

Yukmouth, La Costra Nostra

Yeah

Yeah

October 18, '74

The year I was born

A young nigga ready for war

its in my blood to get the fatty for sure

i was cursed since birth

and my daddy slangin' baggies of raw

and i'm the advocate

crack hit

in 86 we started havin' shit

rockin', cookin', cuttin', baggin' it

straight havin' shit

pushin packages for my cousin

makin 20 off a note

i refuse to go broke

my whole family slang dope

and my big sister was a little richer

cause she always hung around with the big pushers

i watched niggas brake keys in the sink

with jack hammers and gensues

throw me money for tennis shoes

I been the dude since high school

the latest clothes and them jewels

had me paper chasin'

i didn't finish school

I bought a quarter ounce and an uz

with my crew

hit tha block

start hustle like them real niggaz do

I'm walkin in the shoes of Felix Mitchel

and little D

them balla niggaz from my projects I listen to

I kept it real in my interviews

I was broke as fuck

and sleepin' on the floor in the village dude

I'm just a Y.G.

chronic D

smokin' fire weed

niggaz corner peak

I'm building dynasty

so I pistol whip and rob niggaz

what goes around comes around

cause I end up gettin' shot nigga

but God love me

my heart don't stop

i pop bubbly

got the whole block locked

I live lovely

And my father the black gorrilla family crack dealer

with the house on the hilla make scratch for realla

that's why I say its in my blood

cause my father was a thug

with the columbian plug

flood the block with drugs nigga

we slang lots of coca

with glocks up in the holster

La Costa Nostra Nigga!

Chorus

Livin this Life

Livin this life

Every days a struggle

Just to survive

Just to survive
Costa Nostra
This is my life
This is my life
My life
La Costa Nostra
La Costa Nostra