

Da Band, My Life

(sara)
welcome welcome welcome

(fred)
its crazy

(sara)
welcome welcome welcome

(fred)
but im thankful

(sara)
welcome welcome welcome
(fred)
for everything

(sara)
welcome welcome welcome

(fred)
welcome welcome

(ness)
life is what u make it
you gotta put in hard work
cant let anyone hold u down baby

(sara)
welcome welcome

(ness)

Hit the bricks chicks like damn where you been loyd
locked up wit a bad case of hemroid
writin and fightin trifflin rhymes about the
life and the timez of niggaz on the grind
white collar criminals climb the corperate ladder
while niggas like me gotta sell coke and crack
whistle me freedom boxed up missin a season
its a set up hypathetically speakin
even my pops was knocked over tickets for speedin
drinkin and drivin i aint forget
he think i forgot him
my mom got gray hairs from worryin sick
and my sister got a house now pushin the stick
its a lil somethin to get her from a to b
i got no where to go come and stay wit me
wit a niece and nephew that love me to death
my lil brother nick i guess he lovin whats left

(sara)

life is what u make it
although it may sound basic
goin through some bad times
but be thankful for the good times yea
though we must build up
the strengths to carry on
welcome to my world
welcome welcome

(fred)

I remember one mornin i was cookin the O
and out the blue i heard a knock at the door
i look through the peep hole and its a feen
and he needed some coke and at the time i really needed his dough
but i know the rules
you never sell crack where u rest at
cause hatters send shells where ya chest at
but in my case them motha fuckas send shells to where my vest at
found out i aint dead
give em a spot to rest at
i found out bout they spot
had to go an X that
my eyes reder then cyclopse
call me the X-men
i thank god just for ever blessin
though the roads got tough thanks for every lesson
i carry
loads at time
even though it gets stressin
i remember stickin the clip in
lockin got second guessin
i couldnt stand the rain
of new addition
the fast lane had me layin in the crouse wit bentlys
in my life

(sara)

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(babs)

pot heads and high schools drop outs
little girls wit they stomachs popped out
i seen it all
niggaz streched out by the coroner store
life no more, dont seem small
im gettin focused
in the crib writtin rhymes while im smokin
while niggaz on the block toatin i see em later
my moms make paper but cheap wit the cash
ask for a pair of kicks, she told me "ask ya dad"
so i would rather hit the ave and knock off rote
100 pack in da pocket of my guess jean skirt
mean while still tryin to get a deal on the side
battle bitches outside infront of kennedy drive
alot of niggaz wanna see me shine
but i still got the lames laggin behind
hatin on mine
its nothin
ima get to the top regardless
got love for female rappers but think im the hardest in my life

(sara) 2x

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to my world

repeat till end

welcome welcome welcome