Trife Life

War from a Harlots Mouth

Check it out now, word up, Son, shit is ill kid
Knahmsayin'? Bein' that we livin' the motherfuckin' trife life
Don't have another day right? It's only right
Let me put you on to what happens Son
Never believe this shit, kick that shit
It's just another day, drownin' my troubles with a forty
That's when I got the call from this brown skin shorty
She asked me where's my crew at? Said we could do whatever
She got her crew too and said that we should get together
I said, "Aight, just call me back in a hour
So I can take a shower and gather up the manpower"
Then I hung up the horn
And I thought to myself that it might be on
'Cause this trick ain't pick up the phone to call me in years
Ever since I left the hoe lonely in tears
Ain't no tellin' what her friends puttin' up in her ears
Ideas of settin' me up, I'm not tryin' ta hear
Check it out, son, so we take the gats for precautions
Plus this trick live in Brooklyn, home of the coffin
She might got a whole batallion of Bucktowners
Waitin' for us to get up off the train and surround us
Or maybe, I'm blowin' this shit out of proportion
But this shit do happen to niggaz very often
So fuck it, a nigga gotta do what he meant to
My crew got my back, fuck the world is my mental
We put together five soldiers, the bitch called
My blood curdled, told me to meet her on Myrtle
Got to the plaza, we're waitin' for the G train
We put a plan together, just in case the beef came
Now we Bed Stuy bound
Far from home and on unknown ground
But together we six deep, with fire piece, nuttin' sweet
First nigga frontin', gettin' lifted off his fuckin' feet
It took eternity, we reached our destination
My heartbeat is racin' like a cardiac patient
We finally got to Myrtle outside the train station
I saw not a soul, told my peoples to be patient
But hold up, that's when a black caravan rolled up
My legs then froze up, I grabbed my pound

Told my man, "Eyes open 'cause it might go down"
Said he don't like the way the shit is startin' to sound
Evey angle of the car was smoked out and tinted
So we couldn't tell if the enemy was in it
It mighta been TNT, I wasn't tryin to wait and see, we
Jetted thru Marcy 'cause Dee's ain't baggin' me
Word Son, they got us on the run, Dunn, see yo
Check it out, check it out, check it out, yo
Trife life got me thinkin' like an animal
No doubt, no doubt, no doubt, no doubt, yo
What can kill you is what you don't know
Okay check it, you're on your way to your girl's crib
But the bitch live in the Bridge
You ain't really sweatin' it, 'cause little do you know
The niggaz in the Bridge be settin' it
You thought you was safe and tried to walk
The backstreets without heat
On the 41st Side settin' it of 12th Street
The cyber-niggaz don't give a fuck
Decide well if you come thru frontin', kid you gettin' bucked
On your way, to apartment 3A
With a phat herringbone, let him slide, no days
Son, get the heat, 'cause I'm about to stick 'em
(Fuck that shit, yo, if that nigga front, yo hit him)
Aight bet, so just hold it down
While I cock back the long three pound
You're upstairs bonin', not knowin' that I'm scheamin'
Just the right time kid, it's twelve in the evenin'
You're leavin' out the buildin' as you kiss your girl goodbye
Thought you was safe and got caught by surprised
"What's goin' on?", as I reply
"Shut the fuck up and don't make this 'to another homicide"
He tried to play tough so I put one in his brain
Even though I took his life, all I wanted was the chain
Come through truck without heat, how you figure?
When you in the projects keep your fingers on the trigger
But fuck that we're juxin', if you got what we like you gets tooken
Put you on your back, send you on your way, yo good lookin'
Now be catchin' the cap that holes in ya Lewis in Brooklyn
Gettin' to' up from the flo' up, hit the dress sto' up
Got the 80-0 in case a nigga wanna roll up
Get'cha motherfuckin' shit swoll up
Now it's back to Queens to serve fiends
Makin G's by any means, my eyes on my enemies
Sippin' Hennessey, with my mind on some crime shit

One-time searchin' me but never ever find shit
It's the everyday, get the loot then breeze
Though my goal is to leave outta state, push ki's
But all this bullshit holdin' me down, I can't leave
Fuck a 9 to 5, I get the loot with ease
Don't even need a degree to earn a six-digit figure
I get mines slingin' on the corner with my niggaz
Pullin' the trigger when the drama appears
'Cause that nigga worse enemy is fear, so yo
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