Life We Chose

Young Gunz

Uh feel my pain, chea uh-huh
Uh, Young Gunnas, Chris and Neef
It's real shit
North of Death, home of Philly
Uh, chea uh
Lights is gettin' dimmer
Night's gettin' colder
Lost three of my soldiers
Life feel like it's over
Unloadin' there's somethin' in my way
They'll never take me alive
I got somethin' on the way
I'm a survivor, I'ma try to do straight
Try to make it alive, be around for that due date
But it's hard, niggaz hatin' em hard
That loss hurt to the heart
But still they say, "It's they fault", we blame y'all
Nigga how, nigga please, it's still on baby
Tell them niggaz, had they still off safety
What about them other fake dudes that he grew up wit?
Elementary middle school up wit
Man them niggaz was there ain't move yet
I'm startin' to think they had somethin' to do wit it
I used to think them niggaz was scared
It's lookin' a little shaky now
Niggaz happy, his little brother's laughin', his mother hates me now
Though it hurts some days
This is the game we chose to play
Not everything in life is gold but it will be okay
Now the ones, a bullet ain't got no aim
And y'all know bullets ain't got no name
But this is the life we chose and it will never change
Everyday we reminisce about that three day trip
Same night that we left, got a call you hit
Thought you was still wit us, aimed at me that he flipped
Got a call from my peaches, found out where you was hit
Three hit himself who missed him and you just a couple inches
You don't know how much you miss him, bullshittin' in the kitchen
Ninety percent fist fights leadin' to them slammers

But lil' Drake ain't understand until one of them niggaz vanish
This rap shit is crazy but believe me I'ma try

Whether happened or not homie I got lil' five
And with the real ones I'ma slice my pies
As you would of wanted, man I'm so sick to my stomach
That you ain't around enjoyin' the fruits of our labors
Shit's about to jet major, and these niggaz really hate us
Around for nothin' givin' me teeth and palms
Man I don't pay 'em no mind, just try to focus and rhyme ya know
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But this is the life we chose and it will never change
I'm peaches, that's where you can reach us
Cook out every other 'til they took a nigga brother
Love ya like a brother so I try to take ya brother
And he be on some other shit, I be tryin' to tell 'em man
I seen how you feel, he had intentions on killin' my big brother
Just to let me see how he felt, tellin' me his life over fuckin' the cops
They know they after, run before they catch him he got people to kill
That boy crazy, he got people for real
He gone wind up layin' somewhere peaceful for real
Like he the only one goin' through the pain
Like his mom and our peaches ain't goin' through the same
Cool one minute, then he goin' through a change
I don't need that around, keep the heaters around
Just like the rest of the niggaz that I leave in the town
So I separate myself, I look better wit myself
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