

Life on da Edge

Trae tha Truth

[talking]

Ah-ha, we doing it one more time ya heard me
Man the streets in me, the streets done made me
I grew up thugging, believe that
Me and Trae, we gon riot this year
Y'all gon respect that to the fullest, man look
We doing it like this here, check the peoples out man look

[Hook: Shyna]

It's kinda hard to maintain, living like a true soldier
Living life on the edge, has got me so caught up
It's kinda hard to maintain, living like a true soldier
Everyday is a test, and I just won't give up

[Trae]

I remember back in the day, I was confused as a child
And never thought that I would grew up, to be this wild
I'm living life on the edge, to maintain is my job
They wanna see me crack under pressure, but giving in this too hard
They better get they army to swarm me, thinking they taking me out
I been a soldier out the gates, so fuck what you talking about
Guerilla Maab till I'm leaving, Trae, Dougie D and Z-Ro
Call it what you wanna, you plex and you'll be six feet below
Cause I been insane living, ever since my brother was gone
Finally facing up with the truth, that he ain't coming back home
I know it's wrong moving on, and though it seems the game'll never change
I don't knock, I gotta be strapped with a shank and a glock
Cause niggas be crucial on my block
And ain't no way they taking my stripes, I ain't going out without a fight
Unless they catch a nigga, sleeping in the night
And even still there ain't no killing me, even if I die
I bet the world fin to remember me, a real nigga from the streets

[Hook]

[T.C.]

I'm out chea cousin, rioting and thugging
You could catch me in the hood, grinding and hustling
The streets mad me, all the radios play me
Ain't no turning back, ain't no nigga could fade me
I'm still on a cash route, and I'm in a tight situation
Dog, the ball blast out
Still pulling masks out, at any time
Play with me whodi, you buy it and never find
Bitches make them cop calls
While my money keep the cops off, got Trae posted
With a Mack, 'case anything pops off
I'm a made man young hustler, ain't no wankster in me
When I riot duck, that's that gangster in me
Head buster, got them people talking
I'm playing with a six shot, I'ma fuck off this some whodi
Cause the streets too hot, too hot

[Hook]

[Trae]

Even nothing but the devil running me hot, and I'm going crazy

All the shit that I be facing, is what got me turning shady
They tell me to keep my head up, and it's easy for them to say
Cause they ain't going through what I'm through, each and every day
When you living like I'm living, and the block get bled
Running from the cops, praying them niggas never leave for dead
Cause I done seen it from every way, where the thugs and killas play
A nigga from around the way, that'll be strapped down with a K
And ain't trying to murder nobody, I just wanna live my life
And I can't focus on my life, when these motherfuckers be shife
And I be searching for another way, please watch over Trae
Heavenly Father guide me out, so I can live another day
I gotta hold on, everything I got on the line
Surviving is what I'ma do, so I'ma ride behind mine
Like it was all that I had, or it be all that I got
Even if I lose everything, it just ain't in me to stop

[Shyna]

I'm trying so hard, to maintain
Knowing my life, will never be the same (2x)

[Hook]

[singing]