

## Life I Chose

Curren\$y

Botched hits, failed attempts  
Though we never died, suckers better hide  
Or regret they tried  
Fumbled, 4th and one  
On the goal line, I'm 'fin to take it back that 99  
96 flow shift, Impala with the cherry wine  
Bitches trying to sip, don't get to drunk to ride  
Might call up on you bitch you know there is a time  
We might need you for a mission  
I weigh your living on line, cause they see us getting it  
Wonder if its mafia tied, scheduled one lyrics keep 'em high  
Surveillance at the marina, they ain't think I seen 'em but I s  
pied  
They tried to tail us home from the arena  
Hoping that would lead 'em to a lead  
We waving as we pass off, peace  
Boss fool, people that you got to talk to before you run up on  
me  
Doors you got to be walked through by OG's  
Triple OG's, like 1000, listening to Ice T with a frozen Long I  
sland  
Trying to get right quick like right now-ish

This is the life I chose, yeah  
And this the life I'm living  
No matter how it goes, I gotta deal with the cards I'm given  
That's why I don't fuck around, don't fuck around, don't fuck a  
round  
Cause you know I'll make it down, I'll make it down, I'll make  
it down

Paper straight but I keep it in the closet  
Furs on the coat rack, rollies in the pockets  
My girl mom wanted her to marry a doctor  
Disappointed in her choice until I picked her up in from the ai  
rport in that Rolls Royce  
What could you say, the cost to be the boss been paid  
I lost some but in the end I won  
When its all done they say I was the one  
Don't apologize though, I ain't worried bout it  
Knew I was ill-er than those niggas the whole time  
You smell the difference in my gas when I roll by  
I could probably teach a a class  
So much work, I make it seem effortless  
Everyday sweats I'm in still fresher then peppermints  
These niggas better chill before I start rapping for real  
Independent hustler, then I got a major deal  
Released barges of raw at will and I will, nigga