

# Young Gunz, It's The Life

(verse 1:Young chris)

chea, yo ayo everybody name brand  
me I was same pants same top  
coke and hot dogs out the same pot  
since a buck I been packing weapons  
only strappin niggas doin when they sexin  
every head and his crew is yes man  
my music and my shootin perfected  
can't afford to lose I'm destin  
to hit that road collect and try to hop up  
out of the hood niggas frown they see me pop up  
get locked up and they still with them coppers  
give em somethin from the choppers i got to deal with coppers  
giving them gas they need ox call the doctor  
raw and uncut no mask know who shot ya  
try to tell them chill for real but they don't listen though  
til the 45th come kiss em under the mistole toe  
and that's the last time I'm a remind ya'll  
next time creepin up with somethin behind ya'll

(chorus)

It's the life  
just livin it right  
shoot first and don't think twice  
and homie if the price is right then niggas a get at ya  
bout who draw the fastest  
casket or the ashes

(Verse 2:Neef Buck)

yo is lovely when your squeezin  
but ugly when you're recieving them  
and ya peeps going crazy in the recieving room  
a gun like a lung you goin need more than one  
this for every block in the ghetto or where I'm from  
I started off 9 or ten runnin wit my step pops  
learned how to collect from niggas and set up shizzop  
never buy hard from him I learned to cook rock  
summer time blizzock winter time shizzop  
let the smokers run them in  
all they want is 3 for 10  
give up that password before you get the f\*\*k in  
before we get to buckin  
leave em where they stand at  
respect we demand that  
now tell me where them grams at  
stacks rubberband wraps the streets the limmy  
got me a squadder wit a driver a soopped up hemi  
be happy you in my presence i can't give you a penny  
cause this nigga only tough when that shit's up in him

(chorus)

(Verse 3:Pooda Brown)

Ain't nuttin soft about me  
but niggas they doubt me  
so I'm a have to run through they alley  
pick bread off of they balcony  
then toss the gun nigga I'm outty or nigga I'm rowdy  
but common sense plays a bigger part of me  
pookie when it comes to the uzi it just be callin  
(Mr.Brown)not bobby, or foxy, or nino  
it's pooda baby the ruger baby will clean the scene though  
excuse me ladies been through it lately but doin my thing though  
the crib 24 hours nigga the hood casino  
you lil niggas soft til that banana clip emptyin  
he not there dot on his head like he an indian  
it's training day nigga wake up early  
or we be in your crib burners wake up shirley

cabinets and the bed nigga check that thurly  
I need that cooked up cookie homie end that story  
(chorus 2x)