

# Ice T, That's How I'm Livin'

I was born in new jersey, I said it before  
But I guess nobody heard me  
My mother died young  
No sistas or brothas, I was the only son  
When I was twelve my pops died too  
What a brotha was supposed to do?  
They sent me out West  
To live with my aunt  
I guess they though it was the best  
But there was no love there  
Growin' with no moms  
I guess I was prepared to live in a vacuum  
The bedroom the kitchen, the hall and the bathroom  
I didn't leave home much, didn't like L.A.  
Didn't have no friends to trust  
Got busted to a school  
Blacks and whites, I guess the shit was cool  
But in highschool I changed  
Didn't wanna bust, didn't wanna play the game  
I walked to Crenshaw high, shit was fly  
I hooked up with new cru  
Some brothas that knew what the fuck to do  
You might call it gang but we called it a set  
And it was our own thang  
The whole school was down  
And one way or another everybody fucked around  
When the hardcore or not  
you wore the right color or your ass got shot  
That's how i'm livin'...

I did three years in and made close friends  
Havin' no love my homies came my only  
I was glad: a family I never had  
But I grew up fast got a girl on 10th grade pregnant  
Needin' cash, I had to change my style  
Switched from bangin' to hustlin'  
No more goin' buckwild  
Had to get a cashflow  
But my hustle was weak, it was a no go  
I join the army, four years in that shit  
Be all fucked you can be  
Came back to the hood  
My homies had done good  
Had elevated their game  
About 100 gees a lick, no mothafuckin' shame  
Passed for the jewels  
Baby sledgehammers with the tools  
I speak on this with a hesitation  
Even though it passed the statue of limitation...

I checked the bank  
Bought a porsche and gear, earn high streetrank  
But as I grew my whole crew fell thru  
Cops had us on the books as innerstate crooks  
Murder robbery rape escape, the whole damn nine  
You robbed a nigga blind  
I had too much juice, I cut my boosters loose  
I was intread with the pimpgame  
Took on the ice-name  
But the pimpgame moved too slow  
Especially for a nigga who was hooked on quick dough  
In one nite late I was in a carwreck  
And I was lucky to escape  
Hospital for teen weeks, in bed almost dead

And when I got well, I got gaught in a cross  
And got locked in a jailcell  
That's how I'm livin'...

They cutted me loose  
And I had to change troops  
This time they didn't catch me  
Next time they'll stretch me  
Cause my time was gettin' short  
All my homies was in court  
Or locked in a hole, this shit was gettin' old  
So I changed my life  
Putted down the gun and picked up the mic  
It took ten years to get from there to here  
But I still keep a gun, cops got me on the run  
And they hate me more now  
Than they ever did before  
My homies came back from pen  
And we all worked together  
True friends but every once and while  
Some punk mistakes me as a junk  
And he gets in my face  
Wrong mothafuckin' place  
And I aint lyin', that's how you dyin'...