

# 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