Living This Life

Ugk

Lord, it's so hard, living this life
A constant struggle each and everyday
Some wonder why I'd rather die
Than to continue living this way
Uh, I don't wanna do this no mo'
But dis the only thang that I know
I keep a pistol in my back and a gauge on the flo'
The laws and the jackers wanna kick in my do'
I'm a D-boy, didn't graduate
But I got Ph.D from Pimp State
And I got a Master's Degree in movin' weight
And my people dependin' on me but they gon' be straight
Uh, I wanna go to service
But I ain't been in so long, kinda make me feel nervous
'Cause they be lookin' at me funny
Watchin' the plate when I tithe put in my money
I don't wanna go back to that hell
Rather be dead than doin' life in a jail cell
Die young, oh well, I had a good life
They rappin' 'bout it but I'm out here payin' the price
Lord, it's so hard living this life
A constant struggle each and everyday
Some wonder why I'd rather die
Than to continue living this way
I wake up out of bed, right after the crack of dawn
And I give myself a stretch up, a mornin? yawn
And see, I'm a pawn in this neighborhood chess game
Move one step at a time, long as the Lord bless me
I know the rest aim high, I'm tryin' to aim it higher
Watchin' the lames aspire to street success, mayne
They tryin' to flame the fire but that's like wettin' water
You either burnt or washed out, so get in order
Everyday it's gettin' harder to fuck with the flow
I'm tryin' to keep all of my motherfuckin' ducks in a row
I gotta see a man 'bout a dog and sell him a cat
If you don't know, then you don't know, dat's dat
Shit, a dollar outta fifteen cents, I got a dime
Tryin' to hustle up my way to a million, I gotta grind

Walkin' the line like cash, I'm on my mash
Two hundred yards behind in a hundred yard dash
Lord, it's so hard, living this life
A constant struggle each and everyday
Some wonder why I'd rather die
Than to continue living this way
Lord, I'm sittin' here on bended knee, my hands locked, eyes shut
Askin' You to watch over me, no matter what
Even though I ain't too well behaved, I'm still a child of You
And faith in my Holy Father is all that keep me smilin'
Through the bad times and worse times, through it all
When my head is hangin' low, You help me to stand tall
The only way I'ma ball, the only way I'ma shine
Is if You lookin' after me while I'm out here on the grind
Uh, I know you bless the child that go get it
I'm the product of the ghetto, the flame of the city
So I talk the language of the ave?
Forgive my dirty mouth, please, I'm whippin' slabs
Fifties, quarters and the whole thangs
Balance in my life on the fo' beam
And I need codeine just to stay sane
I'm steady prayin' to You but I don't know Your real name
Knahmtalkinbout?
But I'm under the impression that if your heart is in the right place
Your prayers gon' get heard anyway
So some say Jah Jah, some say Allah
Some say Jesus, some say Yeshua Ben'ta, knahmalkinbout?
Ay man, I just look like this, man, knahmtalkinbout?
I ain't get this far bein' no square man
You wanna hide some'n from black folks
They say you can put it in a book, I don't believe that
'Cause I done read fo' libraries worth of books
I got some knowledge y'all need to get up on, mayne
But hold a pair of hearts, knahmtalkinbout?
For they laws and power, knahmsayin? The art of war
The secret societies of America, knahmtalkinbout?
Everythang ain't what it look like, man
And don't judge every book by its cover, ya dig? Hold up

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