It's Your Life

It's your life, don't be stupid dope..
{p-funk sample}
Cause when you waste it..
It's your life, don't don't be stupid dope..
{p-funk sample}
Cause when you waste it..

Nowwwwwwwwwww I come from, the oakland town Task force roll and rock, cold cracked down Young brothers my age makin dollars so long Drive a brand new benz with a cellular phone See his diamonds and gold, call him big bank bob Got a ring for each finger and he can't get a job This is not a song I made about crack It's all about losin what you can't get back Cause the name of the game is to control yo' life And all the things you do you must do them right It's not my life, it's on you baby What's really goin on is that cash money How you make it, it doesn't matter to me Work at macdonald's or just slang them ki's Or you can be like me and go straight legit Drive a brand new benz and they can't say shit

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Partners in your face, ain't even your friend Probably have to blast him if you see him again And if you don't blast him you'll get shot in the head Seven days later you'll be buried and dead I can't be like that, the only thing you fear Homeboy you can't see it but you know it's there It's called tomorrow, whatcha gonna do with that Cut school, sell a few dopefiends crack? It's not a one-way street, it's more like a dead-end So if you take it, you better turn back my friend I know a lot of young brothers don't think things through They really don't know what they wanna do When you lag, you lose, you start payin your dues You can't kick back and let your bankroll stack You'll be stuck on stupid, for smokin a friend Ten years from now you'll still be in the pen

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I got my eighteens pumpin, ridin the five People lookin at me like I stole the ride

Too \$hort

Am I a gangster, player, makin them g's Cocaine dealer with the z's and v's Can't tell em nothin, so I say, "whassup? " They get mad, I don't give a fuck I keep ridin, sidin, whippin and dippin Look at all my homeboys trippin They'll knock you out, one punch like the champ Goin to jail is like summer camp We shake hands one day, kill each other the next And if you don't like it it's just like that Cause I come from, the city of dope It couldn't be saved by john the pope But since I have the chance, I'll say in the rhyme: We have to stop the killin sometime (soon)

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