

Necro, Our Life

Yo...

Don't make me flip on you
Actually you can't make me do nothing
I might decide to

I used to mush thugs
And now I push drugs
I knew a kid that put slugs in his own mug
Used to show me his guns
Ain't a cat that knows where ya son
Remember violence at only one
I used to watch my pops untreat a girl
And beef with the world
He had a bone to pick
That's why my dome was sick
It rubbed off on me
Because the apple don't fall far from the tree g
You cats keep your distance
Cause your scared I might flip in an instant
When I was filled with innocence
I was still committing sins
Half of you cats are sweet like cinnamon
I shove a knife in your grin
I run with convicts who stick up kids
That'll rob you for six bucks bitch
We flip right before you expect it
Because we were neglected, as children now we're hectic
We shot men and we rob gems
I seen cats that used to clock me, now I clock them
Got easier, back since 2 o'clock 10
In case, one in ya face is the only option

Necro with Ill Bill
Walk around life - murder, murder, kill, kill
Gun up in your grill
And you screaming chill, chill
Didn't have ?your steer? now you get your cap peeled
This is our life, our life

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Aiyyo, I grew up in the motherfucking projects
My moms says if my pop left
We would have to get a sectionade apartment
The rest cheap, I see decepticons at least
Ten deep, run up on me flipping, wanna set beef
That was some faggot shit, me and my borough
For rent for do-lo
The only 2 white kids up in my projects that wasn't homo
I fought every day, beefed with a hundred cats
Right before I started sold drugs and busting caps
Right before I bust my first nut, I love to rap
At 10 years old is when I first started to fuck with that
Everyone else in my PJ's knew I was black
I kept it to myself, continued to defy my ?class?
I used to buy my mother a milk jug and spike that
You fight with me, I was the type of cat to fight back
I lace you with a broken nose, holding the ice pack
Wife black, Puerto Rican's, we was poor, it was wack

My mom's tried her best
I never graduated high school I learned to pump drugs and pack 9's instead
Became one of those violent heads
Have you on a respirator, even though the doctor know your mind is dead

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