

Life

Chubb Rock

Yeah, it's like this..
Chubb Rid-dock, nine-seven on lid-dock
Son, rock..

[Chorus: Billy Lawrence]
Do you know, where you're goin to?
Do you like the things that life is showin you?
Where are you goin to?
Do you know, what you're lookin for?
Do you like the things that life has in store?
Chubb holds it down for sure..

[Chubb Rock]
Ever since mom kissed me and said, 'Seek life!'
My mind had an idea like that kid with the kite
No 'caine slingin, strong-arm bringin check my eyes
Redness done, so I can script 'My Life' like Mary Blige
I've, been around the world in 90 days, pro-rated
Like Prince no shame for that past few Sheila's I've dated
Made it, with only one but I'm foreshadowing the rhyme
Like a nice Pirollo(?) wine, life takes time
I'm, one of two and to see it a one who's part of many
The quarters of my thoughts will cost more than a damn penny
Any debate we can correlate as to my release date
A nine-seven slate, New York state will have to check me
It's been some time since the break of the dawn
The genre has definitely changed since I've been gone
Whether, bad or good the flow remain tight
So I can come and drop my li-ight, li-ight

[Chorus]

[Chubb Rock]
Well in the past black men used to work for (?)
My age group was plotting to obtain Dead Nixons
The plot, had three vectors for young prospectors
School, entertain, or become Hannibal Lectors
Stressors, used to stress the best, cess wine
But at that particular time I chose to use my mind
Goody too, size twelve shoe the Troy Ave grew
Waited 'til, after eighteen to introduce the brew
Downed the suds and gave a street buzz
High in the +Forrest+ but stupid is as, stupid does
And, that's all I have to say about that
Flipped a Pulitzer prize script and started rap
Simplistic at first, and the knowledge came later
Rob-ski, Dave Wit, and Swanny on the fader
The struggle was on but the fame was in sight
And the tunnel had a light that distinguished my life

[Chorus]

[Chubb Rock]
The low point was mad low when I lost James Los
Spent eighteen years livin next to this high-pro bro
And that's all I got to say, about that
While I give thanks to the man that my brother and I'm back

Onward, to the medals while the boys aged the mix
To the mental utopia, so walk past the six
And the rhyme and the flow, must stay real tight
Like it's always been in my li-I-ife, my life

[Chorus]