

Gwen Stacy

"It's My Life"

Visit "[It's My Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Chorus - David Wade)

Nevermind what I do, stick to you

Let me live, it's my life

(It's my life, it's my life)

It's what I go through everyday

(I'm just an average man tryna do the best I can)

Nevermind what I do, stick to you

Let me live, it's my life

(It's my life, it's my life)

It's what I go through everyday

Let me tell you the type of things we go through, you know?

I rap about what's real and what I go through on the daily

It's crazy, like my neighborhood back in the 80's

I've seen shit, I lived it, I know it, so I give it

I can't stop and I won't stop until I'm finished

In the 90's you could find me on Hernandez with the homeboys

Lookin' out for the chota, livin' la vida loca

Coete in my pockets, someone always had some fusca

You know how it is, you rollin' through you keep trucha

Bullets flyin' I ain't lyin', I got hit by one

Jefita cried, I almost died and it was just for fun

We're never doin' what we oughta be

Rest in peace to my homeboy Peewee

Got shot by a cop in a robbery

And honestly, that part of our lifestyle is unsuitable

Don't act like you don't know how it feels to go to a funeral

(Silencio)

That's how we're livin' though

And then we wonder why they look at us like we're

some fuckin' criminals

You know

Chorus

I never left the pad without shavin' my head

Getting cleaned up, creased up take a joint to the head
Never been to Juvie hall, never been to the pen
But to my homeboys, I'm someone you could depend
on
I used to use Krylon to write on fences and walls
Big block, Old English letters standin' 10 feet tall
United we stand, divided we fall
Tighter than some 1218's two sizes small
Smile now cry later, fuck it, why cry at all?
And if we ever got busted homeboy, deny it all
We didn't do shit, they can't prove shit and even if
they could
You never pulled rat or you're not welcomed back to
the hood
You're known as no good, that's how it was, that's
how it is
Fuck your predicament get your ass killed for that shit
You don't believe me? I don't care if you do, or if you
don't
I'm just sayin' what the fuck I've been through
And it's no joke

Chorus

I get the smallest wires, wrap 'em with the smallest
tires
Blaze more trees than the San Diego wild fires
I get higher to inspire rhymes
Say some shit to inquire minds and make sure they
admire mine
Make 'em wonder what the fuck goes on in this mind of
mine
I'm a cool dude, we can blow up for the final time
It's all the same, ain't nothing changed, it's still this
style of mine
Neighborhood music, talkin' about how we do shit, we
cruise it
We sometimes lose it and act foolish but who doesn't?
Cause a ruckus, fuck it, that's what you're stuck with
Products of the barrio, got no where to go but we gotta
go
They ask me where I'm goin', shit I dunno
Around the town, see who's around, see who's down
To get a twelve pack and a pound
I'm lookin' for the answer at the bottom of a bottle
It's just my luck I gots no luck
No California Lotto

Chorus

