

Ja Rule, Thug Life

(feat. Case)

[Ja Rule]

Ja Rule, yeah
Irv Gotti, uh, huh
Big Rob, haha
It's how we do it
Yeah, it's my life

[Case]

What's the matter with your life?

[Ja]

Everything from the evils to price, from the guns to mic
I'm livin' my life runnin' through hell with no wife
It's a sin, but I tell my lost soul to win
Go to bed and die, then wake up breathin' again
Cuz I'm all in even though shit ain't right
I wake up, sweating my life every night
Tell me, is you the devil that gon' get me?
Or is God don't feel like bein' bothered with?
So hard to hit me, but this life I sacrifice
Fuck chrome lines in the dark, my daughter gon' see the light
If I die young it's cuz a nigga too high strung
Got a scary love for guns but too much weed in my lungs
Still niggaz screamin' Ja's the one
Chosen like God's only begotten son
It's my life

[Case]

Thug life, everybody needs a friend
Thug life, we all got a space to fill
Thug life, everybody wanna be on top
Life, it ain't that funky
Yes he's got that dropping
Tell me, what's the matter with your bitch?

[Ja]

Baby, I don't respect shit, with diamonds and live reckless
Pushing the six, top speed, getting my dick licked
I'm childish, one of a kind, one of my own
I'm about to take these freak hoes to levels unknown
Touch a little, later on, fuck a little
The more resist the better, I'm in it for whatever
Feel me, I don't need weed to get high
Some good head make a nigga kiss the sky
No lie, but if she ain't right, turn the lights off
Put her on her stomach and fuck her 'til ya dick soft
The rules to the streets, love
I met you kinda drunk with a light buzz
I respect it cuz niggaz ain't shit, you right
Cuz every bitch need a lil' dick in they life
I betcha

[Case]

Thug life, everybody needs a friend
Thug life, we all got a space to fill
Thug life, everybody wanna be on top
Life, it ain't that funky
Yes he's got that dropping
Tell me, what's he puttin' in your mouth?

[Ja]

Nigga, ain't nuttin' goin' in need that's trail

But how told y'all 'bout how we gettin' it now
40-inch screen nigga, rocks gleam, nigga
You a customer, and I love a fiend, nigga
Cuz just like the coke, cook up and come back
I load up the gat, tell niggaz to hold hat
Help me, what I do is a stick of genius
I study the eyes of niggaz who done seen this
Learn to lean on the mean, yeah
Coverin' my ground, paying attention to the cracks in the cement
It's on now cuz I got my vision together
What y'all thought? I was gon crawl blind forever?
It's now or never, corrupt thoughts 'til I die
When you talk to me, motherfucker, please look in my eyes
See my life

[Chorus to end]