

The Game f/ 2pac, Eminem, Lil Wayne

"My Life Remix"

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[Chorus: Lil Wayne]

And I'm grindin' til I'm tired
They say "You ain't grindin' til you tired"
So I'm grindin' with my eyes wide
Looking to find
A way
Through the day
A life
For the night
Dear Lord
You've done took so many of my people but I'm just
wonderin' why
You haven't taken my life
Like what the hell am I doing right?
My life...

[Eminem:]

I'm supposed to be the soldier who never blows his
composure
Even though I hold the weight of the whole world on my
shoulders
I ain't never supposed to show it, my crew ain't
supposed to know it
Even if it means goin' toe to toe with a Benzino it don't
matter
I'd never drag them in battles that I can handle unless I
absolutely have to
I'm supposed to set an example
I need to be the leader, my crew looks for me to guide
'em
If some shit ever does pop off, I'm supposed to be
beside 'em
That Ja shit I tried to squash it, it was too late to stop it
There's a certain line you just don't cross and he
crossed it
I heard him say Hailie's name on a song and I just lost
it
It was crazy, this shit went way beyond some Jay-z and
Nas shit
And even though the battle was won, I feel like we lost
it

I spent too much energy on it, honestly I'm exhausted
And I'm so caught in it I almost feel I'm the one who
caused it
This ain't what I'm in hip-hop for, it's not why I got in it.

[Chorus]

[The Game:]

We are not the same, I am a Martian
So approach my Phantom doors with caution
You see them 24's spinnin', I earned them
And I ain't no preacher, but here's my Erick Sermon
So eat this black music, and tell me how it taste now
And fuck Jesse Jackson cause it ain't about race now
Sometimes I think about my life with my face down
Then I see my sons and put on that Kanye smile
Damn, I know his momma's proud
And since you helped me sell my dream, we can share
my momma now
And like MJB, "No More Drama" now
Livin' the good life, me and Common on common
ground
I spit crack and niggas could drive it outta town
Gotta Chris Paul mind state, I'm never outta bounds
My life used to be empty like a glock without a round
Now my life full, like a chopper with a thousand rounds

[Chorus]

[2Pac:]

And still I'm having memories of high speeds, when the
cops crashed
As I laugh pushing the gas when my glocks blast
We was young, and we was dumb but we had heart
In the dark when we survived through the bad parts
Many dreams is what I had, and many wishes
No hesitation in extermination of these snitches
And these bitches they still continue to pursue me
A couple of movies now the whole world trying to screw
me
Even the cops tried to sue me
So what can I do but stay true, sipping 22's a brewing
Now the medias trying to test me got the press asking
questions, trying to stress me
Misery is all I see, that's my mind's state
My history with the police is shakin' the crime rate
Ma main man had 2 strikes, slipped, got arrested and
flipped
He screamed 'Thug Life! ' and emptied the clip

[Chorus]

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