

# Life's a Bitch

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  
Life's a bitch and then you die  
That's why we get high  
Cause you never know when you're gonna go  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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