

Life's a Bitch (feat. AZ & Olu Dara)

Nas

Ayo what's up what's up let's keep it real son
Count this money, you know what I'm sayin'
Yeah yeah
Ayo put the Grants over there in the safe you know what I'm sayin'
Cause we spendin' these Jacksons
The Washingtons go to wifey, you know how that go
I'm sayin' that's what this is all about right
Clothes, bankrolls and hoes you know what I'm sayin'
Yo then what man, what
Visualizing the realism of life in actuality
Fuck who's the baddest, a person's status depends on salary
And my mentality is money-orientated
I'm destined to live the dream for all my peeps who never made it
Cause yeah, we were beginners in the hood as 5 percenters
But something must have got in us cause all of us turned to sinners
Now some resting in peace and some are sitting in San Quentin
Others such as myself are trying to carry on tradition
Keeping this Schweppervescent street ghetto essence inside us
Cause it provides us with the proper insight to guide us
Even though, we know somehow we all gotta go
But as long as we leaving thieving
We'll be leaving with some kind of dough, so
Until that day we expire and turn to vapors
Me and my capers, will be somewhere else stackin' plenty papers
Keeping it real, packing steel, getting high
Cause life's a bitch and then you die
Life's a bitch and then you die
That's why we get high
Cause you never know when you're gonna go
Life's a bitch and then you die
That's why we puff lye
Cause you never know when you're gonna go
Life's a bitch and then you die
That's why we get high
Cause you never know when you're gonna go
Life's a bitch and then you die
That's why we puff lye
I woke up early on my born day; I'm 20, it's a blessing
The essence of adolescence leaves my body, now I'm fresh and
My physical frame is celebrated cause I made it
One quarter through life some Godly-like thing created
Got rhymes 365 days annual plus some
Load up the mic and bust one, cuss while I pus from
My skull cause it's pain in my brain vein, money maintain

Don't go against the grain, simple and plain
When I was young, at this I used to do my thing hard
Robbing foreigners, take their wallets, their jewels, and rip their green cards
Dipped to the projects flashing my quick cash and
Got my first piece of ass smoking blunts with hash
Now it's all about cash in abundance
Niggas I used to run with is rich or doing years in the hundreds
I switched my motto; instead of saying "fuck tomorrow"
That buck that bought a bottle could've struck the lotto
Once I stood on the block, loose cracks produce stacks
I cooked up and cut small pieces to get my loot back
Time is Illmatic, keep static like wool fabric
Pack a 4-matic to crack your whole cabbage
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