

Artist: ja_rule

Title: It's your life

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Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
Ja Rule, Uh
Shade and Irv Gotti
Niggas don't want none of this

{Ja Rule}
Ladies call me white Kane, pure as snow
Like cocaine, cutiepies powder they nose
I've been preaching to the stars
Ladies be livin real harder
A lot of icons, but consider me God
Born in the seventies
The eighties was growing wit time
Now it's two G nigga
And the world is mine
I was a smart nigga
Figured if he put me on the spot
Wit hot shit bubble me up till I rock
Come put me on the block
In a new form and new sound
For Ja Rule and I'm feeling like I'm too strong
I move on down to D.C., V.A.
And I even did as far as Californ-I-A
Come to shit
They fly, they float, they snort, they smoke
Hustle, bag and mope
For more
Down the freeway racing out of control, it's crazy
When you fucking wit Rule it's shady

::Chorus:
Niggas if you hustle and stick 'em
It's your life
Bitches if your Fuckin and striping
It's alright

We all got to eat
So live your life
Niggas
It's alright
Bitches
It's your life

{Shade Sheist}
Now I got to hit you wit some other shit
Sentinella gutta shit
Four sides of the chrome
Flows smack you wit the rubber grip
Never been a nigga, niggas wanna play they cards wit
See me in the dark whip
Better go call your guards quick
Better go hit the block and tell them bitches that shisty shit
Known the freaks face like that yellow bezel ice shit
Similar response, yo that kid spit the nicest
Baby re-intice this, CD's raise they prices
Make a nigga chain, oaid off in a different name
Maid think they got flame, Shade just hit the brain
Me and Ja fucked around and made the teams A-list
Two niggas from two sides, like a 7/10 split bitch

{Chorus 2x}

{Ja Rule}
Niggas from the East
Christ from the gun to the mics
I'm living my life
Running through hell wit no ice
It's a sin
But I'd sell my lost soul to win
Go to bed and die
Then I'd wake up breathing again
Cause I'm all in
Even though shit ain't right
I wake up sweatin my life every night
Help me, is it the devil that going to get me
Or is it God don't feel like being bothered wit me
So hard to hit me, this life a sacrifice
If I grow blind through the dark my kids gonna see the light
If I die young it's cause a nigga too high strung
Got scary love for gun wit too much weed in my lungs
And still niggas screaming Ja the one, the chosen
The God's only begotten son, it's my life

{Chorus 2x}

