

Young Gunz, Life We Chose

(Intro: Young Chris)

Uh feel my pain, chea uh-huh
Uh, Young Gunnas, Chris and Neef
It's real shit
North of Death, home of Philly
Uh, chea uh

(Verse 1: Young Chris)

Lights is gettin' dimmer
Nights gettin' colder
Lost three of my soldiers
Life feel like it's over
Unloadin' there's somethin' in my way
They'll never take me alive
I got somethin' on the way
I'ma survive I'ma try to do straight
Try to make it alive, be around for that due date
But it's hard, niggaz hatin' em hard
That loss hurt to the heart
But still they say it's they fault, we blame y'all
Nigga how, nigga please
It's still on baby
Tell them niggaz had they still off safety
What about them other fake dudes that he grew up wit
Elementary middle school up wit
Man them niggaz was there ain't move yet
I'm startin' to think they had somethin' to do wit it
I used to think them niggaz was scared
It's lookin' a little shaky now
Niggaz happy his little brother's laughin', his mother hate me now

(Chorus: Denim)

Even though it hurts some days
This is the game we chose to play
Not everything in life is gold but it will be okay
Now a bullet ain't got no aim
And y'all know bullets ain't got no name
But this is the life we chose
And it will never change

(Verse 2: Neef)

Everyday we reminisce about that three day trip
Same night that we left, got a call you hit
Thought you was still wit us, aimed at me that he flipped
Got a call from my peaches found out where you was hit
Three hit himself who missed him and you just a couple inches
You don't know how much you miss him, bullshittin' in the kitchen
Ninety percent fist fights leadin' to them slammers
But lil' Drake ain't understand until one of them niggaz vanish
This rap shit is crazy but believe me I'ma try
Whether happened or not homie I got lil' five
And with the real ones I'ma slice my pies
As you would of wanted, man I'm so sick to my stomach
That you ain't around enjoyin' the fruits of our labors
Shit's about to get major, and these niggaz really hate us
Around for nothin' givin' me teeth and palms
Man I don't pay 'em no mind, just try to focus and rhyme ya know

(Chorus)

(Verse 3: Young Chris)

Aunt Peaches that's where you can reach us

Cook out every other til' they took a nigga brother
Love ya like a brother so I try to take ya brother
And he be on some other shit, I be tryin' to tell 'em man
I seen how you feel
He had intentions on killin' my big brother
Just to let me see how he feel
Tellin' me his life over f**kin' cops
They know they after, run before they catch him he got people to kill
That boy crazy, he got people for real
He gone wind up layin' somewhere peaceful for real
Like he the only one goin' through the pain
Like his mom and Aunt Peaches ain't goin' through the same
Cool one minute, then he goin' through a change
I don't need that around, keep the heaters around
Just like the rest of the niggaz that I leave in the town
So I separate myself, I look better wit myself

(Repeat Chorus)