

My Life

Kirko Bangz

I'm just living my life baby
I just I just hope I'm doing it right baby
I know I'm gone you all alone
But for now I'm just living my life baby
And if I'm wrong just know
I was thinking I was doing it right baby
They tell me please don't go
But I'm just living my life

I pull up with a full cup and tint so clear
As I peruse the parking lot
All of the boppers appear
I'm on the perforated captain c ever discreet
Backwoods aromatics sweet filled to the t
With a ever slightly elevated ceiling convert
I'm lower copy bout to cop me
Don't call me its only chirp
I'm slowly crawling lurking
With Kirko Bangz working
Strutting through the gallows
With 50 racks on my person
I'm hurting these boys rather coy with such poise
On a mission for cream and I never settle for a soy
So I get it and get back on the grind
My paper climb is on my mind
No days off, no vacay, and no breaks
I want all mine
And I'm on time like clockwork
When the top convert and the music play
Bless me to breathe another day
For those that ain't here light up the hay
Pour a skee taste and drift away
Your moments not gon live today
So say what they made, my folks I pray

Shit, my life is right I feel tonights the night I blow
Smoke my weed I hit this dro
Smoke it up then get some mo
My cousin ask me do I blow
I tell him no he's only fo-teen
I'm superman to the young man
Head chef for the home team
I know it's crazy for the lil lady
That had the baby that turned famous
No goodbyes it was no surprise
To the young girl as she rolled her eyes
She don't understand what's the plan
When her boyfriend gotta call in
He was all in fallin for the love life
But he's fallin in love with the thought of ballin
Chasin cheese and getting dough
Go to sleep at 6am and then he wake up around 4
I don't know is what he said
You gotta go the city said
Keep on pushing, bench press
Boy you buzzing, insects
Good luck to the niggas that's hatin

I'm prayin and patiently waitin
I'm putting it down and I'm grindin
My moment is comin to say that I finally made it
Claimin my spot like it or not
Put me on top, Biggie and Pac
Choppin it up like a helicop
I do it for the niggas that's on my block
Don't do it for the bitches that's on my cock
Cuz they wasn't around when I wasn't around
Looking around don't see nobody
I got no help my heart is divided
But still I fight it whenever I write it
Pencil and paper I go for the title
Idle time can kill yo grind
I never sleep I'm always writing
Fucking real, fuckin ill
Had these skills before the deal
And shoutout my brother will
Thanks to him I fucking kill
Any track they put me on
Any track you would be on
I'll dog you in my sleep
I gets my fucking snoopy on
Bitch

[Chorus]