

# YourLifeYourRules YLYR

## REASON

Ya

It's not good or bad, it's just different

Look, my nigga Picket got killed  
He was dealing with some demons (damn, what a loss)  
This nigga told me he could get me into the music game quick  
(Ya, but what that cost? My soul don't it?)  
Fuck, that's too deep for the beginning nigga  
Ya, but it gives it the soul feeling nigga  
I write songs, pretendin' like HOV listenin' and  
Cole mixin' the hit, while Em's engineerin' the shit  
Told peep, we finna be rich  
'Cause a nigga spit AID's, it's the illest of shit  
And they split that fourth grade, more than wake up at six  
And you don't wanna go to school, so you pretend to be sick  
Damn, I spit that hungry nigga from his stomach flow  
Matter of fact, this that do this for my mother flow  
Role model didn't always give me what I wanted, yo  
But gave me what I needed and asked me what I want it fo'  
I love her, you gotta choose what's important boo  
That's the reason all these niggas be distortin' you  
She said "REASON, I'm so weak when it come to you"  
Don't blame me, baby, you do everything you want to do  
And you screw everyone you want to screw  
That's just life, ain't nothing wrong with it  
Don't let anyone tell you that you wrong girl  
'Cause this your movie, baby, you gotta perform in it

I hope that one day, I get what's in store  
What's in store for me  
But I must realize quickly what's really important  
Really important to me  
It's your life, your rules

A young nigga got killed, had a scholarship to Duke  
(Damn, what a loss)  
Was on the block thuggin', tryna fit in with the cool  
(And look at what that cost him, his soul right?)  
Fuck, his twin sisters lost their bigger brother  
Only 6, now they got to protect one another  
His pops left when he only six  
Cancer got his granny, and now the drugs got his mother  
She couldn't handle tryna put her son in the ground  
Now she usin' every fuckin' needle that she found  
Nigga, why you tryin' to fit in with these thug niggas?  
Knowin' deep down, they wish they were who you was nigga  
Stairs to Heaven as you walk up that flight  
You lookin' down on your family, goin' through it in life  
All this fuckin' talent God gave you, nigga use it  
Could have been anything, you chose to be stupid  
Damn, I know that come off kind of ruthless  
It's tough love, ain't nothing wrong with it  
I'm just tryna keep the youth breathin'  
'Cause this yo movie, you gotta perform in it

I hope that one day, I get what's in store  
What's in store for me

But I must realize quickly what's really important  
Really important to me  
It's your life, your rules

Ya, Picket got killed, he was dealing with some demons  
(Damn, what a loss)  
This nigga told me he could get me into the music game quick  
(Ya, but what that cost?)  
Soul