

I gotta keep it real... for my peeps, it's my destiny
(My life, my life, my life, my life)
I gotta squeeze the steel.. in the streets, you won't get the best of me
Uh-huh, I ain't never gonna stop... never

Yo, why this life have to be like this? I hang with the righteous
And bang with a tight fist gripped on the handle
Samples of my product, got fiends lurkin' the block
For them teens murkin' them cops, for death penalties at stake
Shakes scrapped off of porcelein plate, to the last grain
Never make the mistake of givin' my last name
To a woman who blames me for all the problems in her life
I play the wheel of fortune, spinnin' revolvers on my life
My life, is similar to a shooting range, but I'm aimed the target
And everybody's takin' shots at me
I pull up fab', but you was love, but I'm not happy
Ask me what motivates me, I'll tell you my baby son
Now it's back to the slums, where about 80 tons of bricks
Creative a building where I stack my chips
Flip, eject and keep squeezing, to the heat recordings
You disrespected, now you fertilized trees deep in the soil

Still in the same struggle, many pieces'll make a bundle
Like a jungle, make me wonder sometimes, still gotta hustle
On my grind, seen some furious eyes, some went blind
In the midst of the sunlight, it's like I'm stuck in the times
Hope for better days, gotta get mines, get out this cage
Full of rage on my life, now I express it on stage
Relieve the tension over mics, in the whole first page
My deepest feelings hide inside but always show over my face
A young youth behind the cage, now I'm growin' a fast pace
As I notice, and unfolded the years start to age
Reality'll hit you like a hand held grenade
Give me thanks to my earth, she knew when she made official
Birth of her first son, young gun, .38 special
For my daughter, now, I gotta think before I use the pistol
Wait in temple with today's plan, for tomorrow's issues
Wanna see me in the can? I'm too righteous in the mental

You're never gonna make it in this rap game
My baby mamma cries out, as I'm jiving in the crack came
Swimmin' in fat chains, strapped with the dame
Backstrokin' to the blames of corruption
I'm sucked in the whirlpool of gus bustin' and drug hustlin'
Not for nothin', I need a lifeguard to save me from drowin'
I'm down for men, murderers, who murder murderers
And serve customers with that all night service
Purchase burners at retail, I'm tryin' balance the scale
The streets say the prayers, ya'll be conquered by the prodigal
Got it in hennessey, got my brains in a frenzy
Is sellin' cocaine my destiny, or the best of me?
Secret recipe for my music, I create thunder that shatters
The frame, on your H2 Hummer
I'm a bloodhound at heart, it's in my blood, I live it up
If I could trade this crime life for the music, I'll give it up, what