

# Big Moe, Moe Life

(\*talking\*)

Still paying dues, ain't that right Moe-Yo  
Yeah, you gotta pay your dues man (ha)  
We still getting it, yes sir  
It don't never stop, Wreckshop (Wreckshop)

[Hook: Toya & Noke D]

Everyday I'm living, to leave this game  
Praying one day, that my niggaz will see the same  
Gotta make that money mayn  
I'm on the grind, trying hard to get the finer things  
(Lord knows I wanna leave, I hope that you feeling me  
I pray that it's meant to be, I'm stacking my currensy  
Paying duuu-uuu-uuues  
I don't wanna lose, this game)

[Big Moe]

I remember putting FED time, on the line  
Selling drank in the morning, until I lay down  
Through the streets of 3rd Ward, when times are getting hard  
From lucky seven and jewel, when he be jack mob  
It was back in 9-2, up in High School  
I wanted to sing, but still I was paying dues  
Fast money had a nigga, trying to shine mayn  
From I got one a dolla-dolla, trying to hit stangs  
With my mama and my brother, on side of me  
My name is M-O-E, slash Barre Baby  
Now looking back at my life, and I'm starting to see  
From my father that's up above, it was meant to be

[Hook]

[Big Moe]

I've been scratching the surface, trying to get a lil' do'  
Slide through the hood, distributing 10-4  
Remember Moe, from a 3rd Ward house  
Ha-ha, I done been fly  
And then baby 9-8, with the windows tinted up  
On the way to Screw house, still cutting me a dub  
The hood was tough, but I called a nigga bluff  
Monnie got the drank, and she'll bust  
The vehicle stayed loaded, with a lil' something purple  
The Barre Baby came out, with a lil' syrup in his gurble  
Job, doing a year County behind bars  
Hour midnight about two, and I'm riding through 3rd Ward  
And I heard God, about in '98  
My little brother hit the Penn, in the streets touching yay  
I'm puffing bay, trying to let my stress go  
I wanna stop, but my mother still in the ghetto

[Hook]