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Foxy Brown "My Life"

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Why don't ya'll take a look into my life? See what I see

At the age of fourteen, introduce to coops Learnin' how to seduce niggaz, takin' they loot Quickly, got involved with this money lifestyle The finer things, all kinda things, power, money Cars and diamond rings, and nice braids, flaunt it The Gucci boots with the G's on it A high price for this 'High price' life While I'm on tour is my man cheatin' just for spite? And if you only knew I hold my minks at nights with cheap

Or no other hands can hold me right My girls ain't the same, guess it's 'cuz the fame Bitches smile in my face and throw dirt on my name Mad 'cuz I made it, now friends intimidated Hate it that I'm in the same game as them With mo' fame than them, they know who they are This life is no joke, got us havin' to broke You was my sister, who used to dream together How we could make it real big, do our thing together Huh, Thelma and Louise together, remember them days?

Them niggas we played? Now we don't even speak Went our seperate ways, seperate lives Lost friendship for pride, playin' the game About to forfeit high price life, I can't afford it

My life, do ya feel what I feel? My life, a black girl's ordeal my life Do ya see what I see? Have you been where I've been? Can you go where I go? My life Do ya'll know what it feels like? Do ya'll know what it be like? Do ya see what I see? Have you been where I've been? Can you go where I go?

Daddy's girl, in his wildest dreams

And even as a little girl I was doin' my thing
Uh, confused, I ain't asked to be born
Nigga so dumb, shoulda used a condom
Ask mommy every day, when daddy gon' come?
But he never showed up
I would pimp for them, became demented, then men?
Resented them, just the scent of 'em made me hurl
Specially the baller ones tryin' to buy me with pearls
All I needed was love, all I wanted was love
Lack of love had me fallin' for thugs
The niggas who ain't care, just like daddy
If he ain't care, why should they?
For this 'High price' life, it's the price I pay

Said he think that Iil' Ing will be illest in this rap -thing Age four in my mother's shoes, swore I could sing

My life, do ya feel what I feel?
My life, a black girl's ordeal, my life
Do ya see what I see?
Have you been where I've been?
Can you go where I go?
My life
Do ya'll know what it feels like?
Do ya'll know what it be like?
Do ya see what I see?
Have you been where I've been?
Can you go where I go?

All my girls cross the world that feel what I feel

Hearts bruised, then been way I been, keep it movin' Let him do his thing, I'm the one he's lovin' I'm here to show ya'll, havin' a kid ain't meanin' nuthin' That ain't keepin' him, specially if he in love with another chick Then you stuck with the babymother shit Don't be lovin' niggas more than yaself Let 'em roam, a dog always finds his way home Shit, ya'll don't wanna take my place, cashin' cases Spit in faces, I never seem falsely accused While some say it's rude But if I was a dude, they all be amused But I'm a woman, so I'm a bitch, simple as that Double standards, call him a Mack, call me a hoe Say I'm in it for the dough, but tell me What tha fuck he in it for? Wanted it all, now it's all mine Loneliness, sorrow, confusion and pain Nightmares, headlines, "Rapper found slain" If it wasn't for my moms, I'd drown in this pain Now ya'll see what it's like, ya'll don't wanna be me 'Cuz it ain't always what it seem on TV

Shit, but this is my nine to five ya'll Sometimes I wanna slit my wrist and end my life ya'll

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Have you been where I've been?
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