

My Life Is Sweet

504 Boyz

[Chorus - 2x]

My life is sweet
You could tell by the Benz and the Beamers and the Jeeps
Big wheels, big grills make them say oooh-weee
Custom made Bentleys, t.v.s, mink seats
Make them scream wha-wha

[Curren\$y]

Cars and shut it down any set, first dude in the city
To have Intevet, equipped with the Internet
Performance chip is faster than any jet
I'm down the block, and you ain't even start your engine yet
I use to hustle on the block for rent
Met P and I ain't came out of my pocket since
See all these chicks wanna get with me
Because the 6 got more appliances than Circuit City

[Chorus - 2x]

[Afficial]

Afficial we the Reebok boys, call us a classic
And rap slowly up on the block, gun and a package
I leave the country cause Paris cooler
Fall back and take a day off like Farris Bueler
Young punks I'm the ruler, you follow my lead
Slow down I been doing this, the product of speed
Can't roll but I'm a weed blower, I get my ki's lower
16-5 a few weeks, I'll have a green roller

[Afficial]

I thought I told you the flow don't stop
And it ain't No Limit on the stage if the show don't rock
You can still catch me up in them clubs
In that 2K3 Yukon sitting up on them dubs
Since they wanna know about my whip
I'ma tell em like this, I got enough keys to start a dealership
Now how they think they floss toys
When we in places, so far from home they call us the Lost Boys

[Chorus - 2x]

[Afficial]

When I go to the lot, they call me Connect Four
Cause I bought four cars on the road, with four doors
Spend another mill, put diamonds on the grill
Push a button, and my gun pop out the steering wheel
It's real, stack dough and make more
While you cats come up slow like Lamborgini doors
You might see me in a Range, you might see me in a Porsche
I get paid every month like child support

[Krazy]

Luxury, I love that bird it's easy
Lift it out, but still a Jag can't please me
But a 6, without the rims is cheesy
Like a bitch, I like my tires breezy
The spinners, on my Navi to tease me

With a sunroof open, it's kind of breezy
With a tank on my neck that just might freeze me
I'm scared of a Viper, she'd like to see that

[Master P]

You ever ate a cheeseburger, on a million dollar plate
Flew to Paris or France, just to get away
Like to party, so we buy the club
Every whip that we drive, be on 24's or dubs
The new Hummer, had it before it came out
200 and 50 G's, I put it in my mouth
Bought a mansion whodie, just to make music
Like the President got a jet and don't even use it
When it comes to ghetto balling, there is none higher
Get a supermodel for a banker, two million dollar wires
In the winter whodi, we sleep on mink coats
In the summer we on the water putting chandeliers and boats
My cousin get athlete money, and don't even ball
My son's only 12, and he could buy the mall
Call me Ghetto Bill, cause I love the cheese
I don't gangbang, my favorite color is green

[Chorus - 2x]