

# Life

J. Dash

I guess this is the fade and 11 pounds I weigh  
And I see these people talking but I don't know what there sayin'  
I see my arms moving but I don't have control  
Feels like I've been here before and they just recycled my soul  
Cause I ain't been here long, yet I still understand  
How to do things like grab what evers in the palm of my hand  
Doctors put me in a cell I thought I'd never get out  
Until a couple people scooped me took my back to their hours  
It was then I started learning what this place was about

When I'm alone in a room, sometimes I stare at the wall  
But I got tired of that and so I started to crawl  
Crawling that turned in to walking, walking to running to ballin' ballin'  
And playin' with the other kids till mama was calling for me  
To come inside, run inside, trip on the curb  
Skin my knee on the pavement and said some horrible words that I hears  
From the other little kids around the corner of the block  
Mama heard me I got popped, so I stopped  
Or maybe I just learned how not to get caught

Something strange tell me why everything is starting to change  
I guess this life ain't all about chasing material things  
It's about pleasing me, me it's all about mine  
I would do anything just to make that dime  
Shouldn't ever see her pulling out that dime  
It never woud've made me wanna choose that grind  
Now I'm feeling like everybodys out to get me  
Gangbangers took me in,  
Now the hoods ridin' with me  
And I'm living in the fast lane  
Gotta make that fast change  
Cause time change quick  
Ask Mike Vick  
Now my rides clean  
I'm only seventeen  
Pockets on creatine  
I'm on top of the world  
I'm in the club free  
All in VIP  
All drinks on me  
I'm on top of your girl  
I got a lotta funds  
Enjoy the young guns  
So I can sit back  
And get the kick back  
Fell like I'm missin' something  
So I bought some more stuff  
Money, jewelry, houses, cars  
Women, still it ain't enough  
I gotta get more  
G-gotta get more  
Because the TV says  
I need more greed more  
Moneyyy! Cocaine  
Moneyyy! Ball out  
Moneyyy! Baby momma  
So I crank it up!

I made a little money than I made a bit more  
With the money that I made from the day before  
And I ain't ever had this kind of pay before  
And these models ain't never gave me play before  
Cause I'm on spaceship gone  
I'm so gone I forgot my home  
Didn't even notice cause of all that chrome  
And can't nobody touch it cause I'm in my zone  
So now I'm in the club chillin' out one night  
Broad came in with a dress so tight  
Swag on check game split just right  
Yada yada yada now she's my wife  
10 years greater and 3 jits later  
I'm still makin hits kocnick out these haterz  
God pullin' at me but I'll try that later  
Cause I'm livin' on the darkside runnin' like the pharcyde  
(Hah) took a breath, now I'm back at it  
Didn't mention that I picked up a cigarette habit  
And it got a little harder to breath (gasp)  
Doc say I gotta disease (gasp)  
Smoke! Smoke! I need that to cope  
Cause life still cold if u ain't got hope  
The world is a stage so try not to choke  
My swag done got so perfect  
That I feel like I'm surfin'  
I sold my soul to Earth  
And I wonder if it's worth it  
Cigarettes are testing me  
And they gone get the best of me  
Baby mama stressing me  
And I thought God was blessin' me  
This ain't what I thought of  
When iwas getting caught up  
In that terry benedict  
Ain't nobody benefit  
All my life was filled with this  
Now my body feelin' sick  
This as raw as feelings get  
And ain't nobody feelin' this  
I know God is real in this  
But ain't nobody feelin' this  
If I could do it all again  
I'd do it different  
I'd do it different  
I'd do it different  
If I could do it all again  
I'd do it different (is it over?)  
I'd do it different (is it over?)  
I'd do it different (is it over for me?)  
If I could do it all again  
I'd do it different (is it over?)  
I'd do it different (is it over?)  
I'd do it different (is it over for me?)