

My Life

Lil' Scrappy

And I'm grindin' till I'm tired
They say you ain't grindin' till you tired
So I'm grindin' with my eyes wide
Looking to find, a way through the day, a life of the night
Dear Lord you've done took so many of my people but I'm just wonderin' why
You haven't taken my life (3x)
Like what the hell am I doing right? (x3)

The hazing has BEGUN
Take me away from the hood like a state penitentiary
Take me away from the hood in the casket or a Bentley
Take me away, like I overdosed on cocaine
Take me away like a bullet from Kurt Cobaine
Suicide (Suicide...suicide...), I'm from a windy city, like "Do or Die"
From a block close to where Biggie was crucified
That was Brooklyn's Jesus shot for no fuckin' reason
And you wonder why Kanye wears Jesus pieces (My Life x3)
'Cause that's Jesus people and Game needs the equal
Hated on so much, "Passion of Christ" need a sequel
Yeah, like Roc-a-fella needed Sigel
Like I needed my father, but he needed a needle (My Life x3)
I need some meditation, so I can leave my people
They askin' "Why"? Why did John Lennon leave The Beatles?
And why every hood nigga feed off evil?
Answer my question before this bullet leave this Desert Eagle
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We are not the same, I am a Martian
So approach my Phantom doors with caution (caution)
You see them 24's spinnin'? I earned them
And all the pictures of me and Em, I burned them
So there ain't no proof that I ever walked through 8 Mile
And since there ain't no Proof, I never walked through 8 Mile
Sometimes I think about my life with my face down
Then I see my sons and put on that Kanye smile (My Life x3)
Damn, I know his momma's proud
And since you helped me sell my dream, we can share my momma now
And like MJB, no more drama now
Livin' the good life, me and Common on common ground
I spit crack and niggas could drive it outta town
Gotta Chris Paul mind state, I'm never outta bounds
My life used to be empty like a glock without a round
Now my life full, like a chopper with a thousand rounds. (Gunshots)
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(My Life x3) Walk through the gates of Hell, see my Impala parked in front
The high beams on, me and Devil share chronic blunts
Listening to the "Chronic" album, playing backwards
Shootin' at pictures of Don Imus for target practice
My mind fucked up, so I cover it with a Raider hood
I'm from the city that made you motherfuc-
kers afraid of Suge (Compton.... Compton...)
Made my grandmother pray for good
And never made her happy, when I bet that new Mercedes Could (My Life x3)
Ain't no bars, but niggas can't escape the hood
They took so many of my niggas that I should hate the hood
But it's real niggas like me that made the hood
Ridin' slow with that Phantom just the way I should (My Life x3)
With the top back in my Sox hat
I'm paid in full; the nigga Alpo couldn't stop that
Even if they brought the nigga 'Pac back
I'd still keep this motherfucker cocked back
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