

Keith Murray

"My Life Featuring Deja Vu"

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I'ma take you back to day one, livin in this New York
slum

It's deaf to the dumb, only break bread with some
Moms left at 15, had no American dreams

To this day, I'm sellin to my cousin who's a fiend

No one would got me but my older brother

Little did we know the dirt we did fell back on my
mother

But didn't care back then, that's why she left like that

Now my parents became the street, and it's best like
that

Some nights I pray to God and ask him to pull my cord
Cuz times is hard like the opposite street'll leave you
scarred

Street wise with no respect for authority and shit

A chronic hustler of crack, a typical bitch

Raised by madu who strung out on a glass dick

But every now and then I blessed her with a hit

So she don't have to trick

It's prevalent amongst kids today

Hustle krills, stack dough, and everything's okay

It's the emancipation proclamation under the self
devised guidelines

Of self preservation and starvation (I gotta live)

It's the emancipation proclamation under the self
devised guidelines

Of self preservation and starvation (and I gotta live)

My life in this world wasn't about diamonds and pearls

It was rough growin up around the boys and girls

After daddy left, shit was a mess, momma stressed

But I give her an award, cuz damn she tried her best

Holdin down the household, barely had money to fold

Christmas time, cherished our little shit like gold

I can't front, daddy was still there for me, cared for me

But him and mommy breakin up was like a nightmare

to me

Yo this is for the younger fathers and mothers, sisters
and brothers

Success is nothin if it aint if it was with the others
We gotta make the best out of this terrible situation
If not for us, for the younger generation
We gotta break the chain, and deal with the pain
For all our people that was slayed in vain (revenge)
For all our peoples that was falsely framed (revenge)
For all our peoples that's livin the name

It's the emancipation proclamation under the self
devised guidelines
Of self preservation and starvation (I gotta live)
It's the emancipation proclamation under the self
devised guidelines
Of self preservation and starvation (and I gotta live)

Let me show, I gotta love L.O.D., they put me under the
wing
And then I teamed up with the most beautiful thing
In the world, cuz L.O.D. we all we got
I'm a fans and my mans keep it like it or not
I know it hurts, havin to do everyday dirt
Police all over my back, feel like bustin them jerks
When I'm my road to the riches, I stay away from
snitches
And them bitches, and keep my mind on business

Life was tough so I became aggressive like a pit
The only time I felt relaxed was when the blunt was lit
Thinkin me and my team can be tight like the gambino
Muscle in the hustle scene respected like Leno
It gets deeper than the words of Proverbs
New thoughts emerge, as I cop the squat on the curb
Thinkin the herb strengthen my brain like spinach
And heavy shine, flooded with ice might reduce my
self spirts

Stick em, my life is so real it hurts
Like when I saw my pops bein driven off in a hearse
Like when I saw my mother bein driven off in a hearse
Like you school when the roach crawl out my shirt
Like on Thanksgiving when we got free food from the
church
Back then it was DJ Red Alert and Kool Herc
Rockin been stripe knees and latigra shirts
Back then L.O.D. was puttin in work
From the cradle to the grave
We all in the struggle, we gon struggle, we gon strive
to stay alive
All my real people know what I'm talkin about
Watch each other backs
Word up, my life is nothing without my niggas, word up

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