

Life Like?

Wiki

What's your life like? (What's your life like)

Glasses on, stache is gone, grown up
Thrown up in my palm, on too many lawns
Nah, too many stoops and curbs from too many prawns
From too many stupid herbs, tryna send me songs
Nah too many Miller High Life, Don Perignons
What's your life like, terry cloth with hairy arms
And very charm, [?]
Nights and mornings, I want everything I write recorded
Everything I write important, maybe not, might be boring
Might be vital for him, either way its my right to pour it (out
)
My stories running out
The floor's is caving in, Insane flaws I was raving and running
bout
Ain't got no other route, if I ain't saying shit til the day th
at the son come out
Then he can bathe in the basket, Until the next thing you know
Here come the drought, Ain't nothing saving him now
What's all the fussing about, its too late to pray for the chil
d
His life is just laying him out
Nah ima just lay on my light 'fore I wanna say fuck it
Make my own fate and be out

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