

## Life Sweet Remix

Vybz Kartel

Me know say life nice,  
As bad as him be  
Me know say him nuh wah dead.  
Den, Jesus Christ,  
Tell me why society try stop  
Ghetto yute corn bread  
Dats not nice  
Cah dem know youth a go rise up  
And buss coppa and lead,  
And end up wanted

And I'm grindin until I'm tired  
Cause they said you ain't grindin until you tired  
So I'm grindin with my eyes wide, lookin to find  
A way through the day, a life for the night  
Dear Lord you done took so many of my people  
I'm just wonderin why you haven't taken my life (my life, my life)  
Like what the hell am I doin right? (Me kno seh life nice)  
(Weh dem call police fah)

Hey russian!  
Ghetto youths have it harda  
Nuff a we nuh grow with no fadda (no fadda)  
So we end up tun gangsta  
Nuff a dem sell out and a move like chebadda  
Then nuff time mi get up and mi nah hav a dime  
Pocket empty but a bare shot inna mi nine  
Dem new radio car cyann stop no crime  
Mi a talk from mi heart dem a waste time  
Dem nuh wah ghetto youth fi hav nuh things  
So when you see blood a run like drinks  
Do nuh call no police just call di brinks  
Cause a money ghetto youth waan

Na na na na na na  
Life sweet  
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Life sweet

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Like what the hell am I doin right?

Mi neva have nobody fi stretch mi hands to

Neva have no rich uncle fi seh thanks to  
Then feds a lock up man fi sell weed,  
Yuh honor tell me wa you waan Lance do  
Nuff time mi a pree seh guy fi die  
Cah when mi look inna mi pickney eye  
Shawty seh food fi buy a cry mi cry  
Me bankbook empty mi pocket dry  
Nuff yute nuh live fi pass grade nine  
If a nuh gun man a 1-1-9  
And mi God and mi gun protect mi life  
Mi nah gi it weh so easy

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And buss coppa and lead,  
And end up wanted  
But Memba...

Na na na na na na  
Life sweet!