

# Living That Life

TRU

[master p]

Damn, these niggas ain't come with that shit there man  
Check this out

[master p]

See I'm a g on the grind 24/7  
Don't give a damn if I don't go to heaven  
Us g's live bad on the street  
I gotta hustle hard cause a nigga gotta eat  
[silkk]

Cause nobody ever gave me nothin' but a hard time  
Two strikes on my record and a scared mind  
[master p]

So I'm crazy, drive by miss daisy  
Sellin' dope to all these motherfuckers and killin' babies  
I know it's sad but I gotta pay the bills  
Who gives a fuck about me jack or jill  
[silkk]

You know what p, man you right  
Cause if I live to see twenty-one, well I lived a long-life  
[master p]

And the p won't change  
Call me mr. rogers or the neighbor dope-man  
Still hustlin' hard, in-and-out of jail  
Mama's bad boy, tryin' to run that ant hill  
Some bad cards been dealt  
My auntie marie told my mamma that I'll probably get my cap peeled  
And I don't give a fuck  
Still tryin' to make a dollar fifteen cent out that ice cream truck  
Chorus: tru

Cause I'm a hustla, that's what hustlas do  
Listen baby why you wanna live that life  
Cause I'm a hustla, that's what hustlas do  
Listen baby you know you ain't livin' right  
Cause I'm a hustla, that's what hustlas do  
Listen baby

[master p]

Silkk kick some shit

[silkk]

I'll be glad to

[master p]

Fool, why you live like you live

[silkk]

Cause I have to

When I be leavin' the house, I be lyin' to my chick  
Tell her I'll be home, cause I don't want that cryin' shit  
I wish I could tell her everything would be alright  
But if the man let me make it tomorrow, I'll be home that night  
And when she hear shots she page me  
Havin' nightmares that a nigga's pushin' up daisies  
Because I'm hangin' with these killas  
She's always tellin' me not to hang with my tru niggas  
Chorus

[master p]

Young brother in the hood lose his life  
Who gives a damn, just another ghetto life  
Blame it on this rap shit that I spit  
What about these hoovies or this fucked up government

You didn't blame bush when he bombed iraq  
Or noreaga when he ? ? ? for sellin' that crack  
And it's sad to see a mother cry  
It took the beatin' of rodney king  
Hit three-million dollars to realize  
That life in the ghetto ain't shit  
And oj wouldn't be on trial if it wasn't a white bitch  
I just kick the real, a lot of people don't know the deal  
They wanted to beat tyson and tupac before that went to jail  
And it's sad to see this happen  
Stars like michael jackson on trial now what's really happenin'  
And ? ? ? must be a joke  
Anita hille, clarence thomas now what's up folks  
And no role models to look up to  
That's why niggas form gangs and die for colors like red and blue  
A bastard child without a father figure  
I'm not spice 1, but just another young nigga  
Tryin' to hustle on the grind, make a loaf of bread  
Even though these penitentiary chances gonna take me to my grave  
Chorus  
Why you wanna live that life, I'm missing you baby  
You know you ain't livin' right  
It ain't no limit to these tru niggas hustling  
Why you wanna live that life, I'm missing you baby  
You know you ain't livin' right  
No-no-no-no-no-no-no