

# This Is the Life

Jim Jones

See this is the life that  
most people dreamed of  
but this what we live for  
they wanna take this from us why  
cuz we young black rich and famous  
i wouldn't change it for the world  
there's no agrees in life  
how dat sound

(chorus)

This is the life  
when the champagne spills  
and the rollie on a nigga wrist glows  
This is the life  
when the spot light shines  
and the camera gets me wit a sick pose  
This is the life  
when the night time falls  
and the cash shuts everything down  
This is the life  
im sleep on a heartache  
so why u gotta blame the hood

1st verse

Main dragon chinchillaed up  
took the champagne glasses please fill'em up  
don't be scared that you spillin it  
and tell da truth is you feelin it  
that's the breeze from the gutta  
we make cheese cop V'S and burn rubba  
the latest coop V's got the ladies loopy  
indulged in the world  
so we spend the paper loosely  
life in the lime light  
pretty pretty bitches  
my ice shine bright  
break bread wit my niggaz  
da feds takin pictures we call'em poperotzie  
i tell my possie vogue strike a pose  
i hop up in da rolls a blunt im gonna smoke

(Chorus)

2nd verse

I wanna tell my problems to the reverend  
prayin to god is the harlem up in heaven  
gazin at the stars Ferrari engine rarrin  
active weddin life and harlem was the settin  
im married to a game  
it didnt come wit a weddin  
it started wit the dealin and dreams of four willin  
comin up i ran a ?? in da streets  
chasin da fast bucks stomach touch gotta eat  
now we orderin breakfast im sittin at the table  
stackin up my pancakes the syrups on maple  
i gotta watch my brothers cuz ??  
gotta watch the money cuz the feds can turn cables

(chorus)

3RD VERSE

All i need in this world of sin  
is just me and the pearl twin..turbo  
blowin smoke through the pipes  
gettin ghost through the night  
this is fast life livin pick a coast if you like  
the day we cell dope the night is velvet rope  
party wit da chicks from the club wit hella smoke  
whips that we valet soon as we hit cali  
call da more buckets ask the waitress  
wuz da talle  
swipin all da cash..lightin up the grass  
four seasons stays more reason for us to play  
doin sunset the Porsche caberlay  
or the red eye flights like the jeti night  
star wars

(chorus)

heaven for us..i wanna know is there a heaven for us  
us us us us..