

Latif

"My Life"

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(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 is trippin'
Thinkin' I've changed crossed niggaz
Where we go wrong?

[Verse 1] (Memphis Bleek)

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 didn't 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, I'm 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) x2

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] (Memphis Bleek)

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
goin'
Now the ghetto lookin' at me like I changed
But, I'm still that regular nigga I'm still the same

[Hook] (Latif) x2

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