

Life Is What You Make It

Statik Selektah

Wake wake wake up babe

Life is only what you make it
You can take it and waste it, or take reality and face it
Your words shall always remain sacred
Snake shit will get your face hit harder than Statik makes the base get
They spit of basic necessities and accessories
My destiny is taking complexity to the next degree
Insurrector, that's the world I am
Methodical master plan never heard by man
I'm immaculate, I'll be a spectacular copper killer
'Cause I can peel a cap quick and accurate
From under my mom's skit to the dirt
I'll put in that hard work, have you ever seen my concert jerk?
Your life a game, you'll kill yourself in the replay
My terminology is long as Philadelphia's freeway
Who him? He's gay, he should direct traffic
Fuck that DJ, I'mma select Statik

Ayo, life is what you make it up, put the razor to the plate
And chop the cocaine into little pieces, I'm bag of ace
Cause it help unleashing the pain that we faced with
So I'mma make 'em extra rocky beige brolic, fish scale, I got it
In love with narcotics, I minus give me your wallet
I got the product that turn a nun into a raging alcoholic
Slash fiend, caffeine, morphine, codeine
Excedrin all in the dreams, neighborhood pharmacy
No prescription need it for sniffin, pitchin'
To anybody with digits, cause life is how we live it
So who am I to say you can't be getting high today?
It's a Friday, you know a hood holiday
No Ice Cube, Henny, no ice cubes
And yes I like food, so I sell white toos
Philly Freezer and Sai-gitty, understand the strideets
Said they'd go ride with me, Statik spark the lah with me

Statik spark it I get it choppin', I'm David Crockett
Make the profits, stim pack package and corner the market
Hit the target and dismisster all this nonsense and chaos
We can't delay y'all I gotta live you with something to rock with
Flow awkward, there is no countin'
Haters no like so they pray he no drop it
Nigga sneak diss and no comment, honest
When I see you there is no holds barred no conscious
Backpackers like him cause they say he rhyme conscious
Sickening with the flow, no nonsense
Sickening with the doe, no sponsors
And he's handsome like his fore fathers
Stroke and leave your hoe unconscious
This is my realm, there can be only one don here
Rassclot, you'll get left behind here, shots fly
Blast lay you on your backside tough guy
Just for gettin' outta line here
Yeah, it's Free, Statik Selek, Term and Saigon
Bitches use my pictures for they icon
And they wish they could be my passenger
Just came back from Africa

The motherland where all the fans look like Akon
And they wanted me to stay long
They was screamin' "Kumbay yay! Freeway spit napalm"
And he representin' all day long
I'll do it for the hood, the music too good for y'all to hate on

Wake up baby
The sun is in our face