

# 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  
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  
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  
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  
Big cities and bright lights  
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No stress and no strife  
I'm high, I'm high off living the life

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