

Nas, Life We Chose(Part 2)

[Nas]

To my niggaz.. huh..
We all we got..
Let's hold it down though, y'know?
However it's gon' go down
This what we gotta deal with, y'know?
Yo this is the Remix

Chorus: Nas

It's the life we chose, where friends become foes
and the dough'll get you killed quicker than you know
This is the life we chose, bring fake snakes and hoes
and the only way out, is death or goin broke
This the life we chose, ain't too many happy endings
That's why there ain't too many happy niggaz in it
And I'll admit it, this life is f**ked up but yo..
(but yo..) this life is the only life I know {*echoes}

[Nas]

Uhh, uhh, uhh
Gold bathtubs, makin love to my Queen
Get my back rubbed, Chardonnay, rollin up green
Statues, marble floors, rare paintings on my wall
My lifestyle's like the Forbes Magazine
Closets, full of rockets and submachines
Take this nigga out the projects, and his thug team
Yo we cruise past street lights, ill rides
Mr. Child both coasts with the most loud toast
Calicos roast y'all folks, keep y'all dyin
Cause it's hard to f**k around when we dealin with science
My enemies got money, so y'all should watch how I play it
They never know we enemies until they hear me say it
Til they kid's on the phone sayin, "Please daddy pay it"
Til they brain's on the floor, mixed on the pavement
High-class elegance, you respect or you hiss
You go against you'd rather piss on an electrical fence
It's strategic, how these niggaz want you to think
You'd be surprised, who'd be the one to put you to sleep
Why you stink? Yo these streets don't allow you to blink
You get showered by lead, comin out with your mink
Bow ties and tuxedos, bust Eagles

Chorus

[Cylinder]

Hey yo the life I chose was like Ludacris
smoke or get smoked
Kid's be gettin choke to death by they parents on crack
I was put in jail cause I had to fight back
But that's life on the street's nigga's come up with fake ass beats
But I'll never suffer defeat never stop makin my beats
Nigga I'll kill every one on the streets this is the
Life I chose f**k them other hoe

Chorus

Dump drugs and acid, then they rush with the Rico
It's hard f**kin with niggaz you hope you can trust
You a fool if your main bitch is easy to f**k
And you've got money - is these hoes greedy or what?
Shit is devious, ex-friends wantin you stuck

Chorus: Nas

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