

Chris Ward

"My Life"

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From C. Ward to you nigga, uh..

[Chris Ward]

It's not real to be hard, in fact it's hard to be real
And you gotta been through it, to know how I feel
I stood still plenty of times, my back against the wall
Crying for help, but nobody answered my call
And all I can do is reminisce, when I was a kid
Growing up, there's a lot I could of changed that I did
And now, I intend to adjust myself
Though I'm grown I still hear voices whispering, (can I
trust myself)
I use to wanna grab for a gun, and bust myself
But that ain't right, and Lord knows I would of disgust
myself
I had to move alone, and prove 'em wrong
They John Q's boy, showed that I'm too strong
I'm from the small section, we call the Y-Stone
Where our world and lifestyle, spins fast as a cyclone
And it seems, everytime one of my dogs get home
It's like five-six-seven or eight, others get gone
And I know that it's hard, out here
I hate to complain, but Lord I swear
I'm just trying to hold on, better yet I'm trying to keep it
together
I got the puzzle, but I can't seem to put these pieces
together
I'm on that other shit, that born and raised in the gutter
shit
Where most of these niggaz come up, trying to slang
that butter shit
There's no longer a war on Iraq, there's a war on the
black
Right now in every ghetto, there's a war on crack
See, the moral of my story is
There's nothing out here, that can make you notorious
Cause money don't make the man, just make what he
got
But materialistically, that's what most folk think it's
about and that's fucked up

(*talking*)

Uh, I wanna send some shout out's right quick, yeah
Holla at my little sisters and, J-Weezy, what's up Jenny
Saqoia got ya, this one right here for y'all, Kiesh'
Cindo, Lil' Nick, my big sister Nicola, Whitebread
Peckerwood

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