

Life I Chose

Curren\$y

Botched hits, failed attempts
Though we never died, suckers better hide
Or regret they tried
Fumbled, 4th and one
On the goal line, I'm 'fin to take it back that 99
96 flow shift, Impala with the cherry wine
Bitches trying to sip, don't get to drunk to ride
Might call up on you bitch you know there is a time
We might need you for a mission
I weigh your living on line, cause they see us getting it
Wonder if its mafia tied, scheduled one lyrics keep 'em high
Surveillance at the marina, they ain't think I seen 'em but I s
pied
They tried to tail us home from the arena
Hoping that would lead 'em to a lead
We waving as we pass off, peace
Boss fool, people that you got to talk to before you run up on
me
Doors you got to be walked through by OG's
Triple OG's, like 1000, listening to Ice T with a frozen Long I
sland
Trying to get right quick like right now-ish

This is the life I chose, yeah
And this the life I'm living
No matter how it goes, I gotta deal with the cards I'm given
That's why I don't fuck around, don't fuck around, don't fuck a
round
Cause you know I'll make it down, I'll make it down, I'll make
it down

Paper straight but I keep it in the closet
Furs on the coat rack, rollies in the pockets
My girl mom wanted her to marry a doctor
Disappointed in her choice until I picked her up in from the ai
rport in that Rolls Royce
What could you say, the cost to be the boss been paid
I lost some but in the end I won
When its all done they say I was the one
Don't apologize though, I ain't worried bout it
Knew I was ill-er than those niggas the whole time
You smell the difference in my gas when I roll by
I could probably teach a a class
So much work, I make it seem effortless
Everyday sweats I'm in still fresher then peppermints
These niggas better chill before I start rapping for real
Independent hustler, then I got a major deal
Released barges of raw at will and I will, nigga