

Livin' the Life

Ant Banks

Yeah

Life in Oakland, California ain't no joke, boy
The game is deep
And it goes a little somethin' like this:

Livin' the life, watchin' my partners get smoked
And every other one they done died over dope
My old school homies from way back when
Either pushin' up daisies or livin' in the pen
I've never sold dope and I won't start tryin'
But if I told ya that, you probably knew I was lyin'
So to save you the drama, I lived around it
It's been so many murders, man, I can't even count it
So now I gotta be careful, and carry a nine
So them jealous little suckas can't take what's mine
I had a few partners used to hang on the street
Slangin' D on the block just to make But the more they slang the more fame t
hey gain

My little square homeboys have now big names
Smokin' on dank in the whole nine yards
Just gankin' these fools, and actin' hard
Yo, but they don't budge when you duck in the bullet
They sittin' right behind the trigger just waitin' to pull it
4 deep in the Classic is how they roll
Blushed out, candy pink with
(ceenas and volves?)
It's the year of the gangstar and he is doin' this job
Be turned my neighborhood homies into the trecharous mob
The murder rate's risin' and brothers gettin' smoked
I tell ya life in Oakland, California ain't no joke
Bay Area livin' is only known to flex
You'll be up one minute and then you're down the next
'Cause if it wasn't for bad luck, you wouldn't have no luck
You're bound to get stuck, you better stay in the cut
And never knowin' when the next man just might creep
You get jacked with a hoe in a motel sleep
Yeah, you know how the game goes
'Cause that's what you chose
Never tell your bussiness to them everyday hoes

Now the result's just strained up and starin' at a nine
And now life is over for a piece of behind
And you can keep on doin' it if that's what you like
But that's how the game goes when you're livin' the life

Keep on doin' it
Bein' a fool
Keep on doin' it
Breakin' the rule

A lot of girls want a D-boy to bring them through
So they jockin' a brother who's makin' a few
The cars, money, the clother plus the jewelry and fashion
And still don't protect you from the shotgun blast
It's funny can come and control your life
Have you strong in the game and get you killed over night
Tryna hang with yo homies, smokin' dank and all that

When all the time you're trippin' tryina watch your back
You should've listened to moms and pops back in the days
When they was givin' you the game the old fashioned way:
To stay in school and maintain your job
Never resort to evil when times get hard
But that's in one earhole, and out the next
'Cause you's a crooked motherf*cker and you know what's best
But see, the white man rules in every damn state
Pimpin' the blacks for everythin' we make
Got us killin' each other and ain't no hope
Supplyin' every damn ghetto with all day dope
And it's planed to see, that things got to change
But it's a everybody effort, ain't nothin' strange
Be true to the game, and you'll find
That when we get rich they can kiss where the sun don't shine
And we can live real good, way with much mail
And everybody else, can go to hell
Up your brothers and sisters, 'cause that's all we got
Nobody else gonna love us so the killin' must stop
And if we all work together we'll be alright
Kickin' it too tight while we livin' the life