

# Life We Chose (Featuring Denim)

## Young Gunz

[Intro: Young Chris]

Uh feel my pain, chea uh-huh

Uh, Young Gunnas, Chris and Neef

It's real shit

North of Death, home of Philly

Uh, chea uh[Verse 1: Young Chris]

Lights is gettin' dimmer

Nights gettin' colder

Lost three of my soldiers

Life feel like it's over

Unloadin' there's somethin' in my way

They'll never take me alive

I got somethin' on the way

I'ma survive I'ma try to do straight

Try to make it alive, be around for that due date

But it's hard, niggaz hatin' em hard

That loss hurt to the heart

But still they say it's they fault, we blame y'all

Nigga how, nigga please

It's still on baby

Tell them niggaz had they still off safety

What about them other fake dudes that he grew up wit

Elementary middle school up wit

Man them niggaz was there ain't move yet

I'm startin' to think they had somethin' to do wit it

I used to think them niggaz was scared

It's lookin' a little shaky now

Niggaz happy his little brother's laughin', his mother hate me now[Chorus: Denim]

Even though it hurts some days

This is the game we chose to play

Not everything in life is gold but it will be okay

Now a bullet ain't got no aim

And y'all know bullets ain't got no name

But this is the life we chose

And it will never change[Verse 2: Neef]

Everyday we reminisce about that three day trip

Same night that we left, got a call you hit

Thought you was still wit us, aimed at me that he flipped

Got a call from my peaches found out where you was hit

Three hit himself who missed him and you just a couple inches  
You don't know how much you miss him, bullshittin' in the kitchen  
Ninety percent fist fights leadin' to them slammers  
But lil' Drake ain't understand until one of them niggaz vanish  
This rap shit is crazy but believe me I'ma try  
Whether happened or not homie I got lil' five  
And with the real ones I'ma slice my pies  
As you would of wanted, man I'm so sick to my stomach  
That you ain't around enjoyin' the fruits of our labors  
Shit's about to get major, and these niggaz really hate us  
Around for nothin' givin' me teeth and palms  
Man I don't pay 'em no mind, just try to focus and rhyme ya know[Chorus][Verse 3: Young Chris]  
I'm peaches that's where you can reach us  
Cook out every other til' they took a nigga brother  
Love ya like a brother so I try to take ya brother  
And he be on some other shit, I be tryin' to tell 'em man  
I seen how you feel  
He had intentions on killin' my big brother  
Just to let me see how he feel  
Tellin' me his life over fuckin' cops  
They know they after, run before they catch him he got people to kill  
That boy crazy, he got people for real  
He gone wind up layin' somewhere peaceful for real  
Like he the only one goin' through the pain  
Like his mom and our peaches ain't goin' through the same  
Cool one minute, then he goin' through a change  
I don't need that around, keep the heaters around  
Just like the rest of the niggaz that I leave in the town  
So I separate myself, I look better wit myself[Repeat Chorus]

Songwriters

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