

Prodigy, The Life

Yeah

Hey, hey, hey, hey

It's like this nigga, yeah

Aight before I get started spark up the Laurelton

Light up the night up, now let's get it going

To the mothafucking top, I don't mothafucking stop

Till we find life out there and setup shop

Party rocking, bottles popping at Henny and Mo'

It's like 500 bitches now we're having a bowl

Got a gun, screwdriver, a knife, and a shank

Plus I break face bones with my platinum rings

It's a ghetto love story I'm in love with life

Of the rich and Infamous, Ferrari's and Ice

Lamborghini bikes, they ain't make those yet

I'm still waiting for that 700 Benz

I do it for my niggas in the dead and in the pens

Just when you think this shit's over

That's when this shit begins

This the Bronx, this Harlem, Brooklyn and Queens

That 'New York State of Mind' where you're popping 'em thangs

The violence don't stop

The beef don't seize

The money keep coming

The paper increases

The gun fire don't end

The people stay dying

So I'm a keep living the life

You damn right

Murda, murda, the murder

Killa, killa, the killer

From Queens goddammit

I'm a menace to the planet

Put your body on that asphalt, fucking asshole

Come to the hood and you ain't got no passport?

He couldn't get his gun out the stash fast enough

So that nigga got his ass blasted up

Keep the Hennessy coming, and we keep lighting up

Nigga I stay sedated, that's right we're not cut

From the same cloth, you're chin-chilla soft

I'm brilla-pack cost, I'll take your skin off

You *edit* - rub me the wrong way

You're a suit and tie nigga, P' hoody all day

Tattoos and jewels - Mister Cartoon

And Gabriel in the district, get all my loot

I'm addicted to looking fresh

I'm super fly, got a bad habits for hammers

I'm in love with .9s

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