

# Nas, Life's A Bitch (Ft.Az)

[AZ] Aiiyyo, wassup wassup let's keep it real son  
Count this money, yaknowhatl'msayin?

[Nas] Yea yea

[AZ] Aiiyyo, put the Grant's over there in the safe yaknowhatl'msayin?

[Nas] Yea yea

[AZ] Cause we spendin these Jackson's

The Washington's go to wifey, you know how that go

[Nas] I'm sayin, that's what this is all about right?

Clothes, bankrolls, and hoes yaknowhatl'msayin?

Yo then what man, what?? \*echoes\*

Verse One: AZ the Visualiza

Visualizin the realism of life and actuality

Fuck who's the baddest a person's status depends on salary

And my mentality is, money orientated

I'm destined to live the dream for all my peeps who never made it

cause yeah, we were beginners in the hood as five percenters

But somethin must of got in us cause all of us turned to sinners

Now some, restin in peace and some are sittin in San Quentin

Others such as myself are tryin to carry on tradition

Keepin the schwepervesence street ghetto essence inside us

Cause it provides us with the proper insight to guide us

Even though, we know somehow we all gotta go

but as long as we leavin thievin we'll be leavin with some kind of dough

so, and to that day we expire and turn to vapors

me and my capers-ll be somewhere stackin plenty papers

Keepin it real, packin steel, gettin high

Cause life's a bitch and then you die

Chorus: AZ the Visualiza

Life's a bitch and then you die; that's why we get high

Cause you never know when you're gonna go

Life's a bitch and then you die; that's why we puff lye

Cause you never know when you're gonna go

Life's a bitch and then you die; that's why we get high

Cause you never know when you're gonna go

Life's a bitch and then you die; that's why we puff lye

--] chorus #1 echoes at the end

Cause you never know when you're gonna go

Life's a bitch and then you die

--] chorus #2 includes these lines, echoes at the end

Verse Two: Nas

I woke up early on my born day, I'm twenty years of blessing

The essence of adolescent leaves my body now I'm fresh in

My physical frame is celebrated cause I made it

One quarter through life some God-ly like thing created

Got rhymes 365 days annual plus some

Load up the mic and bust one, cuss while I puffs from

my skull cause it's pain in my brain vein money maintain

Don't go against the grain simple and plain

When I was young at this I used to do my thing hard

Droppin foreigners take they wallets they jewels and rip they green cards

Dipped to the projects flashin my quick cash

and got my first piece of ass smokin blunts with hash

Now it's all about cash in abundance, niggaz I used to run with

is rich or doin years in the hundreds

I switched my motto -- instead of sayin fuck tommorrow

That buck that bought a bottle could've struck the lotto

Once I stood on the block, loose cracks produce stacks

I cooked up and cut small pieces to get my loot back

Time is Illmatic keep static like wool fabric

Pack a four-matic that crack your whole cavity

Chorus

\*Olu Dara plays trumpet until fade\*