

## Live My Life

Murs

Is song is performed by Murs.

Send "Live My Life" Ringtone to your Cell

Born March '78, Feco and Carmone the Mid-City L.A.  
Okay Liquor was on the corner  
Basically raised on rap, found ways to adapt  
To every new hood I moved to, so way before "Colors" came out  
We knew the differences between red and blue  
Back then, my whole crew all, played Pop Warner football  
From tiny mites to pee-wees, we'd be tight  
Until we moved to the Valley, neighborhoods was all white  
Only blacks on the block, can't count amounts of times  
Somebody got socked for callin me out my name  
But I still came up on game where I first learned to slang herb  
And arranged words into the form of rhymes  
But, times got rough  
Moms wasn't tryin to see me and my stepdad, throw fisticuffs  
So we moved back, to the M-C, and that shit bent me  
But it made my raps tighter, and so did my hustle  
And after my first hustle I was brought back to reality  
And reminded, respect didn't come, automatically  
So I earned mine, learned my claim  
Got some beadies for my stress and graffiti for my name  
Ditchin school everyday just to kick it at the crib  
Bein a bad-ass kid  
But the older that you get the more you're watchin how you live

Now I claim a Legend, that's a lot to be Living up to  
I dedicate my every word, to my niggaz who know how I feel  
When yo' momma say she givin up on you  
My luck was like that twenty-two, CATCH  
Cause what I wanted from life, and what I got didn't match  
Lack of scratch got me itchin to hit licks  
But now I watch the lil' homies and realize I'm too old for that shit  
That be on my mind, when I'm on my way to the train  
When you're livin in Oakland, with L.A. on the brain  
Too much anger to be contained, so the rap's my only outlet  
Feelin like the deck was stacked against me since the outset  
Niggaz from my hood lookin at me like "Yo shit ain't out yet~!?"  
But only if they knew how much patience it takes  
When you got a book full of headline stories, just waitin to break  
But when we do interrupt your normal schedule of events  
The shit will be so bomb, a threat to national defense  
Too late, to mount the counter-assault, but thus far  
I've focused four years of my life on infiltration of the Walkman  
For domination of the asphalt  
Doin what the fuck I want, while these bitch niggaz talk  
... Y'know, run your mouth all you want  
Doin what the fuck I want, but while you bitch niggaz talk I'll

I mean shit it's a nice world if I was to actually believe  
Everything they tellin me, but I know better than that shit  
So I'm out to get a little scratch and that Spice Girl, Melanie B  
You see, no great expectations  
Just out to enjoy this shit until my date of expiration  
Hopin my ass will age like fine wine  
Cause there's so much to do, and such little time

So I'll be damned if I waste my days, for minimum wage  
As a slave, or have some professor that's overpaid  
Control the way that I behave  
Afraid of commitment homey, I think not  
Cause I'm committed to these beadies and this music  
Cause it's all that I got  
Cancer and some answers to some questions posed to oneself  
And recited in the hopes they felt by someone else  
But this five dollar ring on my hand stamps out the reminder  
You can't always have, everything that you want  
Cause rejection hurt like a motherfucker nigga I won't front  
Heart broke like my pockets and dreams  
So now I'm on the hunt to see if it's possible  
To fix three things at once, while I