It's the Life

Dogerstyle & Yaway

Chea, ayo
Everybody name brand me I was same pants, same top
Coke and hot dogs out the same pot
Since a buck, I been packing weapons
Only strappin' niggas doin' when they sexin'
Every head is in the crew is yes man
My music and my shootin' perfected
I can't afford to lose I'm destined
To hit that road, collect and try to hop up
Out of the hood niggas, frown they see me pop up
Get locked up and they still with them coppers
Give 'em somethin' from the choppers
I got to flow with the choppers
Giving them gas they need ox call the doctor
Raw and uncut no mask know who shot ya
Try to tell them chill for real but they don't listen though
'Till the 45th come kiss 'em under the mistletoe
And that's the last time I'ma remind y'all
Next time creepin' up with somethin' behind y'all
It's the life, just livin' it right
Shoot first and don't think twice
And homie if the price is right, niggas say get at ya
'Bout who draw the fastest, casket or the ashes
Yo, it's lovely when your squeezin' 'em
Ugly when you're receivin' 'em
And ya peeps going crazy in the receivin' room
A gun like a lung you goin' need more than one
This for every block in the ghetto or where I'm from
I started off 9 or 10 runnin' wit my step pops
Learned how to collect from niggas and set up shizzop
Never buy hard from him I learned to cook rock
Summer time blizzock winter time shizzop
Let the smokers run them in, all they want is 3 for 10
Give up that password before you get the fuck in
Before we get to buckin', leave 'em where they stand at
Respect we demand that, now tell me where them grams at
Stacks rubber band wraps the streets the limmy
Got me a squadder wit a driver a souped up hemi
Be happy you in my presence, I can't give you a penny

'Cause this nigga only tough when that shit's up in any nigga
It's the life, just livin' it right
Shoot first and don't think twice
And homie if the price is right, niggas say get at ya
'Bout who draw the fastest, casket or the ashes
Yeah, ain't nuttin soft about me but niggas they doubt me
So I'm a have to run through they alley
Pick bread off of they balcony
Then toss the gun nigga, I'm outty or nigga I'm rowdy
But common sense plays a bigger part of me
My pookie when it comes to the Uzi it just be callin' me
Mr.Brown not Bob or Foxy or Nino
It's pooda baby the ruger baby will clean the scene though
Excuse me ladies been through it lately but doin' my thing though
The crib 24 hours nigga the hood casino
You lil niggas soft 'till that banana clip emptyin'
He not there dot on his head like he an Indian
It's training day nigga wake up early
Or we be in your crib burners wake up Shirley
Cabinets and the bed nigga check that thoroughly
I need that cooked up cookie homie end that story
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