

My Life

Chamillionaire

My life
My life, really feelin hard times

Lookin out my window, holdin my weapon like Malcolm X and
And it seems I'm over-stressin, feelin like hatin is your profession
And I know a couple Texans that got killed for over-reppin
So I never be oversteppin boundaries bounded to my weapon
When they ask me how I'm doin, I just tell 'em "I'm doin super"
I got a date with Destiny, allow me to introduce ya
Her little sister Fate told me I'm gon' be the future
And legacy's everything to a Martin Luther King Koopa
This recession is so pathetic, got me feelin like I'm athletic
And success tryna get away from me and I ain't tryna let it
When they told that Pimp was gone, my reply was "I don't get it"
And I'm still havin trouble believin it happened the way they said it
Had to cut some partners off, swear to y'all it ain't my fault
I've been grown since I was seven and I was born to be a boss
But I know there's a bunch of haters tryna see me take a loss
So I be sleepin with one eye open and put cameras in my vault
I've been thinkin and gettin deep and they tryna tell I been preachin
But I know that they can't see how much of the world that I be reachin
So stop reachin, stop leachin, I'ma fade 'em out like bleach and
In the spots where they can't get out to is the spots I visit frequent
Europe to UK and Germany, travellin currently
Made so much in millions that I could cash out in eternity
Accustomed to hittin customs with that duffle full of currency
When God created hustle, looked at the world and he inserted me... Koopa

I'm just livin my life, so cold
In the streets so I'm takin it slow

Uh, yeah
I'll tell you my story, I only speak the truth homie

It a terrible situation, throwed on the curb within the hands of time
But since I'm blistery breathing I guess a nigga livin fine
I live a life that's filled with dramatistic people cryin
And since the hood depend on me, they'll never lose a hand of mine (I gotcha
)
I'm paralysed when it come to the good times, I'm used to the pain
Feelin like a bum under the bridge, I'm so used to the rain
Anything I do is from the heart so it reflect my name
Forgive me for my sins father, I feel like I'm goin insane
Media criticising me for checking niggas, fuck it, oh well
I just wasn't raised a little pussy disrespected nigga
I'm tryna live on my own by the ways of a gangster
So every time I leave out I pray so I'm prayin for a gangster
It's bad enough the world we livin in all about money
Since we runnin out I choose to believe it ain't nothin funny
I've been stabbed in my back so much I deal with it
I'm tryna kick it with my life before heaven come chill with it

Last year was a hard one but life goes on
Thinkin bout my nigga Pimp while I write this song

And the list goes on, all my niggas is gone
I'm tired of hearin bad news, scared to pick up my phone
Got a call, my nigga Eddy died from Acres home
Just seen him at my video shoot, now that shit wrong
Kelvo, Arborea, even my girl ShantZ
I just heard word she got stabbed to death today
Dear Lord, I pray that you take away the pain
From their family and their friends, please help us change
Still warm my niggas sleep dog, stessle and stank
My girl Dee Dee, they got me pourin out my drank
It's fucked up, all my friends is dead or in the pen
Seem like soon as your life begin it's beginning to end
I'm frustrated, but you gotta smile, your time is dated
You never know when showin your love might be related, hah