with the imperial aim
To shoot through clouds, be a little quite
You just to loud, you need a silencer
You bust to loud
[Hook- Krook][Verse 2- Kurupt]Yeah money and cars, Life of a gangsta in world of stars
Yeah I remember-Family and friends the way lifes starts and the ways it ends
Broken down-taken up-dropped off-knocked off-grow up-blew up
What now-shut down-shackled, chains singled out blame
Wit-Not enough heart, to stand up for
I ain't got a pistol pointed whatcha hand up for
Gave up lost cars as something we fighting for lost following crowds
Look at a nigga now, it doesn't matter whos wrong or right I guess

Long as you fight for yours with all might I guess
This whole confutation, to much stress
Wars for the wrong reasons how our mamas looking at me
How the hoods looking at me badder-or-good looking at me
Mellowing up the shy day play by me
I'm something ya'll never you wanna grow up to be
Dogg Pound Gangstaz, D-P-G
Sincerely to you paragraph by me
Young Gotti
[Hook- Krook][Verse 3- Kurupt]Yeah money and cars, Life of a gangsta in world of stars
Without-my family and friends the way lifes starts and how they end
What a day, why trip, I've been living to much of my life on the hit
Hop, the 6-4 round the block
When all the homies use to bang playin it rock
Get ya game together, learn and earn
More abaration and less street concern
A penny sayer, is million in a year
I'll be busting til' theres no feeling in your ear
Moves calculated,
Just a sneak peek for the homies push mad dogs threads in U-Neek
I don't know why they playing fo',
I got feeling bout what we-be spaying fo'
Theres a time for everythang, trust me homie
Don't try to over sell me or under cut me homie
Keep it on the run and you'll reach the two
And to all the real homies this ones for you
[Hook- Krook][Ending Verse- Kurupt](Krook)
Yeah money and cars, Life of a gangsta in world of stars
Yeah with-my family and friends its the way lifes starts and the ways they end
(The life I live..)
Yeah, My life (The life I live)
Kurupt Young Gotti (Yeah...)
(The life I live..)
(The life I live)
(The life I live..)
(The life I live)

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