

Life Ain't Easy

Master P

Driver, slowly step out of the vehicle
Passenger, keep your hands up high
You don't have a right to remain silent
Anything I write in this report
Is gonna be fuckin' used against you, ha ha ha
Where dey at where dey at, where dey at?

Life ain't easy (life ain't easy)
I know they comin' for me (comin' for me)

This ghetto got me strapped
I keep my hand on my nine, I can't depend on the one time
This ghetto got me strapped
I keep my hand on my nine, I can't depend on the one time

Is you scared or is you real? 'Cause yo' face is kinda pale
I know these streets is kinda hard but me, I'm bout my fuckin' mail
They say that evil lurks in the dark, and the trigger gets no heart
I've been doin' this shit from the start
And yeah my bite is worse than my bark
Nigga please, I'm a motherfuckin' dog ass nigga
Steady reppin' on them hoes and I'm steppin' on them niggas
Bitch I thought that you was hard, til I caught you in yo' garage
And I hit you with that ?, now you tryin' to press some charges
Like a bitch talkin' bout, "It's all good I ain't trippin'"
Shook my hand but man, I can't wait to catch you slippin'
In the streets, 'cause I'm crazy gang related, and it's fucked up
Them bitches tryin' to ban me 'cause my music get y'all bucked up
Fuck!

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Did you fear me when you see me? Look in the mirror you wanted to be
me
Put on your Converse and your green 'cause you thought that you had s
een me
Now you afraid of the real? For that you better guard your grill
I'm the Candyman I'm Master P and you might get spilled
For the lights and I'ma shine like Joe the Jeweler
See I'm a big bout it Benz and you a sixty-nine Cougar
Aha ha ha ha