

## The Game f/ Lil Wayne

### "My Life"

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{\*dogs barking, man panting then gasps, explosion and glass shatters\*}

[Intro: The Game]

Punk-ass motherfucker, checkin shit

What you was gon' do, kill me in my sleep you bitch-ass nigga?

{\*dogs still barking\*} Tupac, Biggie, shut the fuck up!

Them fuckin dogs, barkin and shit (don't shoot, don't shoot)

{\*gun cocks, BLAM\*} Fuck you nigga

[Chorus: Lil Wayne]

And I'm grindin until I'm tired

Cause they said you ain't grindin until you tired

So I'm grindin with my eyes wide, lookin to find

A way through the day, a life for the night

Dear Lord you done took so many of my people

I'm just wonderin why you haven't taken my life (my life, my life)

Like what the hell am I doin right? (doin right)

My life (my life, my life)

[The Game] + (Lil Wayne)

Take me away from the hood, like a state penitentiary

Take me away from the hood, in a casket or a Bentley

Take me away, like I overdosed on cocaine

Or take me away, like a bullet from Kurt Cobain

Suicide, I'm from a +Windy City+, like Do or Die

From a block close to where Biggie was crucified

That was Brooklyn's Jesus, shot for no fuckin reason

And you wonder why Kanye wears Jesus pieces (my life, my life)

Cause that's Jesus people, and Game, he's the equal

Hated on some much +Passion+ that Christ need a sequel

Yeah, like Roc-a-Fella need a Sigel

Like I needed my father, but he needed a needle (my life, my life)

I need some meditation, so I can lead my people

They askin why, why did John Lennon leave The

Beatles?  
And why every hood nigga feed off evil?  
Answer my question 'fore this bullet leave this Desert  
Eagle

[Chorus]

[The Game] + (Lil Wayne)  
We are not the same, I am a Martian  
So approach my Phantom doors with caution  
You see them 24's spinnin? I earned 'em  
And all the pictures of me and Em, I burned 'em  
So it ain't no proof, that I ever walked through 8 Mile  
And since it ain't no Proof, I'll never walk through 8 Mile  
Sometimes I think about my life, with my face down  
Then I see my sons and put on that Kanye smile (my  
life, my life)  
Damn, I know his momma proud  
And since you helped me sell my +Dream+ we can  
share my momma now  
And like M.J.B., +No More Drama+ now  
Livin the +Good Life+, me and Common on common  
ground  
I spit crack, and niggaz could drop it out of town  
Got a Cris', call my estate, I'm never out of 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]

[The Game] + (Lil Wayne)  
Walk through the gates of hell, see my Impala parked  
in front  
With the high beams on, me and the devil sharin  
chronic blunts  
Listenin to the "Chronic" album, play it backwards  
Shootin at pictures of Don Imus for target practice  
My mind fucked up, so I cover it with a Raider hood  
I'm from the city that made you motherfuckers afraid  
of Suge  
{ "Compton, Compton" } Made my grandmother pray  
for good  
It never made her happy, but I bet that new Mercedes  
could (my life, my life)  
Ain't no bars, but niggaz can't escape the hood  
It took so many of my niggaz, that I should hate the  
hood  
But it's real niggaz like me, that make the hood  
Ridin slow in that Phantom just the way I should (my  
life, my life)  
With the top back, in my Sox hat

I'm +Paid in Full+, the nigga Alpo couldn't stop that  
Even if they brought the nigga 'Pac back  
I'll still keep this motherfucker cocked back

[Chorus]

[Lil Wayne]

My life (my life, my life)

My life (my life, my life)

My life (my life, my life)

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