

Life's a Bitch

Nas

Aiyyo, wassup wassup let's keep it real son
Count this money, yaknowwhatI'msayin?
Yea yea
Aiyyo, put the Grant's over there in the safe yaknowwhatI'msayin?
Yea yea
Cause we spendin these Jackson's
The Washington's go to wifey, you know how that go
I'm sayin, that's what this is all about right?
Clothes, bankrolls, and hoes yaknowwhatI'msayin?
Yo then what man, what?

Visualizin the realism of life and actuality
Fuck who's the baddest a person's status depends on salary
And my mentality is, money orientated
I'm destined to live the dream for all my peeps who never made it
Cause yeah, we were beginners in the hood as five percenters
But somethin must of got in us cause all of us turned to sinners
Now some, restin in peace and some are sittin in San Quentin
Others such as myself are tryin to carry on tradition
Keepin this schwepervesent street ghetto essence inside us
Cause it provides us with the proper insight to guide us
Even though, we know somehow we all gotta go
But as long as we leavin thievin we'll be leavin with some kind of dough
So, and to that day we expire and turn to vapors
Me and my capers'll be somewhere stackin plenty papers
Keepin it real, packin steel, gettin high -
Cause life's a bitch and then you die

Life's a bitch and then you die; that's why we get high
Cause you never know when you're gonna go
Life's a bitch and then you die; that's why we puff lye
Cause you never know when you're gonna go
Life's a bitch and then you die; that's why we get high
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I woke up early on my born day, I'm twenty years of blessing
The essence of adolescent leaves my body now I'm fresh in
My physical frame is celebrated cause I made it
One quarter through life some God-ly like thing created
Got rhymes 365 days annual plus some
Load up the mic and bust one, cuss while I puffs from
My skull cause it's pain in my brain vein money maintain
Don't go against the grain simple and plain
When I was young at this I used to do my thing hard
Robbin foreigners take they wallets they jewels and rip they green cards
Dipped to the projects flashin my quick cash
And got my first piece of ass smokin blunts with hash
Now it's all about cash in abundance, niggaz I used to run with
Is rich or doin years in the hundreds
I switched my motto - instead of sayin fuck tomorrow
That buck that bought a bottle could've struck the lotto
Once I stood on the block, loose cracks produce stacks
I cooked up and cut small pieces to get my loot back

Time is Illmatic keep static like wool fabric
Pack a four-matic that crack your whole cabbage

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