

wrote: 2010

Song: After Lyfe
Album: Liven N Hell

V1
I grew up, n da ghetto slumz,
so fuk u foolz, who dont like me,
kuz tryna roll, thru my naborhood,
im quik 2 strike, like lighting....
Fightn like hell, wit my alter-ego,
dat be tryna take over,
dishn out rhymez, colder dan ice,
sensen da game, is n trouble....
N deze foolz, tryna stop my bubble,
wantn 2 know, what i have,
tryna get me, slammd on da hood,
of police carz, doing bad....
Hopen i get, 2 spend som millz,
befo im gone, n da dirt,
feeln like God, oneday might take me,
from dis bullshit earth....
N da mo'dat i struggle down here,
i be mad, dan a mugg,
so when i finally, reach da top,
all i want, is my buxx....
After taken, da game from sukaz,
wantn funk, wit my kamp,
dey finally see, like dey was blind,
what i be stressn n rapz....
Datz itz deeper, dan jus my musik,
i be maken foe fanz,
so da pigz, n dis crooked system,
dey tryna kill, a gee dead....
Fearn da love, dat i be gettn,
is i preach on cornaz,
lookn up, at da sky choken,
jettn blitzd, n da burban....

Chorus:

I jus hope, n da after lyfe,
lat i know, all my songz,
uttn it down, wit all my geez,
open 2 finally meet God....
ustn at least, a thousand jamz,
langn out, n da cloudz,
lat i recorded, n my dungen,
efo i got struk down....

V2

I ratha u hate me, 4 speakn da truth,
dan 4 keepn my mouth shut,
dey stil be singn, dat same song,
n dont got no nutz....
Gettn punkd, by record companyz,
who take all, of yo snapz,
n jus bekuz, u got a deal,
u try 2 say, i cant rap....
N what i sell, n da stoz is nathan,
2 what my fanz download,
being first, 2 bump my jamz,
befo my albumz, turn gold....
U wantn beef, bekuz u heard,
im da new guy, on da scene,
comen 2 take, da game over,
stikkn foolz, foe dey cream....
But da pigz, alwayz at my door,
whenever som shit, be jumpn,
wantn me 2 come, 2 dey station,
n dey must be stupid....
Thinkn bak, on my messd up life,
after maken som millz,
seeing how all, deze chix want me,
now im king of da hill....
Going off, foe my fanz n crowdz,
make da police say damn,
watchn as chix, n da front row,
try 2 play, wit my man....
N i dont care, if i dont win emmyz,
or any other awardz,
jus as long, as im kountr green,
pulln honeyz, on tour....

V3

Wondern why, would God da creat
crucify his own son,
watchn me struggle, like-----
mountain climber:
waitn foe me 2 plunge....
N do u think, i really believe,
whatz n da bible, da truth,
kuz if God, was really real,
he must hate, dis diego troop..
Foe pakkn toolz, n slangn sax,
hangn out all nite,
doing what, i had 2 do,
n dis game, 2 survive....
Where nobody, wantz me 2 make i
tryna wish me bad luck,
haven da pigz, kik n my spot,
thinkn dat i move drugz....
N be wantn, 2 steal my girl,
after dey hear, i get cannd,
haven 2 let, my woman go,
n she, my numba 1 fan....
So befo, da fedz come get me,
i hope i finish my songz,
foe my peepz, will know west up
after dey, down hommy gone....
N dont think, i wont be watchn,
hangn out, n da cloudz,
wishn 2 slay, all my enemyz,
seeing how eventz play out....
But if God, tell me S.Dee,
why u stil wanna trip,
he'll know my pain, n all i see
wantn 2 hear me, kik rapz....



2006