

## Sam Browne

### "My Life"

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[N.O.R.E. - speaking]

N-O-R-E, Nore, Niggaz On the Run Eatin \*coughing\*

So let's big up Kool G. Rap because that's the  
motherfucking man

You un' the dig, Kool G. Rap, man, you know what I'm  
sayin'?

Godfather of gangsta, ghetto, project, complex, co-op,  
hip-hop

G. Rap influenced me in, not in any way but in every  
way almost, you know the dig?

N.O.R.E. - Nore, G. RAP!

If y'all don't know about G. Rap, y'all don't know about  
rap!

[G-Wise \* vocoder]

G. Rap - see you again, baby (my life nigga)

[Chorus: G-Wise \* vocoder]

All of my life, I live

I'll be thuggin with youuuuuuu

Rock it out baby, knock it out baby

Won't stop 'til I die for this

I'll be keepin it trueeeeeeee

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

[N.O.R.E.]

Yo, yo

It's mafia ties, rules, let 'em fuck each other's wives

Niggaz is real stupid and they think like chicks

They was dealing with ounce money 'til I bought the  
bricks

I done walked through the valley of the shadow of  
death (yeahhhh)

And smoked cigarettes, constant, step for step (oh  
yeah)

Island-style, four-bill and mop your neck

I got the bandana, see, it's already a "B"

I'm like Santana from American ME

They call me D.A.N. - Dead All Nore (D.A.N. - Dead All  
Noreeeee)

And I got guns, y'all ain't got nothin for me

Fuck the popo, cuz niggaz don't leave no prints (prints)  
Niggaz gave me a brick and ain't seen me since  
(yeahhhh)  
Now I'm out the game like Kane and them  
And now niggaz want me, I ain't blamin them  
I got guns that stretch south, macs and tecs out  
I big'd up, copped the five, fuck a six, what!?! (ohhhh oh  
oh)

[Chorus]

[Capone]

I speak on phones in Kohl's, my shit stay tapped  
Like Gregory Hines, wild since seventy-nine  
I'm federal time, still an enemy of the state  
They had to beat the murder case back in eighty-eight  
(tell 'em bout it)  
Judge Hoffman gave fifteen to Q-God's  
Started riots in the jungle like the Rodney King charges  
In L.A., what up essa? (whaddup) I spray tre' pounds  
(yeahhhh)  
To nueva, I'm loco nigga (loco)  
I'm the one that made attempts on the popo bigger  
I put crazy work in, (that's right) fuck who criticize my  
verses  
I only rap, cuz the streets is sour  
The money is good and I couldn't find sheets for  
powder  
I could get on some bullshit, (on some bullshit) y'all  
niggaz understand me?  
I keep heat like Miami, fry for family (what? fry for  
family)  
Rubbing tat for infanity, I curse the game  
Menace to Society like O-Dog and Kane (yeah, yeah,  
yeah, yeah)

[Chorus]

[Kool G. Rap]

All of my life, uh-huh uh-huh  
Nigga into warm mansion rooms, wall to wall with  
handsome goons  
Half-naked bitches dancin to tunes (uh-huh)  
Marble floor to the terrace nigga, glance at the moon  
Play the jacuzzi 'til your hands get blue  
Rugs tight, bright as the white sands of Cancun  
(yeahhhh)  
Skylights up in the ceilings for the plants to bloom  
Nigga we crop grams in dunes, Cuban cigar brand of  
grandest fumes  
Prison niggaz that ran balloons

Shut down shop from Jan. to June, and still cop land in  
the boons  
Fuck women in tanning rooms  
Every last fingernail on their hand groomed, self built  
do  
Down to the mink pelts, gator belts and silk suit  
If I can't stack a nigga cap get peeled loose  
Word to them cats that died on the street, it's spilled  
juice  
So where that Don be? In the calm breeze in the palm  
trees  
Bomb G under the armpiece (yeahhhh)  
Livin in harmony, coke farm pharmacy  
Bulletproof armory, school of the hard knock honory  
Washin the jackpot like laundry  
Fuckin Don of the year nominee, honestly (All of my...)

[G-Wise \* vocoder - two voices at once]  
Life, we spend, someone - know someone  
We spend, (yeah) we spend...  
And what about - where you come from (where you  
come from, where you)  
What about - You will get up on-on... My life, my life, my  
life

[Chorus]

[Kool G. Rap]  
What.. uh...uh-huh  
Yeah, thug shit, Queens clicks

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