

This Life

Kodak Black

Shit just crazy dawg
You know, when niggas fall victim to the system
Nigga get accustom to the street violence

Damn, I've been fucked up and got caught up in this life (shit deep)
I've been tryin', but I can't get my circle right (niggas crazy)
It's consequences and repercussions when you thuggin' (I'm out here thuggin')
I'm doin' my thing, so now they trippin' all of a sudden (I be trippin' on em)
I ain't trippin', I'm just tryna get this money (I'm just tryna get this money)
Road runnin', state to state, I just been duffin' (I just been duffin')
Yeah, you pretty, but your personality ugly, girl
She gon be up for me, even when I'm strugglin'
My daddy left us, left us at the house with nothin'
But I ain't trippin', I kind of like what I'm becomin'
Once a nigga get a little Fetty, boy, they comin' (you know the y comin')
Ready or not, you better be ready, cause they comin' (cause the y comin')
Keep it real with yourself, fuck a bitch (fuck a bitch)
You just gotta remain yourself, never switch (never change that)
I'm the last nigga left to do this shit (the only one)
Because it ain't nobody else doin' this shit (the chosen one)
I'm still workin', I ain't perfect, but I'm tryin' (but I'm try in')
Mama, I don't like to see you when you cryin' (fuck you cryin' for?)
Even though I'm probably the reason why you cryin' (wipe your eyes out)
Cause I be in some shit, majority of the time (we fine though)
Stick and move, and I be maneuverin', and I be swift (swift)
Road runnin', it be hard to catch my trail (hard to catch my trail)
Your life ain't tired, wear the bow, but it's still a gift (it's still a gift)
You can have all the money in the world, you still a bitch (you still a bitch)
Why you out here, flaggin', like you bout that life (he ain't bout that life)
When you want another nigga, black and white (nigga deaf as hell)
I'm just doin' what the fuck I want, cause this my life (cause

this my life)
Already got it, I ain't tryna earn no stripes (I ain't tryna earn no stripes)
Now everybody wanna text me, but nobody sent my kite (ain't nobody sent me no fix)
I was livin' in the dark, but I'm just blessed to see the light
You know I hit them with that poker, but I'm special with the mic
I done took so many losses, thought I'd never get it right (get it right)
Dancin' with the devil will have you sittin' up in the cell block
Nigga ain't give me shit, out here gettin' licks, I had to sell rock
All I wanted was my dope boy Reeve, fuck the shell top
No diversity, we just burnin' in a meltin' pot
Young niggas wylin', we just burnin' round here, breakin' out
Everybody know that you get locked up, go to sellin' out
I use to fuck with bruh, I hear he tellin' now