

N.O.R.E., The Life Of A... (Gangsta)

They'll be a man

One to lead his people into victory

One who goes through time

One who seen pain

The one who see's the glory

That man is I, Capone

The leader, follow me

They wanna beat me like Rodney

See me like Pac

Have me like O.J. doing 100 in the drop

Railroad me like the Hurricane but I won't stop, let's go

[Chorus]

Look at my life (look at my life)

Look at my life, I'ma gangsta (gangsta, gangsta, gangsta)

Look at my life (look at my life)

Look at my life, I'ma gangsta (gangsta)

I'ma gangsta

[Verse 1]

Yo, yo

Take a journey through my life

Walk through the nights with me

It's a long road ahead of us, I hope that your ???

Queensbridge, a trife city ??? slums

I've seen political homicides and crack related ones

Pac and Biggie, god bless em I don't know where to begin

Forgive me lord for I've committed a sin

I sold crack to my mans mom

I feed my uncle dope in his arm

I testify to every word wrote in this song

Except the 5th commandment, thou shall not kill

I obviously ignored it cause my blood shall not spill

So I chose to squeeze first

Put you 6 feet deep in the dirt
And watch your cold soul emerge from the earth
I was a star first, then I grew into the sun
Destined to shine over the planet
Till I came across a gun, infactutated by the sound
When the shots get sprayed, like (gunshots)
I'm about to take the streets to another phase

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

I'm amazed I'm still living
I came close to the end of my days
I couldn't let the streets raise my two siblings
Or my kid, I'm too thoro, I survived through prison
Collide with rival clicks spitting, listen
I live life like I'm racing to an early death
Exceeding the speed limit, with no brakes
Quiet when I step, reality bites
I'm gangsta for life, so I squeeze like
I hold the mac precise
With 32 shot clips
And turn your hard top into a convertible drop whip
They talking to rappers, chose my name to reflect
I'm hot, grimy entertainers come
Drama east to west
I don't wanna kill no more
At times I hear death knocking at my front door
Feeling like I'm being watched everytime that I score
What if the pigs got me on survaillance
A rebel to the law, I got 2 strikes against me
1 shot in me, a vest and a semi
???

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

??? bust from jail, a mink

A pound of the real, a 37 inch link

Money in the bank, a Coup to match it

I was released like a boss ???

You know the kind of thing a gangsta could relax in

Lifes a bitch, but f**k it

Trying to keep my whole faculty covered

And spits more like an iraqian thugging

If you wanna take me, mommy I'm coming

But if not, they can never break

I'ma keep gunning and bust shots

[Chorus 2x]