

Living This Life

UGK

Lord it's so hard, living this life
A constant struggle each and every day
Some wonder why, I'd rather die
Than to continue living this wayyy

Ughhhh, I don't wanna do this no mo' (no mo')
But dis the only thang that I know
I keep a pistol in my back, and a gauge on the flo' (flo')
The laws and the d-boys wanna kick in my do' (do')
I'm a d-boy, didn't graduate
But I, got Ph.D from Pimp State
And I, got a Master's Degree in movin weight
And my, people dependin on me but they gon' be straight
UHH - I wanna go to service
But I ain't been in so long, kinda make me feel nervous (nervous)
Cause they be lookin at me funny
Watchin the plate when I tithe, put in my money (money)
I don't wanna go back to that hell
Rather be dead than doin life in a jail cell
Die young oh well (well) I had a good life (life)
They rappin 'bout it but I'm out here payin the price

I wake up out of bed, right after the crack of dawn and
I give myself a - stretch up, a morning yawn and
See I'm a pawn in this neighborhood chess game
Move one step at a time, long as the Lord bless me (f'real)
I know the rest aim high, I'm tryin to aim it higher (higher)
Watchin the lames aspire (aspire) to street success mayne (mayne)
They tryin to blame the fire (fire) but that's like wettin water (water)
You either burnt or washed out, so get in order (order)
Everyday it's gettin harder to fuck with the flow
I'm tryin to keep, all of my motherfuckin ducks in a row (row)
I gotta see a man 'bout a dog and sell him a cat
If you don't know, then you don't know, dat's dat
Shit a dollar outta fifteen cents, I got a dime
Tryin to hustle up my way to a million, I gotta grind (gotta grind)
Walkin the line like cash, I'm on my mash
Two hundred yards behind in a hundred yard dash

Lord I'm sittin here on bended knee, my hands locked, eyes shut
Askin you to watch over me, no matter what
Even though I ain't too well behaved, I'm still a child of you
And faith in my Holy Father is all that keep me smilin through
The bad times and worse times, through it all
When my head is hangin low, you help me to stand tall
The only way I'm a ball, the only way I'm a shine
Is if you lookin after me while I'm out here on the grind

UNGGHH~! I know you bless the child that go get it
I'm the product of the ghetto, the flame of the city
So I talk the language of the ave
Forgive my dirty mouth please, I'm whippin slabs
Fifties, quarters and the whole thangs
Balance on my life on the fo' beam
And I need codeine just to say sane
I'm steady prayin to you but I don't know your real name

Knahmtalkinbout!

But I'm under the impression that if your heart is in the right place

Your prayers gon' get heard anyway

So some say Jah Jah, some say Allah

Some say Jesus, some say... Yeshua Ben'ta, knahmalkinbout

Ay man I just look like this man, knahmtalkinbout

I ain't get this far bein no square man

You wanna hide some'n from black folks, they say you can put it in a book

I don't believe that

Cause I done read fo' libraries worth of books

I got some knowledge y'all need to get up on mayne

But hold a pair of hearts, knahmtalkinbout

For they laws and power, knahmsayin the art of war

The secret societies of America, knahmtalkinbout

Everythang ain't what it look like man

And don't judge every book by it's cover... ya dig!

Hold up