

Life Of A Nine

Issues

Heart broken, throat is swollen
Street walking, loss of hope
Fresh wounds, old scars you've chosen
Thirsty for a taste of youth

She's a motherfuckin' five living the life of a nine
And thinking that she's a bad bitch, chick is a savage
Eatin' the bullshit of every player that's grabbing
I guess if you're in love with the streets
Then you'll die in the sheets
With the coke on your chest and his lips on your cheek

Play it up for me, cause no one here can see
All of your schemes so it's more like a dream
Whoa, ooh la la la
You can be all that you see when you lie to your mirror

(It's not the way to do it)

Can you hear the sound of your heartbeat bumpin' so loud
In his car when you're hitting the town, getting around
Sounds so empty, but you pop another pill so you won't feel guilty
You know the routine, cause when you get lit
Every guy is the man of your dreams
It's so surreal when VIP's on her knees

She's a motherfuckin' five, living the life of a nine
And caught up in the traffic of midnight madness
If only there was a way to let go of the passion
For her stiletto complex, in her trap-house fashion
Wanna get in the game, what is your name, wanna have fame
But in retrospect you're just like your mother
You'll never win, you'll never change

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Whoa, ooh la la la
You can be all that you see when you lie to your mirror

Pretend that you live for this moment
Be sure how you live it is worth every breath
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