

Young! For life
Once again it's the life, yesss
(I don't know why, I... get so high on)
It's intoxicatin man, y'all don't know why you do what
You do
(Get so high on, get so high - high off the life)

The allure of breakin the law
Is always too much for me to ever ignore
I gotta thing for them big body Benzes, it dulls my
Senses
In love with a V-Dub engine
Man I'm high off life, fuck it I'm wasted
Bathing Ape kicks, or them Marvin Kaye wrists
My women friend get tennis bracelets
Trips to Venice, get they winters replaced with
The sun, it ain't even fun no more I'm jaded
Man, it's just a game, I just play it to play it
I put my feet in the footprints left to me
Without sayin a word, the ghetto's got a mental
Telepathy
Man my brother hustled so, naturally
Up next is me, but what perplexes me
Shit I know how this movie ends, still I play
The starrin role in "Hovito's Way"

It's just life, I solemnly swear
To change my approach, stop shavin coke
Stay away from hoes, put down the toast
Cause I be doin the most... oh no!
But every time I felt that was that, it called me right
Back
It called me right back, man it called me right back -
Oh no!

I'm like a Russian mobster, drinkin distilled vodka
'Til I'm under the field with Hoffa, it's real
Pillow-top him like a toupee
Mix the water, with the soda
Turn the pot up make a souflee
All of y'all can get it like group-ays in your 2-way
I'm livin proof that crime do pay
Say hooray to the bad guy, and all the broads
Puttin cars in they name for the stars of the game
Puttin 'caine in they bras and their tomorrows on the
Train
All in the name of love
Just to see that love locked in chains and the family
Came
Over the house to take back, everything that they
Claimed
Or even the worst pain is the distress
Learnin you're the mistress only after that love gets
Slain
And the anger and the sorrow mixed up leads to mistrust
Now it gets tough to ever love a-gain
But the allure of the game, keeps callin your name

To all the Lauras of the world, I feel your pain
To all the Christies in every cities and Tiffany Lanes
We all hustlers, in love with the same thang

I never felt more alive than ridin shotgun
In Cline's green 5 until the cops pulled guns
And I tried to smoke weed to give me the fix I need
What the game did to my pulse, with no results
And you can treat your nose and still won't come close
The game is a lightbulb with eleventy-million volts
And I'm just a mark, addicted to the floss
And doors lift from the floor and the tops come off
By any means necessary, whatever the cost
Even if it means lives is lost...
And I can't explain why, I just love to get high
Drink life, smoke the blueberry sky, blink twice
I'm in the blueberry 5, you blink three times
I may not even be alive
How mean James Dean couldn't escape the allure
Dyin young, leavin a good lookin corpse
Of course

Once again it's the life
I said it's the life
Once again it's the life - oh no!
(I don't why I) why I (get so high on)
Get so (get so high on) uh-huh
(Get so high - high off the life!)
Hahahahahahaha - woo!