

# Getcha Life Right

Krizz Kaliko

I'm just tryna get my life right  
Get it to go my way (go my way)  
If ya ain't got pay  
I'm just tryna get my life right  
Top of the hill with my family  
Cop a couple mil can't be mad at me  
I'm just tryna get my life right  
Don't wanna beef with ya  
Get ya money let me eat with ya  
I'm just tryna get my life right  
Cause I gotta be the boss  
Gotta get it no matter what the cost  
Getcha life right

I ain't tryna be Bill Gates  
I'm tryna be the nigga Bill Gates hates  
Make no mistake 'bout it  
I'm tryna make it where my son see anything he want on the Internet and PayP  
al it  
I stay valid  
There ain't nothin' you can say 'bout it  
If ya hustle gimme enough greens to make salad  
I gotta get my money and my life right  
I push ya bucket as long as my momma and my wife right  
Don't really want people to see me in the wrong light  
And stop me from feedin' my son it's on nigga, on sight  
Pass around that collection plate  
The selection got me feelin' nigga rich but I'm Section 8  
Momma taught me how to behave  
But aunt showed me how to fuck weed in a microwave  
So if you know me know I love you from a distance  
My absence is all about business

Some people callin' my story an inspiration  
Relatin' to the time I get if I skip this probation  
Patiently waitin' for me to slip so they can can me  
Off in a cell when I was just tryna feed my family  
But I'm addicted to these streets and blocks  
And this concrete is crucial, either ya eat or ya not  
Plan on reachin' the top  
Gotta be willin' to poke your shirt out  
Stick with the truth if you's a griddin' pass the work out  
How can I judge a man that life just left me  
I'm blessed, knock on some wood  
Slip through the ice like Gretzky  
Every move I hope the vice don't catch me, I gotta try  
I used to pick shoes baby momma for an alibi  
Nigga had to switch it up  
Rap game pickin' up  
It's critical, tryna walk that line of cash residuals  
I'm tryna make it to where my prophece is invisible  
And if I fail, just call me pitiful

I'm just tryna get my life right  
The kids and the wife right  
But still I'll bust a mothafuckin' head if the price right  
Right or wrong

Homie I don't give a fuck  
As long as my son can get some for his Tonka truck  
I'm bein' in it  
Stuck in the game, dodgin' the cops  
Been griddin', things when will they fuckin' stop (fuckin' stop)  
Paranoid, thinkin' who gon' blow the whistle on me  
Change my daughter's diaper in the dope house with a pistol on me  
I sold coke, sold crack, sold this, sold that  
Pray to the Lord, but I won't never get my soul back  
I used to get the powder, when I touched it it would turn to bricks  
But lately everything my finger's touchin' seems to turn to shit  
I go to church on Sunday cause I wanna be a good nigga  
But I'm a product of my hood nigga  
Plus I'm sick of being Strange Music's black sheeba  
But I don't wanna go back to them back streets