My Life

Kool G Rap

Yeah, yeah yeah
G. Rap that's gangsta
(My life nigga)All of my life, I live
I'll be thuggin' with you
Thug it out baby, thug it out baby
Don't stop 'til I die for this
I'll be keepin' it true
Yeah yeah yeah yeahYo, yo
Giancanna, the name break it down simple and plain
Went from a small chimp in the game to gorilla king pimpin' the game
Know how to tempt dames to tense in the Range
Hit the block to pitch rocks, the strength of the nameLimp with a cane, lactosin' limp for the king
We even pack toast expend from the flames, my aim
Strictly about makin' that bread pop blocks red hot
(Y'know)
From feds and cops, lookin' for rock bottles with red topsTradin' lead shots with dreadlocks
Infrared dots 'til their head drop, we fled spots
Word on the curb is when it came to birds we spread flocks
(No doubt)
No tellin' when the bloodshed stop, glide 'til the sled stopCopped the latest every hot flavor in them crocs and gators
Somebody clique riff, pop the bravest
Out of town trips in whips I got from Avis, drop knots in Vegas
My plot for paper was crock pots of wafersAll of my life, I live
I'll be thuggin' with you
Thug it out baby, thug it out baby
Don't stop 'til I die for this
I'll be keepin' it true
Yeah yeah yeah yeahNigga into warm mansion rooms, wall to wall with handsome goons
Half-naked bitches dancin' to tunes
(Uh-huh)
Marble floor to the terrace nigga, glance at the moon
Play the jacuzzi 'til your hands get blueRugs tight, bright as the white sands of Cancun
(Yeah)
Skylights up in the ceilings for the plants to bloom
Nigga we crop grams in dunes, Cuban cigar brand of grandest fumes
Prison niggaz that ran balloonsShut down shop from Jan. to June, and still cop land in the boons
Fuck women in tanning rooms
Every last fingernail on their hand groomed, self built do

Down to the mink pelts, gator belts and silk suitIf I can't stack a nigga cap get peeled loose
Word to them cats that died on the street, it's spilled juice
So where that Don be? In the calm breeze in the palm trees
(Right here)
Bomb G under the arm pieceLivin' in harmony, coke farm pharmacy
Bulletproof armory, school of the hard knock honory
Washin' the jackpot like laundry
Fuckin' Don of the year nominee, honestlyAll of my life, I live
I'll be thuggin' with you
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Yeah yeah yeah yeahAll of my life, I live
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Thug it out baby, thug it out baby
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I'll be keepin' it true
Yeah yeah yeah yeahG. Rap nigga
What, thug shit, Queens clicks
What, uh-huh
Yeah, thug shit, Queens clicks
Thug shit, Queens clicks
Uhh, yeah

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