

Life's A Bitch

Jucee Froot

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Loyal 100

Started from shit, I got this shit from out the bottom
All my niggas that's gone
Just know I ain't forgot about 'em (FlyBoy and Co)
Niggas thinking that shit sweet, bitch, we blowing sour
Might have came up out the pussy
I ain't ever been a coward
Always taught to get that money first
You want it, then you gotta work
You made mistakes, you had to learn
You don't even wanna crack a smirk
You know that times is getting worse
And all the pain you didn't deserve
Your momma waiting on the third
Your people treat you like the worm
Until you fly, it's early bird

I'm feeling like this shit is cursed
They ride the Wraith, it ain't no surf
They got the juice, I make 'em burp
I make it shake, I make it twerk
I say it loud, I say it proud
I know I got 'em scared now
And I'm on their head now
So, they gon' hold their head down
But get your nuts off of me
On me for so long
When they get a choke off of me
Hunnit bands
I been fucked off on it
Real recognize real, and I see you as phony

I guess my heart was too good
I wish that I could get 'em all out the hood
You know these bitches just be barking up wood
And all these niggas trying to get them a jewel
But the plug didn't wanna do him no good, so he ran off on it
Took a chance and bossed on him
Caught him slipping, now the brakes out on it
Now you see the thots off him
I gotta give it to you raw, I'm talking no rubber
Body bag the beat, then put it in my duffel
Banging down your block, I'm talking big drums
This for all them ones that had to sleep in cold without the cover
Life of bosses, chocolates, where the truffles?
Tell 'em at the bottom

One time for the money
Two times for the show
Three times if you got a bankroll
Thirty-inch weave and the mink lashes long
Blowing good loud and the pack extra strong

Get in your bag
Get in your bag

She throw all that
They throw all cash

Get in your bag
Get in your bag
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Where my money-making bitches, pussy clean and they head right?
Only fuck with a nigga if you know the bread right
I don't want no motherfucking drink
Who gon' pay tonight?
Put this pussy all up in his face
Have you ate tonight?
You can't stay tonight?
You late another night?
You better make it right
Cause imma up the price
You never fuck 'em twice
Cut it like a slice
They don't believe the hype
These niggas living different lives

Hold position, sit aside
Diamonds glisten with your eyes
These little bitches get it poppin' in the ride
Tick, tick, tick, don't hit my line
Making money, don't be insane
If you take it all, then they make it rain
And the pussy stay wet, he gon' need a drank
Better pop that pussy and do something strange

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Baby, you were made for this
Look how far you came with this
Houses on some acres shit
Ballin' like some Lakers shit
Life's a bitch, well, tell 'em thank the bitch
Type of bitch that hold your ankle shit
Take your pick, take a risk, talk to your kids, blow a kiss
Whoever gon' teach 'em the game
Had to struggle to maintain
We gon' see some better days
I just hate it ain't today
I ain't focused on the fame
I'm just trying to get my change
Throwing shots against my name
Why they wanna see me slain?