Life Is Tragic

DJ Muggs

Yeah, what? '96
One two, one two, nine-double-tre
Infamous Mobb up in this, Infamous Mobb
Up in this shit, *?nine car?* to the year 2 G
We're all set like this, to my nigga Kicko
Yo, y'all, Gambino, godfatherI tell my nigga Kicko, back in the world again
Slash dove slash player hater
We strive for action, breakin nigga's knees for cheese
Seems I gotta redeem, puncture your chest
Til I see flesh and bleed
Then I all set, set
Things correct, balance weight, no escape
It's the Infamous Mobb to the year 2 G
My fam will be known throughout the universe
Comin right back, back down to Earth
Goddamn it, just planned it
Got my ho bitches slanted, my seed I planted
Another life I give, Ty Knitty
A visible shield, trife or deal
Dun, is life for real? Conquered and peeled (yeah)
Or you end up crimed at will, only the real
Reality is trife by forcefield, but I shield
Police guns'll blast, little late to stab at your hi-ide
Under fire you fold, under fire you fold, nigga
For all my team locked, locked inside facilities
Penitentiaries, steady livin in misery
Intensively, then I strike you mentally then physically
Infamously rap the QBC
Convincively I can advance Dee, it's a prophecy
Live a lottery, shut up, massive mynoganyI got my nigga?black, killer black in the world again
Holdin me down with 4 pounds
Legendary crown, Scarface and Gambino
Two grimeys, word life combined one is in my body, dun
Now we're livin life as one
Yo son, (yo son), I gotta stop threadin on that shit, man, word up
But we trapped on this planet til the day that we die
Ain't no way to escape sight from my twin eye
Above my unlaw, juice from the wines
Far side only to see with Mobb eye
Genuine shine, left blind by bright light
Strike like Navy SEALS seen with dark light
With the 'seal gat lace black for combat

(Lace black for combat, combta, nigga, combat, nigga)
Twenty four lie, Southport I support
All my niggas li-locked down for life
Keep ya head tight, cap front, hit em up right
Icepick-like gat keepin sick, cock, safety of
Steady, five Berreti ready
To chop or get chopped, son, don't let nobody know
Go handle your business, champion winner
Victorious, leavin you questionin this with medicine
Curin your soul, takin control of the situation
Situated at hand, we expand like coke land
Fool proof plan, like the gingerbread man
Catch me if you can, on the run, fugitive fled
Flee to be free, carcerated from my Queensbridge family
?Tee-na? beats ta expand
Lakin Luchiano feedin DJ Benny
Rock free hop top top, ta-ta George?
Cliff Diggity my niggity
Fat Mom mouldy rap and Tee ya get ya mouth flee
Duggidge, JL, *?why too young?*? Go hire two
Old time Fake Lou, Tee cut the groups
Green Eyes and Nickel, Tee-lord, we no be no part
Tee go gun knot slingin panties, go
Send his ass back to Puerto Rico
Jakes on terror, do black skins
All my menLife is tragic (tragic)
Back in the world once again (once again)
Tryin ta make a million times ten (times ten)
Friends, how many of us have them?
Grow with, this cat had the clap on the Infamous Mobb
In the world once again (no question)
Tryin ta make a million times ten
Friends, how many of us have them? (Have them)
On locked, Dee, cos Dee's bagged them

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/