

My Lifestyle

Fat Joe

(Ya'll wanna live my lifestyle
Never seen a brick, never seen a crackhouse
Wanna a war with the Don have your techs out
Bring it on, and I'ma show you gangsta){*lapses over*}
Yeah... ughh... right back at you motherfuckers... ughh... yeah.[Verse 1]
Yo, Yo, I stand alone in this cold world, could you believe that?
I've seen some good men get blown over G-packs
In the Bronx where it's known to hear the heat clap
And live niggaz get it on with the D-techs, SHIT, my life's legendary
If I wrote down all in a book it would be very scary
What you know 16 be missin' Benzes
Rope chain down to my dick, the beef looks tremendous
Me and my niggaz flip holes in bitches
Back then, when I wouldn't even pose for bitches
A-YO, you can ask dapadan who was the man
Back in 88, every other week tricked 30 grand
Even my bitches wore Gucci and Louie
My peeps already in the crowd looking for groupies to screw me
Exit the club, about to cruise up the block now
with the taj, stay frontin' with top down
See me in that new thing with my fiancée
Ass so fat, making you say "Muchos GRANDE"
Don't blame me, blame them, the white folk
for giving me ten mil, for possessin' the tight flow
WHOA
[Chorus: repeat 2X]
Ya'll wanna live my lifestyle
Never seen a brick, never seen a crackhouse
Wanna a war with the Don have your techs out
Bring it on, and I'm show you gangsta[Verse 2] {*lapse over chorus*}
Yeah, yeah, uh, yo, blow half your head off, leave you with brain damage
He got his shit rocked cause he didn't pay homage
It's the Don of this rap shit, go on with that wack shit
Heard you walked the dorm in a thong on your last bid
Joey Crack is, the most official
Toke the pistol for those who appose the issue
I hope I convinced you to back up, really you acted up, believe me
I could EASILY GET YOUR ASS TOUCHED
And that sucks, ain't nobody could fuck with this
Bullet shook could make you take a bucket of piss
For runnin' your lips
Got the fifth stuck in your ribs, don't make me...

splash your lungs right in front of your kids
I'm a basketcase, don't ever give this bastard space
or I'ma have your ass erased
I'm from the Bronx amongst corrupt cops, we mothered this rap shit
But still don't get enough props
All I hear is "Gangsta" you ain't build like that
Don't make me have to pull a tool and really tilt your cap
I'm from crills to crack
You've been dealin' with rap
You ain't never run the streets, now I'm revealing your act
What the fuck
[Chorus: repeat 2X]
Ya'll wanna live my lifestyle
Never seen a brick, never seen a crackhouse
Wanna a war with the Don have your techs out
Bring it on, and I'm show you gangsta
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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