

i live the high life with lowlives who want life to go
down the middle of the marketplace where souls are bought and sold
in rap olympics, forfeit when the starting pistol sounds
make my words like safety nets so i can catch heads on the way down
found limits the breath that i breathe in this life that i lead
it's where the city's smog infested skyline infects my lifetime
bring sentences to life like, "see spot run across the freeway"
you can catch it on the fox news instant replay
i start the finished product minus the first sign of a blemish
trek towards the infinite if i can break this line of scrimmage
skywalk through clones attacking me, myself and samuel jackson
to live life firsthand 'til the second hand is reversed
blurred words written down, world wishing i'd curse them out
so they can call me a hypocrite and disrespect what i'm about
flirt with disastrous methods, lessons pressed on earthquakes
make soundtracks for your life with every move that i make...

my life moves and it changes and it grows
my life, i fight for life throughout the highs and lows
my life is sacrifice, open wounds and broken habits
my life, come here, take a second look at it
my life moves and it changes and it grows
my life, i fight for life throughout the highs and lows
my life is just a token, a tool for you to see with
it's my life, but here, you can take it if you need it...

i got my mind on my money that i buried inside the backyard
slaves to the industry push the plow, get their backs scarred
i'm thinking how to snatch your shotgun before you shoot it
the mountains are all snowcapped but the beaches are all polluted
i still walk the narrow path tightrope style, eyes open to the trials
while most of ya'll stay in denial
hold on like a child to what's real, the rest falls by the wayside
trace the hands of time to touch the face of el shaddai
but some of ya'll don't play right, you bite backs and attack life
my back to the wall, eyes glued to the eyes of christ
that's right, fan base is where open ears can listen
bump big business, my fast ball shatters the competition
win at least the division for the vision and still insisting
that we can gain the power, run the labels and make the decisions
my life, write songs for you and the people on your block
it'll blast on 88 whether the majors want it or not
just breathe. breathe in the pain that comes with the growing
kiss the ground i walk upon and thank my god for the whole thing
take the bull by the horns because i gotta do something
a nation of manchildren is now under construction...

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i've slap-boxed with my brother and broken bread with whose buying

crouching tiger to hidden gratitude, impossible for me to see
the divine schematics or divide the triune through mathematics
stand with a mic in my right hand with the left clutching a crucifix
i haven't felt this worn down since i last listened to ludacris
but i'm born new every morning, look in the mirror asking "who is this?"
see the battle scars i've earned, oh yeah, i remember now
i'm the one who builds 'til walls are torn down, so what now?
the crowd disperses, dry wit falls off my person
manifest destiny, show my faith through action in remixed versions
dress the wounded with compassion no matter who's the victor
expose the world to the son's light and i hope they all get blistered
a mystery of life lived and you can't know until you live this
'til you fall on your face everyday and ask him for forgiveness
hide my rage where i can't find it 'cause it always keeps me blinded
i'm still living my life and this here is just a reminder...

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