Effected

Cozz

Uhh, man this life we live (wooh)
West side baby, West side (yeah)

Yo I've been strong for a while but anyhow
I wonder how much stress God gon' lend me next
'Cause niggas stress me out here lookin' petty now
All because they mad, they gon' be scrapin' pennies now
Fuck it, tell my little ma, "Bring the Remy out"
Or the Henny out, but please don't feel me now"
Aw shit, I forgot, she ain't with me now
It seems like they always leave at the right time
The ones that always seem to keep me from my right mind
I guess I got to write my problems down 'cause in my lifetime
Ain't no one in my eyesight that I can trust with my lifeline
A honest man walkin' this Earth is like Sci-Fi
The real truth is, this is where the crime lies
If you got beef with one dude, you got beef with five guys
Ain't no going thru no drive-thru, but they gon' hit that drive-by, and bye, bye

One minute you got a friend til the end then they try to steal yo motherfuckin' ends (man, this life we in)
First you all she need in this life of sin then she try to fuck your friends (man, this life we live)
I been affected by both friends and kin, but fuck it, I guess we all sin (man, this life we in)
So roll that weed and pour up that gin poor and this to how the story begins ('bout, this life we live)

If you really not a gangsta, don't say that (say that)
'Cause real ass gangstas don't play that (play that)
There's a reason why the place that I stay that had ghetto birds making they nests above where we laid at
A place that we remain slaves that
Got off the ships and came back, I guess we want the chains back
'Cause it's easy to get your chain snatched, they want that, they take that
Real bad boys, "Take that, take that," this real life, you can't fake that
Either get into it with guys who been institutionalized
Or get into school and grind
And then find, you goin' to school to get fined
Or maybe you can get signed
Now everybody say that you they nigga, but they only real interest is to get a loss percentaged
That album flopped and you finished
I guess what they mean is, if you got money than it's a friendship

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I first learned niggas wasn't somethin' since I was a youngin'
From someone I call my cousin, I was like eight or somethin'

Back when I was on my Pokemon card shit
I finally got this holographic Charizard, the cosmic
Cousin came thru, I told him the news, but I lost it
Well at least, I thought this, we both looked for it
Checked the whole room, under the bed, the closet
Damn, still ain't got it, went back to the closet like five minutes later
And guess what popped in, that card was just not there I'm so positive
This lil nigga took my shit just to try to help me find it
Na, not him, no, never not kin
Shit, we wasn't really blood, but na, we not crips
I'm sayin' that we wasn't cousins, and now I guess we really aren't friends
This is where it all ends, this shit ain't right, god damn

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This motherfucking life uhh is the life we motherfuckin' live, watch your ba ck watch your front, goddammit. Nigga's must be stupid, crazy or both.

"You have reached the voicemail box of Cozz, at the tone please record your voice message when you are finish recording you may hang up or press pound f or more options."
"Alright, you know what Cody? Have a good fuckin' session. Don't fuckin' cal l me today. Don't fuckin' call me for the rest of the fuckin' week. Get your fuckin' hoes in line and really decide and sit down who the fuck you want a nd you want to keep. 'Cause at this point I'm tired of you fuckin' lyin' to me and bein' disrespectful to me-"
"The mailbox is full and can not accept any message at this time, goodbye"

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