

# Life's a Bitch

Nas

Aiyyo, wassup wassup let's keep it real son  
Count this money, yaknowwhatI'msayin?  
Yea yea  
Aiyyo, put the Grant's over there in the safe yaknowwhatI'msayin?  
Yea yea  
Cause we spendin these Jackson's  
The Washington's go to wifey, you know how that go  
I'm sayin, that's what this is all about right?  
Clothes, bankrolls, and hoes yaknowwhatI'msayin?  
Yo then what man, what?

Visualizin the realism of life and 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 five percenters  
But somethin must of got in us cause all of us turned to sinners  
Now some, restin in peace and some are sittin in San Quentin  
Others such as myself are tryin to carry on tradition  
Keepin this schwepervesent 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 leavin thievin we'll be leavin with some kind of dough  
So, and to that day we expire and turn to vapors  
Me and my capers'll be somewhere stackin plenty papers  
Keepin it real, packin steel, gettin 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

Cause you never know when you're gonna go  
Life's a bitch and then you die

I woke up early on my born day, I'm twenty years of blessing  
The essence of adolescent leaves my body now I'm fresh in  
My physical frame is celebrated cause I made it  
One quarter through life some God-ly like thing created  
Got rhymes 365 days annual plus some  
Load up the mic and bust one, cuss while I puffs 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  
Robbin foreigners take they wallets they jewels and rip they green cards  
Dipped to the projects flashin my quick cash  
And got my first piece of ass smokin blunts with hash  
Now it's all about cash in abundance, niggaz I used to run with  
Is rich or doin years in the hundreds  
I switched my motto - instead of sayin 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 four-matic that 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  
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