Life's A Bitch

Nas

Aiyyo, wassup wassup let's keep it real son
Count this money, you know what I'm saying?
Yea yea
Aiyyo, put the Grant's over there in the safe you know what I'm saying?
Yea yea
'Cause we spendin' these Jackson's
The Washington's go to wifey, you know how that go
I'm sayin', that's what this is all about right?
Clothes, bankrolls, and hoes you know what I'm saying?
Yo then what man, what?Visualizin' the realism of life and actuality
Fuck who's the baddest a person's status depends on salary
And my mentality is, money orientated
I'm destined to live the dream for all my peeps who never made it'Cause yeah, we were beginners in the hood as five percenters
But somethin' must of got in us 'cause all of us turned to sinners
Now some, restin' in peace and some are sittin' in San Quentin
Others such as myself are tryin' to carry on traditionKeepin' the schwepervesence street ghetto essence inside us
'Cause it provides us with the proper insight to guide us
Even though, we know somehow we all gotta go
But as long as we leavin', thievin' we'll be leavin' with some kind of doughSo and to that day we expire and turn to vapors
Me and my capers, I'll be somewhere stackin' plenty papers
Keepin' it real, packin' steel, gettin' high
'Cause life's a bitch and then you dieLife's a bitch and then you die, that's why we get high
'Cause you never know when you're gonna go
Life's a bitch and then you die, that's why we puff lye
'Cause you never know when you're gonna go
Life's a bitch and then you die, that's why we get high
'Cause you never know when you're gonna go
Life's a bitch and then you die, that's why we puff lyeI woke up early on my born day, I'm twenty years of blessing
The essence of adolescent leaves my body now I'm fresh in
My physical frame is celebrated 'cause I made it
One quarter through life some godly like thing createdGot rhymes 365 days annual plus some
Load up the mic and bust one, cuss while I puffs from
My skull, 'cause it's pain in my brain, vein money maintain
Don't go against the grain simple and plainWhen I was young at this I used to do my thing hard
Droppin' foreigners take they wallets
They jewels and rip they green cards

Dipped to the projects flashin' my quick cash
And got my first piece of ass smokin' blunts with hashNow it's all about cash in abundance, niggaz I used to run with
Is rich or doin' years in the hundreds
I switched my motto, instead of sayin', "Fuck tommorrow"
That buck that bought a bottle could've struck the LottoOnce I stood on the block, loose cracks produce stacks
I cooked up and cut small pieces to get my loot back
Time is illmatic, keep static like wool fabric
Pack a four-matic that crack your whole cavityLife's a bitch and then you die, that's why we get high
'Cause you never know when you're gonna go
Life's a bitch and then you die, that's why we puff lye
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Life's a bitch and then you die

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