

Hi Life  
We livin' that hi life  
Hi Life (Hi Life...mmmmmmmmmmmm)  
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I'm tired livin' fucked up, tired of livin' bad  
Tired of hearing grandma tellin' me  
When you gonna go to church Chad  
Now I'm tryin' to live up to the image  
That she would want me to be  
But I got one foot in the street  
And every week I flip a Ki  
I never wanted to be a G  
But niggas depend on me  
It ain't safe to hit I-10  
So niggas fear with me  
And all the niggas that I went to school wit  
Got cool wit, went to fool wit  
I dealt selling that white shit  
Pushin' cocaine, niggas holding pistols  
Dependant on the game  
What ya want me to do, its like somebody cut my throat  
Got \$20,000, tryin' to turn it to a hundred  
And ain't nobody got no dough  
So niggas came to smoke, bad habits do exist  
And if this bitch came thinking to ease my mind  
By sucking my dick  
Bitch make up for a minute cause that ship never lasts  
In 1996 niggas is dyin' from layin' on that ass  
First Magic Johnson got it, then Eazy-E died  
And you wonder why yo' niggas out there smokin' fry  
I wish that I could tell you I wore a rubber everytime  
But if I told you that nigga you know that I be lyin'  
And I've been fucking pussy since the tender age of nine  
It's gettin' to be a full-time job just tryin' to stay alive  
And Crackers tend to smirk, offended by the weed smoke comin' off my shirt  
But still I puts in work and front for my folks  
Cause where I come from nigga, family just ain't no joke  
Now D be gettin' married, and Edgar on the boat  
But what about Baby Doe, some say that nigga's selling dope  
And you know that I ain't lyin', that just how family talk  
But what you gonna do when the Devil poke you with his fork  
And everybody sittin' in the pulpit ain't saved  
Most preachers are false prophets  
Fuckin' hoes and gettin' paid  
I'm lookin' for the...

You only got one life to live  
That's all they give you to do it  
You could bullshit your way through it  
Or stay true, it can be complicated cause niggas  
Be gettin' shot in the cross  
People and names get lost  
The people in the lane get tossed  
The streets'll eat your ass alive  
Take your positions with pistols, bare hands, and knives  
And nobody's surprised if somebody

Don't survive the dusk to see dawn  
It's treacherous how we was left to die  
On the streets that we be on  
Motherfuckers sleepin' on them corners that you pee on  
Probably cause society felt they didn't belong  
Now who in the fuck made it this way for us  
Got all these little niggas slangin' that yay  
Because it ain't like they make high levels gainable  
And that punk piece of American pie just ain't obtainable  
So how can I substain a full life before death  
Man, I'm left out here to make it by my goddamn self  
Now c'mon, who gives a damn when you can't afford the turkey or ham  
Livin' off of Raemon Noodles, beef jerky, and Spam  
Now that's sad, but that's a fact of life  
All I can see in front of me is up for grabs  
Come off that slab  
Cause poverty will push a nigga over that brink  
Over the edge especially if you don't know your ledge  
So instead of being without, I'm hustling  
Tryin' to get through these ungodly days  
Thinkin' of ways to get the fuck outta this maze  
A man will committ a crime 'cause a fuckin' crime pays  
I'm going through a phase you don't grow out  
Until there's a reason a mother fuckers gots to pour out  
His 40 on the curb, disturbed and left with no doubt in his mind  
But still sometimes he don't know why  
He walkin' around just hopin'  
He can get one more try to make it  
It's bullshit he going through, but yo, he gots to take it  
You can't fake it, to get that hi life