

Let Me Live (feat. Z-Ro & Shyna)

Trae tha Truth

[Hook: Shyna]

Let me live my life, y'all know y'all ain't right
Niggas be so shife, I'm trying to maintain
Let me live my life, y'all know y'all ain't right
Niggas be so shife, can I do one thang[Trae]
I see these niggas never satisfied, fucking with Trae
Everywhere that I go, these haters wanna put me away
But that's gon be a hell of a job, I'm a mad dude that's ignant by nature
Whether Trae or Frasier, don't come at me wrong cause I'll blaze you
Fraud is what I rate you, when you turn to my foe
Ain't no second guessing or stressing, we ain't homies no mo'
The only true friend I got, is God himself
If you ain't him, you ought to think about guarding yourself
I can't be letting niggas take me off my game, I'm trying to be sane
And if I lose it, I'll introduce you to pain
I don't really think, you wanna take it there
I'll show you the meaning, of life is hard but it's fair
Deep inside should I care, prolly not cause they don't wanna let me live
But if I'm rich on top, I bet these niggas wanna let me give
So I bled the smart way, living life all alone
Cause these haters got me ready, to slap the side of they dome[Hook][Z-Ro]
Lately the devil been riding my back, while a nigga sleeping
So much negativity around me, I attract demons
In the form, of a fine ass bitch sometime
Who only purpose, is to get me for my nickels and dimes
Interrupting my lavish, living with a 2-11
Will run up on Z-Ro, 1-8-7
(May day, may day), you about to witness my AK spray
You look tired, let me help you sleep your life away
Nigga let me, live my life
Nothing but drama, what these busters give my life and I just can't rest
Got me depending on doja, to relieve my stress
Sometime I wonder if a nigga really blessed, cause I'm still here
But I haven't lost my faith, my Lord I still fear
Even though everyday, one of my people get killed here
I'ma keep on mashing, toward the ribbon in the sky
All I wanna do, is live until I die[Hook][Trae]
The way it look to me, is they got too much time on they hands
To be worried about my life, and how I'm getting it man

You need to get your ass a hobby, and get off of my back
Before you react the wrong way, and make me attack you ain't cut out for that
Cause half the shit I lived in my life, you ain't ready fo'
I told you befo', you haters need to let it go
I keep it real too much, to let the devil do me in
I'm a child of God, with a fully loaded Mack 10
Trying to get out of my sins, and to maintain
But it's like every thirty minutes, it's the same thang
Hate me for what, it's like I'm already stuck with a hard life
All my niggas that are gone, and the others that turned shife
I can't live without you hating, so I feel like I'm forced
To get em gone and it's ugly, when applying my force
And I don't think you wanna know, what I can give
But I'ma give it anyway, until they let me live

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>