

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)