

Thug Life

Z-Ro

You're all a bunch of fucking assholes, you know why
You don't have the guts, to be what you wanna be
You need people like me, so you can point your fucking fingers
And say that's the bad guy, well say goodnight to the bad guy

Think that I would die, nigga never will I fall off
Approach me if you feeling lucky, be the next to get hauled off
My attitude, be switching like a stick shift
Better beware my fury military minded, I've become so sick bitch
Sit, is what I tell my pit
Automatic fully loaded bitch, make him comfortable when I sell my shit
I'm all alone, cause I don't know who to trust
But give me a choice between real and fake, I'm gon know who to bust
But if they bust me I ain't tripping, I know my death is coming
I'm ready to creep the grim reaper, it ain't no sense in running
Now niggaz know that I'm everlasting, forever blasting my enemies
Fuck having a vision, of a motherfucker killing me
I'm Presidential, a motherfucking bad actor
Trying to hog up everything, like a jacker
Fuck stay in the FED, I roll one deep with my infrarizzed
Leaving a bald spot, in a Z-Ro hater's head

I live the thug life, bitch on the cut I'm all alone
I'm socializing with the bitches, never bringing em home
I live the thug life, a soldier with a gun late at night
Everybody bring me they soft, because I bake it right
I live the thug life, bitch all this moving get you shot
I been known to help niggaz make it, to they burial plot
I live the thug life, better believe me
I bet I be on that doja, everytime you see me

You're not good, you just know how to hide
And lie, me I don't have that problem
Me, I always tell the truth even when I lie

Since an adolescent, I been on the grind on the mash
And a mill' with that, with slugs to your ass
Trying to get five thousand, Bennjy Franks in the stash
Double it up, I got a mill on they ass
Call me Capeezy, Mr. Get It Fast
It be cheesy, deuce better 'fore they crash
I'm thug life baby, I ain't gotta wear a mask
Just run up in your do', and hit you like the task
I'm G'd up, P-R, have you touched in a flash
Presidential Crestmob, Capo mind ten
With quadruple grands, cause the 16's hot
Elevn hundred grams, when the 16's drop
I'm posted to the block, some'ing like a cell block
Thet cops yeah they watch, but I gotta sell out
Cause hell on my son, gotta get him what he need
So I'm hustler extroardinaire, thug life G

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You can catch us in a houp-tie fo' deep, we all broke dog
Ass out got the blues, so we smoke dog
Wish I had a nine pack, but I got a nine millimeter
Desert Eagle, you know it ain't legal
I meditate the evil thoughts, I'm bout to start some'ing
First I feel a head rush, then I feel my heart pump
Go and get it, gotta have it where it's at nigga
Get down on the ground, get flat nigga
Fuck tomorrow it ain't promised, it's some crap shit
Niggaz trap you, bitches will strike you
Niggaz die young die dumb, never learn
You can't run, when it's your motherfucking turn
I been praying for a way to stay out, escape these streets
Will I survive, how will I eat
So I keep waking up, wishing for a out
Gotta find a new life, find another route whoo

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Make way for the bad guy, there's a bad guy coming through
Better make way