

# My Life (feat. Alley Boy & Fat Trel)

## Master P

Yeah, this is my life,  
I'm a do me, this is my life.  
Yeah I like to buy cars, fuck yeah, fuck bad bro's.  
I'm on the road fly a couple year  
Since the money to the fuckin pimp,  
Yeah this is my life, I'm a do me this is my life. Uh, I do this for my niggas, sell the fucking blunt,  
Take it to the chances, running from the cops,  
Zip I had a wet nigga to our own bar,  
Ask of tone and get it done, it's a cold world.  
But nigga, I ain't fucking Jacob,  
Keep yur mouth, close no snitch that's street cold,  
My little niggas out ahead of y'all,  
Pockets hella fat, motherfucker, call me Santa Claus.  
I'm from the South, call me swap nigga  
Nigga you ain't round here, then you might get part nigga.  
Rooth down of the motherfucking hide the mollie,  
Have a nigga sweat like in gip, fucking guacamoli.  
Yeah I like to buy cars, fuck yeah, fuck bad bro's  
I'm on the road fly a couple year  
Since the money to the fuckin pimp.  
Yeah I like to buy cars, fuck yeah, fuck bad bro's  
I'm on the road fly a couple year  
Since the money to the fuckin pimp. Yeah I like to buy cars, yeah I like fuck rough,  
Yeah I like to take a half of brick wippin summer song.  
Yeah I like to heat lief, even though a nigga reach,  
I think of a master plan, see my hitter in that pitch.  
Why you're riding motorbikes, we've been fucking freaks and dice,  
Every paid it through no one, here one wanna blew up all the night.  
Don't say that's my family, I rap it to the death of me,  
Then we lick with master piece, to mill the Jone the family,  
I do the LA in the 6-4 my clothes in the pistol,  
Bitch I got a collar-coe, we keep it there where we go,  
Money to my dogs in the benz, straight to Januar,  
Tell em daddy make when he get home, get some conversate.  
Yeah I like to buy cars, fuck yeah, fuck bad bro's  
I'm on the road fly a couple year  
Since the money to the fuckin pimp.  
Yeah I like to buy cars, fuck yeah, fuck bad bro's  
I'm on the road fly a couple year

Since the money to the fuckin pimp. Hey, purpose sprite, ice like a Sean bright,  
West coast, growing dope like a fought light  
Bad bitch make em laugh bust a hard rife,  
Make her call another bitch, make her ball bike,  
Damn right so much white, had to take her flight,  
Right wrist so much ice, I'm falls bike,  
Talk light, walk slow, how what you know?  
She gonna suck em, she gonna fuck em, let my bro go.  
Take it slow, fuck her twice, take her oh,  
Talking slow, you know 'cause you're too slow,  
It's high cold, fuck her bitch fuck her wife  
It's forever with my niggas and that's for life.  
Life, wife Yeah I like to buy cars, fuck yeah, fuck bad bro's  
I'm on the road fly a couple year  
Since the money to the fuckin pimp.  
Yeah I like to buy cars, fuck yeah, fuck bad bro's  
I'm on the road fly a couple year  
Since the money to the fuckin pimp.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>