

## **J.R. Writer**

### **"My Life"**

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Y'all want to live my life  
Y'all just can't live my life  
Y'all want to live my life  
Y'all just ain't fit to live my life

Since a youngin' a lesson was told, was never to fold  
Shit, I started rappin' around eleven years old  
I was destined to blow and unlikely to fade  
Copped me a pen and pad, see my life in the page

Nobody seen my vision, they thought I'd be in prison  
They though I'd be in prison for movin' keys of ism  
But as you see, I didn't, I just succeeded, listen  
Now they watch when they spot every V I sit in

Let me stick to the plot, since a kid I would watch  
My favorite channel was the music video box  
Daddy Kane, Rahkim, every hit he would drop  
Flu Dog, Wu Tang, down to Biggie and Pac

I inherited charm but in a house hardly  
'Cause was beggin' my moms to hit the house party  
Shit to dance, not a chance I was in there for that  
I was highly inspired just hearin' 'em rap

They would crowd the mic and indeed get it crackin'  
Of course, I was too short to see who was rappin'  
I ain't bother to speak, just startled by heat  
Listen to all of the words and nodded to beats

That's when I decided that that was my goal  
To rap and to flow, my tracks to be sold  
All across the country for the cost of money  
Until the life the dreams or the lost and hungry

This a movement you see, all this movin' you see  
Basically, this is more than just music to me  
This is tears and sweat, for the tears I sweat  
Every year I stretched, I won't dare forget

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I was likely fi'n to pop and the ciphers with a bop  
Thirteen felt like one of the nicest kids to drop  
More practice I done made, the more nicer that I got  
People loved me, I end up ghost writin' for the block

Mama said I was a fool, now I wasn't cool  
'Cause round fourteen, shit, I done dropped out of  
school  
Yeah, that was my past broke, rap was my cast  
Gettin' caught writin' rhymes in the back of the class

I was triflin' to all, I hit dykeman for raw  
Shot five with the students, rolled dice in the halls  
They said, dude, take a T.O., almost caught with a kilo  
Principal threatened me, hey, I'm callin' ya P.O.

So drop out is what I had to do  
Ciphersed up the block and battled on the avenue  
Ran up on cats like faggot, I will battle you  
Battle what he babbled and I had him by a rap or two

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