

LIFE

Saba

[Verse 1]

I got angels running 'way, I got demons hunting me
I know 'Pac was 25, I know Jesus 33
I tell death to keep a distance, I think he obsessed with me
I say God, that's the one, I know she would die for me
They want a barcode on my wrist
To auction off the kids that don't fit their description of a utopia (black)
Like a problem won't exist if I just don't exist
If I grew up without a single pot to piss in
Pardon me for venting
Congress got the nerve to call itself religious
Rich just getting richer, we just tryna live our life

[Hook]

Momma mixed the vodka with the sprite
They killed my cousin with a pocket knife
While my uncle on the phone
He was gone for more than half my life
He got out a year and then he died
I was on a road
Talking to my father on the phone
Left the city when I was just four
None of them would get along
Momma begging him for winter coats
I was chilling with my niggas [?]
Now they tryna take his[Post-Hook]
Life don't mean shit to a nigga that ain't never had shit, yuh
Light don't mean lit in the dark, fight don't mean fists, ooh
Eyes don't see, eyes don't see, ice don't freeze
Light don't leave, I don't mean lie to me

[Bridge]

Tell me I'll be okay, tell me I'll be a [?]
Tell me that she my bae, that I won't be alone
Tell 'em I'll be okay, when I lost my [?]
Tell 'em that we the same, tell em' that we not safe[Verse 2]
I got my grandaddy soul, I'm at war that's on my mind
I seen Walter's body cold, wish I could switch it with mine
I'm not worried bout no rap shit, distractions or wasted times
I still go to social functions even though I'm so anti
No I'm no Rihanna, the cork [?]
To throw it like Donovan, down a bit
I just been modeling my whole career as a [?]
Studio monitors shaking, I raise the apartments

I'm bonded with profit, I made what I made, and allot it
Amount of time that's in my mind the time you was watching
So stop comparing me to people, no I am not them
A lot of people dream until they shit or get sh-*gunshot*

That's life[Hook]

Momma mixed the vodka with the sprite
They killed my cousin with a pocket knife

While my uncle on the phone

He was gone for more than half my life

He got out a year and then he died

I was on a road

Talking to my father on the phone

Left the city when I was just four

None of them would get along

Momma begging him for winter coats

I was chilling with my niggas [?]

Now they tryna take his life

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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