

# Dis Iz Da Life

## St. Lunatics

(talking)

>Man, I've been thinking

What you've been thinking about man?

>Ever since Country Grammar done spent seven million

Millions I told you

>That shit's been crazy

Shit's been frucking crazy, I tell ya(Chorus - Ali & Murphy Lee)

Maaaaaan, this is the life, club packed, I'm lovin that

Picking the best hoes like a runningback, what up with that?

Ma' (come on ma'), let's break and leave the spot

Before the haters who ain't fuckin shoot up the parking lot

Maaaaaan, this is the life, club packed, I'm lovin that

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Maaaaaan, this is the life(Murphy Lee)

Ay yo, I'm Chachee Acolla, dirty, I know ya heard me

'Cause I'm forty-eight plus negative thirty, Murphy perverted

And you know that, be in strip clubs where the shows at

Keep a show packed, ay, Yella Mack, where my dough at?

Herky got my quarter-0 sack and blunt papers

Quick to rip and rap roll that, my life saver

Playa hater hater, Lunatic rhyme maker

I'm the arm, the leg, the leg, arm, head maker

Call me when you finna' break up, you can't take a

I take curr (care) a that, it be ok when we wake up

Short so I gotta lay-up, no dunkin for me

I sport the ten, ain't no puntin for me

Murphy Lee the school boy's what you want me to be

So I'm a be that, for six D-I-G-I-Ts

I'm a L-you-N-A-T-I-see, 'bout to be-L-O-W-you-P, c'mon(Chorus)(Kyjuan)

y'all be hatin a lot 'cause we makin a lot

I be's that nigga like Vacant Lot

I'm achin hot, check what you got to get in the spot

I'm takin a shot before I pull up on the lot

It's V.I.P. parkin, walked in sparkin

Ain't nobody chargin, feelin like a sergeant

They all linin up, all nines and up

And I better make my choice, the nights windin enough

Long skirt, cornrows, she's fine enough  
 Dressed in black, black suit and my brim be black  
 With a Cardinal bird on it, my team gon' blow  
 Nigga, I put my word on it, my team shoots well  
 That's if I had a curve on it, no standin in line (who, me?)  
 My coat got fur on it, I'm a slide right in  
 And I keep a room key, ain't no need for no pin  
 I got Sugar Daddy partyin wit' me, man, bring mo' friends(Chorus)(Nelly)  
 Check it  
 It ain't my fault I was born with Country Grammar and talk, ma'  
 No ma', I ain't hurt, that's just my walk, ma'  
 Slight limp son, you know, to Simpson  
 I keep it burged out, play your cards right you get some  
 Call me Kane when ya sayin my name, the lips numb  
 I'm talkin brains in the back of the Range, (been done)  
 I be's like only five-ten, weighin one-seven-one  
 But if you close your eyes, swore you're gettin crushed by a bum  
 Be like "oh Nelly, can I call you Mr. Hanes?"  
 Whichever one just made you came, then that'll be thy name  
 The one they couldn't tame, I ain't speakin from the vain  
 I'm speakin from the change, the rapper and the chain  
 The high rise, overlookin ducks and thangs  
 I can see you're fascinated by the trucks and thangs  
 On Q, when she hopped on the tip my man  
 She must've been a vibrant thang, a vibrant thang, ay  
 All my niggas, if you wit' me let me know, (why?)  
 Who keep it hotter in the night than in the day (I)  
 "You boys for real", "you fakin" at the same time  
 Gotta set the game tight 'cause some a y'all ain't playin right(Chorus)(talking)  
 Ever since that Country Grammar shit, you know, this has been the life  
 >Man, I don't know, I've been thinking  
 I don't man, like, everywhere I fucking go  
 they all know that "down, down, baby" shit  
 >Maybe it's nothing changed, it's the other people around them changing  
 Everybody else around you changed, I have noticed that, I noticed that  
 >Maybe, maybe...  
 You just try to do what you've been tryin to do from day one  
 You know, it's like everybody with you until this shit happens  
 Once the shit happens, nobody rolls with you anymore  
 Everybody wants to be like, you know "fuck him"  
 You know what I'm sayin?  
 (both) Maaaan, this is the life!

Songwriters

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