

## Way Of Life

Big Tymers

Look right here, this how we goin' do this  
Hook up the turn tables, whoof get on the keyboard  
And we goin' run this for you, ya heard?  
Yeah, check it out

Cash Money (4x)

Hey, let me slide in the Benz with the fished-out fins  
Hit the mall wit my girlfriends dish out ends  
Cause you know it ain't tricking if you got it  
Copped baby girl what she desired  
It's chump change ma, Marijuana Skyler  
Know'n what I got up in my styraphone cup, that purple stuff  
It was given to me at birth an stuff  
So that's why I cop the Bentley with the leather and the furry cups

Hey, hold on mami them whips on dubs  
Cadillac Truck, 28's, no rubs  
Slide in the Benz, fins, bubble-eyed lens  
Car show in New York, y'all know who wins  
It's the Birdman daddy, with the Gucci Prada  
Slant back Cup Truck, no rims, can't holla  
It's that Louie Fendi on Ostrich streets  
It's the tailor-made daddy, mami do you love me?

Baby, I'm a stunna  
I ain't goin' change it  
Don't, you, know, it's a way of life?  
Mami, do you want it?  
Cause I'm about to bring it  
Oh baby, can't stop the stun, no, no

Pop one, pop two with the blue Nike shoes  
Royal blue jag on 'em 22's  
Slippers, white to breathe, five hundred Degreez  
In that Cadillac Truck on 'em 23's  
I'm the boss of the game with the money and fame  
All these, naked women that pop Champaign  
And these, marble floors stay high as Rick James  
If you know my name then you know my game

It's Lil' Woody from the Hot Block where series flow  
Gotta get dough, cha'll won't feel me blow  
But, y'all don't hear me though  
Til I'm rolling down my window where my grill is show  
And you know I probably pump it through the hood on them 24's  
Word, rims poking out the side of the err  
Glock, have ya rims poking out the side of your shirt  
I'm a 17 n\*\*\*\* and I ride through the turf

Hey, and my pinky glow cause my rings is so,  
Blingy blingy, yo stop blinking though  
We smoke stinky stinky dro  
And we don't cop them incy wincy o's  
And we don't stop, nah, we blow  
F\*\*\* the people  
Everywhere we go we smell like ick yo

Birdman, my Paw so that make me go, fly like an eagle, fa'sheezy

See they think cause I stay English turn  
That stunna don't ever OZ to burn  
I go in each sto' and ball like a dog  
Me and my niggs ball like a dog  
Cars on my streets, all on the lawn  
Ice in my teeth, all on my arm  
Tats in my face, my back and my arm

Tats in my face, my back and my arm

Yo, there it is, ya lil' low life  
See, I'm a professional, you a rookie  
F\*\*\*, a game so serious I could sell a hooker some p\*\*\*\*  
That's some serious s\*\*\*  
Oh yeah, believe that  
Who we rolling with?  
We rolling wit Cash Money  
Oh, I forgot about peace, Peace!  
I mean, piece of p\*\*\*\*, piece of land, piece of property  
Just a mind game  
Piece of mind, ya know  
Piece of something, motherf\*\*\*er!