

# Beanie Sigel, What Your Life Like 2

C'mon let's try this Guru..

[Beanie Sigel]

When I was five years old, I realized it was a road  
But at the end, I ain't seen lots of pots of gold  
I seen a long cell block, the box, the hold  
Six hundred fenced in - some innocent, some rotten souls  
Some men with men - stop it, whoa  
I ain't runnin up in shit but a broad on her back  
Tryin to cop a small hammer, move out like +Shawshank+  
with +Redemptions+, I got my mind on revenges  
They tryin to kill me at the same time keep me alive  
I'm movin out like Adebisi on +Oz+  
With my skully on tilt, two whacks in my palm  
Posted up in the yard, everyday I think of pokin the guard  
Throw a crack a nigga turnin me in  
Tryin to crack a nigga turnin me thin  
Food soakin in lard, news fools get opened in cards  
with (??), in this prison life, what you livin like?

[Chorus]

Can you tell me what you live like?  
Can you tell me what that bed like, what's that cell like?  
What's livin in hell like? Tell me do you eat right?  
Do you even sleep right?  
Yo, tell me what your life like  
Tell me do you sleep nights, tell me what that life like?  
Gettin no kites like, no flicks like  
Make you wanna quit life

[Beanie Sigel]

Them four letters is a motherfucker  
That's forever like a motherfucker  
Without a letter from a motherfucker?  
It ain't even bout the cheddar from a motherfucker  
Write a kite, some flicks from a motherfucker  
Some drawers, some socks, some kicks from a motherfucker  
I can't believe I'm doin this bid for you motherfuckers  
I'm down for another joker case  
I was dealt this hand, and I'ma play it with my poker face  
On the block ready to POKE a face  
I got an L goin around with a smokin case?  
You steal the deoderant out of CVS, you locked for retail theft  
I got it body half a block stolen DT vest  
My rap sheet read three D abreast  
Dangerous, duct tape daughters  
I take to the street, like a duck take to water  
Get your duck game in order  
My bust game in order, I fluffs 'caine with water

[Chorus]

[Beanie Sigel]

That's fucked up, you bout to take your longest trip  
and can't do shit, but suck it up, be strong and shit  
Handcuffed, ankle to wrist, in back of the bus  
Flashbacks of you back in the world  
Can't fuck now you thinkin bout who in back of your girl  
Got her ass up (kill this bitch) playin your crib  
Thinkin bout who raisin your kids  
Shit was all good a week ago, 'fore they came and raided your crib  
6:30 in the morning, they kick your door in  
Feds pour in, snatch you out your bed while you snorin  
You unaware of what's goin on and

Come to find out, clients you had for years, turned to foreman  
Told the law about the drops you make  
How your clientele first started to escalate  
Givin him keys to your crib, was your next mistake  
At that dinner table, breakin out that extra plate  
You can't turn a career addict off his coke habit  
Put him on post with the toast that promote static  
Back to the operation, they got you locked at the station  
Fuck your back time, you worryin about what you facin  
Heart racin, situation gettin scary  
Old clients are showin up, at the preliminary  
D.A. tryin to bury a nigga to Neveruary, 31st  
God damn, that gotta hurt