

One Forty (New Vocal Up Version)

Nappy Roots

No more wine for me, no more dimes of weed
'Cuz I'm tryin' to see, if my mind can reach
The level of the game that we die to see
I'm talkin' bout naturally where ya mind is free
See I'm a dying breed, a country-fried emcee
I used to rhyme for free, but now I rhyme for cheese
See it was bound to be, when there's mouths to feed
And there's bills to pay, somethin' gotta give way
The way I feel today, I could care less
'Cuz my mind is made, yeah my hair's a mess
I don't bother to shave, I walk around bare chest
like a candy face, like I'm wearin' a vest
I dare ya to test, I push a hundred-five reps
Showin' off my pecs, triceps and biceps
I'm all for the cause, ready to die next
I'm all for the cause, ready to die next
We don't even talk about it we live it, we live it
(How you gon' tell me how to live my life?)
(Can't nobody tell me how to live my life)
And if you think you can take it from us, come get it, come get it
(How you gon' tell me how to live my life?)
(Can't nobody tell me how to live my life)
This life? It's mine
It's yours? It's mine
That's right it's mine
That's yours this mine
This life? It's mine
It's yours? It's mine
That's right it's mine
That's yours this mine
Now ah, when I was a, young man
There was a couple of things poppa put in my head
Never sit down when ya need to stand
Never drink down all ya dreams and plans
Poppa, what's that inside ya glass?
Don't do as I do boy, do as I ask
See do it right if ya gon' do it that fast
And don't do it if ya gon' do it half-assed
Well, since then I been an over-achiever
Smoker and drinker, only I would opened my blinkers
And I'm broke, so I guess I gotta choke on my finger
'Cuz I need to come up, ah I'm just a dreamer
A hustle schemer, these cops be corrupt like Rupp Arena
Try an bust my weiner, with these court subpoenas petty misdemeanors

"Boy you ain't worth" like student like teacher We don't even talk about it we live it, we live it

(How you gon' tell me how to live my life?)

(Can't nobody tell me how to live my life)

And if you think you can take it from us, come get it, come get it

(How you gon' tell me how to live my life?)

(Can't nobody tell me how to live my life) This life? It's mine

It's yours? It's mine

That's right it's mine

That's yours this mine

This life? It's mine

It's yours? It's mine

That's right it's mine

That's yours this mine Same jeans in the spring that I strut in the fall

No comb, no fade, no nothin' at all

I'll give a finger for the haters and one for the law

Sounds fine, Nappy Roots a little somethin' for y'all

Get a dutch, jump the gultch, then stuff it with straw

Get higher than a motherfucker, deep in the call

Hit the liquor sto', makin' mo', fifth and I pause

Get love tryna cut, got ya dick and balls

Hell naw then broads at the wall Big pimpin' on a budget, tryna make it the mall

Thank the Lord, for just livin', makin' the most

'Scuse me, anybody got change I can borrow?

Dime? Caught a penny tryna get to the mall

Wanna buy me some ice too, slip it and fall

Ops silly me, big nuts and they gone

Didn't see that shit comin' like a truck in the fall We don't even talk about it we live it, we live it

(How you gon' tell me how to live my life?)

(Can't nobody tell me how to live my life)

And if you think you can take it from us, come get it, come get it

(How you gon' tell me how to live my life?)

(Can't nobody tell me how to live my life) This life? It's mine

It's yours? It's mine

That's right it's mine

That's yours this mine

This life? It's mine

It's yours? It's mine

That's right it's mine

That's yours this mine Lemme hear ya say

Nappy Roots see ya dawg, all my magazine

It's that life B, gotta make that choice

It's all on you

Lemme hear ya say

Lemme hear ya say

Lemme hear ya say

Songwriters

CHAMBERS, W. JAMES II / HUGHES, WILLIAM RAHSAAN / SCOTT, BRIAN K. / WILSON, RONALD

C.Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group, SILVER FOX MUSIC GROUP

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>