

## **Bad Boy's Da Band**

### **"In My Life"**

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Chorus: life is what you make it,  
though it may sound basic.  
go in though some bad times (in my life)  
then be thankful for the good times yeeeah  
though we must build up the strength to carry on (in my  
life)  
welcome to my liiiiiiife (welcome welcome)

Sara: welcome welcome welcome  
Fred: this crazy  
sara: welcome welcome welcome  
Fred: i'm thankful  
sara: welcome welcome welcome  
fred: yeh  
sara: welcome welcome welcome  
Fred: welcome welcome (what i've seen in life)  
ness: life is what you make it (in my life).  
ness: you gotta do the hard work.  
ness: yeh can't let nobody hold you down baby.  
ness: yeh  
(welcome welcome)  
{ness}  
hit the bricks chic's like damn where you been loyd,  
locked up with a bad case of hemroids.  
writin and fightin trifullin rhyms,  
about the life and the times,  
of nigga'z on the grind.  
white collared criminals climb the corporate ladder,  
while nigga'z like me gotta sell coke to cracka'z.  
rest of my freedom boxed up, missen the season its  
the set up...hipothetically speakin.  
even my pop was knocked over tickets of speedin  
drinkin and driven  
i ain't forget he think i forgot em'.  
my mom got gray hairs from worrying sick,  
and my sister got a house now pushin the stick.  
just a lil somthin to get her from A to B,  
i got nowhere to go come stay with me.  
with a niece and a nephew that love me to death,  
my little brother nick got guest he lovin whats left.

Chorus

{Fred}

i remember one mornin i was cookin the O,  
and out the blue i heard a knock at the do'.  
i looked through the peep hole and its a fiend man he  
needed some coke,  
and at the time i really needed his dough but i know the  
rules.  
you never sell crack where you rest at, 'cause haters  
send shells where yah chest at.  
but in my case the motha\*\*\*\*\* sent shells where my  
vest at ,  
found out i ain't dead give him a spot to rest at  
i found out bout they spot had to go and X that,  
my eye'z redder than cyclops call me the X-Men.  
i thank god just for every blessin,  
though the roads got tough thanks for every lesson,  
i carry loads at times even thought it gets stressin,  
i remember stickin the clip in, cockin,and second  
guessin,  
i couldn't stand the reign of a new edition,  
the fast lane had me layin in the coops with pigeons in  
my life.

Chorus

{Babs}

potheads and high school dropouts,  
little girls with they stomachs popped out.  
i've seen it all,  
nigga'z stretched out by the corner store,  
life no more,don't seem small...i'm gettin focused.  
in the crib writin ryhmns while i'm smokin,  
while nigga'z on the block totin' i see em' later.  
my mom make pay for a cheat with a cast,  
asked for a pair of kicks she told me ask your dad.(ask  
your dad)  
so i'd rather hit the ad and knock off(???)  
a hundred pack in the pocket of my vest/ jeaned skirt.  
meanwhile tryin to get a deal on the side,  
battle b!tches outside in front of ketucky fried.  
alot of nigga'z wanna see me shine,  
but i still got the lame draggin behind... its nothin  
i'ma get to the top regardless,  
got love for female rappers but think i'm the hardest  
in my life

Chorus X2

