

# 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]