

# Life Jacket (ft. Suga Free & Dom Kennedy)

## DJ Quik

Woe is me I can't get my bread up when it's so easy  
I can't keep my head above the stormy seas  
All I need Someone to look out for me  
Toss me (A life jacket) Woe is me I can't get my bread up when it's so easy  
I can't keep my head above the stormy seas  
All I need Someone to look out for me  
Toss me (A life jacket) I'm in a Chevy, with the top dropped  
I parked both Benzes, but neither's in the shop  
I'm on my third Rolex, but show me what's next  
And I bet I'll do get it, do it, done it  
Dag gone it, I'm a mess  
And when I play this guitar  
It's goin' make my dick hard  
Something like the Scarecrow  
Michael Jackson  
Fuck the Wizard  
I should have gone ?  
Bipolar is Julliard  
Either extreme, I'll kill you motherfuckers, on the schoolyard  
Checks off, in bound  
Watch the Quiksta get down  
I hate a hacker, Hacker players need to go back  
Sit down  
Cuz if you ain't with the now  
That makes you way back when  
And you can keep all of that retro-dated action  
Now get up on my time zone  
Quit workin' with limestones  
Switch that shit for marble and granite  
Produced Whitney and Janet  
Oh you can't  
Nobody else on this planet  
It's just me, I'm a plant  
And I'm so dope, you can't handle it  
I rhyme, and you ramblin' I rhyme and you ramblin' Woe is me I can't get my bread up when it's so easy  
I can't keep my head above the stormy seas  
All I need Someone to look out for me  
Toss me (A life jacket) Yeah, tryna burn somethin'  
Buy a lot of books these days

Tryna learn somethin'  
Cars that ain't got no miles  
You know my style  
See me and be like 'wow'  
She so aroused  
Had to let the windows down  
You know the crown  
The all white and black White Sox hat  
It's goin' down  
Take a nigga shoppin' or somethin'  
Don't be frontin'  
Told everybody we datin', no we wasn't  
We was just havin' some fun, then you tripped  
Talkin' that relationship shit  
Then I dipped  
Went to the studio, quick, Got with Quik  
Told him 'let me get a 16', made a hit  
The O.P.M. money, legit, keep countin'  
Last time I made ten records off three ounces  
I'ma need a house with a view and three fountains  
Just a little something for my niggas to keep bouncin'  
Uh, cuz we don't dance much  
I still sag and pull my pants up  
Aye, ya'll should start doin' stand up  
You sold records, pull them scans up  
Aye, said my niggas pull them ? up  
Aye, now you niggas understand ?  
Yeah, Dj Quik hooked the jam up  
Sound like he hooked the band up  
Suga Free I'm a fan bruh  
Aye, this finna fuck the land up  
Uh  
Cuz it'll neva stop  
Your style is like lemonade, it'll neva pop  
Everytime you on TV, I don't neva watch  
I'm the one who created the game, I can neva flop  
Rest in Peace to Etta James, she's in a better spot  
This summer I'm making fur and wearing leather hotDj Quik, you're the greatest

Songwriters

BALFOUR, DAVID AHMAD / BLAKE, DAVID MARVIN / HUNN, DOMINIC R. / WALKER, DAJUAN

L.Published by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>