

Juvenile

"Juvenile - My Life"

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Who the fuck nigga hittin' shots in the truck?
Hope I'm able to make this right turn, my Neon fucked
The wodie that I'm with, bawlin' up like a bitch
Instead of tryin' to retaliate by bustin' his shit
My leg already fucked up, been playin' it bald
Now I gotta drive the car too, funny and all
Left arm on the steerin' wheel, right on the Mac

Them niggaz brought it to me raw so I'm bringin' it
back
Out the window with it dumb sinnin' but I crashed
This boy went straight through window his stupid ass
And I'm noticin' I smell gas
Gotta bust a airbag, get out the car fast and haul ass
I still gotta duck bullets that cut through bricks
What the fuck I did to make niggaz want do me like
this?
Won't be long 'fore one of the bullets ignite the gas
They'll meet even the buildings gonna be ash

My life, my life, my life, my life
My life, my life, my life, my life
Ain't no sunshine 'til they gone
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I'ma go on to survive but the story returns
After bein' treated several months for 3rd degree
burns
My lil' cousin Denaun flipped out and murdered his
children
I gotta go by my aunt now, he hurtin' her feelings
He's lookin' at a L, swearin' no need for a trial
Accept it like a man, bitch, or live in denial
Whatchu think the people gon' say, when they look at
his file?
Hear that little boy, snicker he in here for a while

I had a shit bag on me, I could barely walk
Everybody knew the story but was scared to talk
I read lips when I pull up, right after I park
I hear a nigga say whass happen wo' but not from the
heart
Word gotta be out, a lot of tension's in the air black
Your everyday niggaz ain't even muchly makin'
transac'
If I think about a gun, I'ma get ten
The people got their ears to the streets and they be
listenin'

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Niggaz be knowin' them bitches slippin' when I'm
dishin'
I'd rather be locked down in prison than come up
missin'
But that goes to show you how fast the laws work
They was peepin' with somebody that punished them
boys first
Don't they know the people still thinkin' I sent the hit?
I'd accept it if I did it but they wrong for that shit
To the police I sounded like the boy cryin' wolf
'Cuz they know I like slangin' rice, shootin' dice with the
crooks

Everythang in life I accumulated I took
It's a neverending episode, my life is a book
I'm hot, so I'm ridin' 'round up in Rock [unverified]
There's a funeral pass, two cops and five limos
Man, that's one of them niggaz was tryin' to snipe me
I betcha everybody in that crowd don't like me
I should go up in the bitch bustin'
But they got innocent bystanders
That never did the clique nothin'

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