

## Janet Jackson

### "My Life"

Visit "[My Life](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Memphis Bleek talking]

Yeah...I mean, M.A.D.E, no mob shit  
Money, Attitude, Direction, and Education...some real  
shit  
Think about my hood one time, my hood...it's trippin'  
Thinkin I've changed, crossed niggaz  
Where we go wrong

[Verse 1]

I'm from that two-bedroom apartment, Marcy  
5-3-4, that middle building...yeah, they say it started  
me  
I'm new to it but consider me young  
Seen it all happen, aint understand what was done  
But, all I wanted was the fly kicks fly shit  
Little nigga but still kept a fly bitch  
And back then it was love in the hood  
Knuckle up with ya dog and fuck it, it's all good  
Now, I'm in the crib rippin up to go to war with 'em  
Same little niggaz I used to steal from the store with  
'em  
I go and get 'em from school  
Used to take the same bus, same train back then we  
was cool  
I broke bread at lunch with 'em  
And if mom's left me with two singles, then you know  
I'm splittin one with 'em  
We cut school in the building I lived in, one floor higher  
Smokin and gettin higher  
Damn, think of age, now we locked up north  
It was like yesterday we was practicin sports  
Went from flippin on mats now he flippin in the box  
Locked twenty-three hours up a day, he in the max  
Aint no lookin back because this life goes on  
We was kids didnt care about the rights and wrongs  
But, nobody judged us the ghetto loved us  
Streets, the only thing that ever took something from  
us  
I lost a couple friends  
But I promised and prayed that if I make it, Im'a see  
'em again

I admit, I was wild as a child  
And my mom's aint like none of my friends who use to  
call me Ismhael  
My brother stayed on punishment, mama found out he  
hustle and  
Found couple jacks, her plan she thought of flushin it  
Me, I'm in the streets I swore, never change  
My brother caught a cause, I came up to do the same

[Hook - Latif singing] (2X)

It's all about my days, this is all about my nights  
This is all about my pain, this is all about my life

[Verse 2]

I got my first work, about the age of fourteen  
My brother fighting a case his bail was fourteen  
Me, still hustlin, school not going  
My clothes started changin, the money started showin  
My right hand was owing every hoe we know  
She represent us through the ghetto every hood we  
know  
He put me on on that traffic, though the money was  
average  
I aint care I learned how to handle that package  
Then, a body dropped, O locked for minute  
The squad it never died, I was left to represent it  
Took a nigga out his crib his name I aint gon' mention it  
Know this hit home, I know this nigga listenin  
Cause we was tighter than brothers where did the love  
go  
I called your mother my mom's dog, I let the love show  
This was supposed to be us  
You was supposed to have the next verse dog, this was  
supposed to be us  
And, you know I taught you the streets, taught you to  
pitch in  
I gave you that gear got you all the bitches  
I never thought you ever cross me dog  
If they back me down in the corner, get 'em off me dog  
Now I see exactly where we went wrong  
When I spin through the hood and I see him, I keep it  
go in  
Now the ghetto lookin at me like I changed  
But, I'm still that regular nigga I'm still the same

[Hook]

Visit [Janet Jackson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

