

# Kurupt, The Life I Live

(feat. Krok)

[Intro - Kurupt (Krok)]

Yeah, My Life  
Kurupt Young Gotti, Why everybody mad  
(The life I live) (Yeah..)  
Yeah, Lifes a bitch homie

[Hook - Krok]

Back in the days  
Growing up in the hood  
Run-ning those silly streets  
Always up to no good  
Were up all night...  
And sleep all day  
The strangle and find a way to get payed  
The life I live...

[Verse 1 - Kurupt]

Yeah money and cars, Life of a gangsta in world of stars  
Family and friends the way lifes starts and the ways it ends  
8 feeled with inspiration-16 seperated-17 I graduated  
21 I finally made it-hope flows-life driffs-money wastes-blood drips  
Learn a little bit, earn a little more  
A close mouth don't defend dip behind doors  
This is my insurence just to reinsure  
Its hard to exist, in this existence  
Pistol blazing fifths in this existence  
I tra-vel a million miles just so-I can see  
A million in one miles, a million in one thousand  
Casin',  
and-carry the case just like grates in waist sell fates in my states  
Imperial game, help you survive except with the imperial aim  
To shoot through clouds, be a little quite  
You just to loud, you need a silencer  
You bust to loud

[Hook - Krok]

[Verse 2 - Kurupt]

Yeah money and cars, Life of a gangsta in world of stars  
Yeah I remember-Family and friends the way lifes starts and the ways it ends  
Broken down-taken up-dropped off-knocked off-grow up-blew up  
What now-shut down-shackled, chains singled out blame  
Wit-Not enough heart, to stand up for  
I ain't got a pistol pointed whatcha hand up for  
Gave up lost cars as something we fighting for lost following crowds  
Look at a nigga now, it doesn't matter whos wrong or right I guess  
Long as you fight for yours with all might I guess  
This whole confutation, to much stress  
Wars for the wrong reasons how our mamas looking at me  
How the hoods looking at me badder-or-good looking at me  
Mellowing up the shy day play by me  
I'm something ya'll never you wanna grow up to be  
Dogg Pound Gangstaz, D-P-G  
Sincerely to you paragraph by me  
Young Gotti

[Hook - Krok]

[Verse 3 - Kurupt]

Yeah money and cars, Life of a gangsta in world of stars  
Without-my family and friends the way lifes starts and how they end  
What a day, why trip, I've been living to much of my life on the hit

Hop, the 6-4 round the block  
When all the homies use to bang playin it rock  
Get ya game together, learn and earn  
More abaration and less street concern  
A penny sayer, is million in a year  
I'll be busting til' theres no feeling in your ear  
Moves calculated,  
Just a sneak peek for the homies push mad dogs threads in U-Neek  
I don't know why they playing fo',  
I got feeling bout what we-be spaying fo'  
Theres a time for everythang, trust me homie  
Don't try to over sell me or under cut me homie  
Keep it on the run and you'll reach the two  
And to all the real homies this ones for you

[Hook - Krook]

[Ending Verse - Kurupt (Krook)]

Yeah money and cars, Life of a gangsta in world of stars  
Yeah with-my family and friends its the way lifes starts and the ways they end  
(The life I live..)  
Yeah, My life (The life I live)  
Kurupt Young Gotti (Yeah...)  
(The life I live..)  
(The life I live)  
(The life I live..)  
(The life I live)