

Life We Live

Slim

This is the life we live
Ain't nutin but dirty money
Grub and forks in a pyrex dish

Roll to the dough I ain't pressing brakes
I'm still out here serving bait why you think I don't show my face
And if rap ever went to waste
It's a shame to say I'll be back in the same estate
With a presser, metal plates and a bowl of flake
It's a load if you ask for the risk I take and took this shit ain't good
If I slip with this half a brick of buj I might have to get visits booked
Whoever slept keeps sleeping cah I know who overlooked
I just went to the plug for a meeting, it went well when I overtook
Up to the brim and late, you ain't ever overcooked
You ain't hit the strip all day, even though you know you should
I saw them cells and chased them
Never once got complacent
That's why it's Louis V on the laces and the shits so basic
If you talk about riding, we rid for ages
Me and bro on a bike just raging, tryna see suttin and blaze it
Need the feds to tape it
I got 2 young boys on a payslip, I ain't hit cells in ages
Brick of snow and tape it, put it on a scale and weigh it

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The whole gangs on violent shit
In the hardest times I make it work
Show me a risk I'll take it first
I ain't sleeping tight or feeling right until I fly this bird
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When I step in the trap, you know I'm gonna make it work
If you mention me, I need a degree in making birds
I never had piss, but a dirty fork and dish
And my left wrist stays on glow
All cause my right one stayed on whip
I got fed up of sitting and wishing
I packed up and I made a change
Went cunch for 48 hours, then I came home with an 18k
And I went through the hardest days recouping losses, counting wins
And we're talking 100 bags when I out this brick
And I feel like Trap when I mix the work gotta cover my face
I don't talk in grams; I talk brown bricks in masking tape
Have you counted a stack so fat that your fingers ache?
And sometimes I drive in silence, I have a clean run when I'm thinking straight
And if I could take it back, I'd probably do it all the same
And last week I killed the trap, this week imma do it all again
I fell in love with the sight of money
Bro fell in love with the sight of guns
Now I feel at home with the kitchen stove, just me whipping up

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