

Living The Life

Sabatta

To my motherfuckin' man, 'Fifty Grand', 'The Alcoholic Man'
Inject a tall can in his blood stream if he can
Biggie Smalls, the pussy stroker
Emcee prover, chocolate tah smoker
I like to max in Maximas and Acuras
[Incomprehensible] butt cheeks, I'm smackin' 'em
The raw rapper, spot snapper
Wit the lil' hookers on my lap-ah, you know your favorite macker
A shy nigga but I ain't ya fuckin' comforter
And if I ever fall in love, I better fuck it up
Ask the hooker if I didn't jug her
If she try to front then I drop the Chucky Booker on her
Why you wanna play games on me?
Bitch, you crazy? Commitments, I'm Swayze
No time for the ill shit
Mess with the niggaz on that real blood, spill shit
My rappin' tactics are drastic
Stretchin' motherfuckers like Mr. Fantastic
So, if you wanna see my pedigree
You better be filled with energy, niggaz never gettin' me
Big cities and bright lights
Short days and long nights
No stress and no strife
I'm high off living the life
Big cities and bright lights
Short days and long nights
No stress and no strife
I'm high, I'm high off living the life
It's clear to see that I'm the motherfuckin' man
I done learned from the best of 'em
Took the first slot, niggaz, still second guessin' 'em
Hoes, I'm undressin' 'em, foes, I'm not stresin' 'em
Outlastin' a bunch of 'em, outflowed the rest of 'em
'Cuz everyday, I stay preachin' on this pulpit
So, tell them haters they could miss me with that bullshit
But I won't miss this, Luda, the heat holder
I'm rich, bitch, I've done more shows than Hova
And I'm a soldier, ready for whatever
Roll with a bunch of niggaz that don't know no better

King like Coreddar, countin' mo' cheddar
Just hired two dykes to be my ho' getters
When it comes to these women, dog, ain't nobody fuckin' wit me
They runnin' back, you think I had TJ Duckett wit me
That's 'cause I throw it like Vick from the yard line
Menage a trois, it's safe to say I'm havin' hard times
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To my nigga Chopper dot, with the whoopty-whop on the block
Got the heaters cocked 'cause I know them suckers on the block
Hennesey and Belve-D, brings a lot of jealousy
Nigga, stop snitchin', nephew, why you tellin' me?
They say the game ain't what it use to be on [Incomprehensible]
He used to be a G but now he just a ho'
Runnin' 'round, poitin' fingers, tellin' names
You fuckin' up the rules to this dirty game, it's a dirty shame
I ain't flippin' out, that's probably why I'm dippin' out
Y'all fools trippin' out, that's why I'm on a different route
Makin' money, havin' clout, is that what it's all about?
Twenty-seven cars and a twelve bedroom house
Now, they call me Snoopy Trump
I keep my heater close 'cause I love to bust
I sustain on a nigga, I bang on a nigga
Kick rocks and watch how I do my thang
Young nigga, I'm livin' the life
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