

# Life Is Short

Drag-On

All I do is speak the truth so don't judge me by my lies  
I weigh about a buck 40 don't judge me by my size  
Our glocks is like Michael J. Fox it's +Family Ties+  
'cause it'll make a family cry, why  
A lot of questions just ain't answered problems ain't resolved  
Like if Drag really a gang member, or just involved  
Y'all can be the boss of the bosses I'll be the cause of the causes  
I rob from the rich and give to the less fortunate  
Well I buy thousand whips and in your raps I floss this shit  
I buy thousand kicks and give to the young orphanage  
When I was young I was a soft kid 'till I snap  
And they couldn't get me off a kid 'cause he sold my mom's crack  
In fact, I caught a case beyond that I couldn't face my moms  
Crack addiction 'cause I was way beyond that but I face facts  
I got busted over the left side of my face my face back  
But I had to fix that

[Chorus: x2]

Life is short, time flies  
It ain't our fault, blames aside  
It ain't the licks, it ain't the eyes  
It's just the way we live or die

My blood I had to taste that my wound I had to heal that  
In order to feel that a real life shit and still rap 'cause  
My rhymes still here so I done fried a few punks  
My mom still here but she'll die in a few months  
That's real life cancer and doctors ain't got the answer  
I hope y'all felling this 'cause I ain't supposed to be telling y'all this s  
hit  
Like I ain't supposed to be selling y'all this shit but this is real life  
Like I ain't supposed to be crying over this shit but I still mind  
Shit just don't feel right but I'm gonna hold on  
Till the hole in my 44 long  
I'm gonna hit the gym and get my swoll on  
Sometimes my head gone  
And I don't give my pops props 'cause he was dead wrong  
Pops was up, you know what, I don't give a fuck  
The only thing I'm happy that you did was bust me out your nuts

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

But nigga this is real life it makes me clutch my glock real tight  
It makes me want to fight but I get it off when I write  
So these last few months my moms could live right, in new clothes  
They said she might lose her sight fuck it she saw me blow  
I reminisce sometimes I pull out old 40 year olds  
It gets me stressed so I could smoke up like 40 of those  
Sometimes I feel like walking with a mean bout  
Busting till I see cops snowing till I see slot  
Throw on a pair of flip flops take steps to the roof of the ledge  
Till my feet stop but I need not, I got a life ahead of me  
I got a wife in back of me, at least I gotta see my seed drop  
Probation got me on a detox, so when I die, bury me next to the weed crops  
So when I'm in heaven I can give weed to Pac and smoke trees with Big L  
Aaliyah we miss ya and Pun we have fun wit ya