

# Life We Chose

Nas

To my niggaz... huh..  
We all we got..  
Let's hold it down though, y'know?  
However it's gon' go down  
This what we gotta deal with, y'know?  
Yo..

It's the life we chose, where friends become foes  
and the dough'll get you killed quicker than you know  
This is the life we chose, bring fake snakes and hoes  
and the only way out, is death or goin broke  
This the life we chose, ain't too many happy endings  
That's why there ain't too many happy niggaz in it  
And I'll admit it, this life is fucked up but yo..  
(but yo..) this life is the only life I know

Uhh, uhh, uhh  
Gold bathtubs, makin love to my Queen  
Get my back rubbed, Chardonnay, rollin up green  
Statues, marble floors, rare paintings on my wall  
My lifestyle's like the Forbes Magazine  
Closets, full of rockets and submachines  
Take this nigga out the projects, and his thug team  
Yo we cruise past street lights, ill rides  
Mr. Child both coasts with the most loud toast  
Calicos roast y'all folks, keep y'all dyin  
Cause it's hard to fuck around when we dealin with science  
My enemies got money, so y'all should watch how I play it  
They never know we enemies until they hear me say it  
Til they kid's on the phone sayin, "Please daddy pay it"  
Til they brain's on the floor, mixed on the pavement  
High-class elegance, you respect or you hiss  
You go against you'd rather piss on an electrical fence  
It's strategic, how these niggaz want you to think  
You'd be surprised, who'd be the one to put you to sleep  
Why you stink? Yo these streets don't allow you to blink  
You get showered by lead, comin out with your mink  
Bow ties and tuxedos, bust Eagles  
Dump drugs and acid, then they rush with the Rico  
It's hard fuckin with niggaz you hope you can trust  
You a fool if your main bitch is easy to fuck  
And you've got money - is these hoes greedy or what?  
Shit is devious, ex-friends wantin you stuck

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Uhh, what's love when you don't give your man enough dough?  
He wanna stick you  
What's love, you got beef?  
Nobody rollin wit you

What's love, you locked up, and your family don't care  
Is love a four-letter word, that deceives the air?  
What's real, when you know your man's girl is a hoe  
And you don't even let him know, cause you fucked her befo'  
What's real, when you talk behind a man's back  
then you see him and give him dap, now explain that?  
What's trust, when they sepearate your case  
When you at your court date, your co-de', can't look in your face  
What's trust, when you keep your wife away from your man?  
And he never crossed you, but you claimin he's fam'?  
What's trust, when you get bust, your niggaz don't retaliate?  
They blaze purple haze with em the next day?  
God forbid one of my niggaz get hit, I'ma go haywire  
Won't hesitate, I'ma spray fire  
But everybody's different, you won't know how you react  
til you in that position, and that's an actual fact  
The hearts of men change as time goes on, who's wrong?  
You was hungry when you stuck Duke, he came back to buck you  
Who's wrong? Foul all your life, now you 90  
On your deathbed you regret bein grimy  
What's lust, a bust nut? What's a thug?  
A ghetto child raised around drugs, til he's old enough to bust slugs?  
Then what's jail, to rehabilitate, or to make a nigga worse  
when he come home to catch another case?  
Life's about decisions, you choose it, you gotta live it  
You did it, heaven or hell or prison  
Who knows when your clock'll stop tickin, get your weight up  
Save up before it's over neighbor, I told ya  
You gettin older player, look at those who gave up

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