

# Lil Scrappy

## "My Life"

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And I'm grindin' till I'm tired  
They say you ain't grindin' till you tired  
So I'm grindin' with my eyes wide  
Looking to find, a way through the day, a life of the  
night  
Dear Lord you've done took so many of my people but  
I'm just wonderin' why  
You haven't taken my life (x3)  
Like what the heÂAll am I doing right? ( x3)

[The Game]

The hazing has BEGUN  
Take me away from the hood like a state penitentiary  
Take me away from the hood in the casket or a Bentley  
Take me away, like I overdosed on cocÂAaine  
Take me away like a buÂAllet from Kurt Cobaine  
SuiÂAcide (SuiÂAcide..suiÂAcide..), I'm from a windy  
city, like "Do or Die"  
From a block close to where Biggie was crucified  
That was Brooklyn's Jesus shot for no fucÂkin' reason  
And you wonder why Kanye wears Jesus pieces (My Life  
x3)  
'Cause that's Jesus people and Game needs the equal  
Hated on so much, "Passion of Christ" need a sequel  
Yeah, like Roc-a-fella needed Sigel  
Like I needed my father, but he needed a needle (My  
Life x3)  
I need some meditation, so I can leave my people  
They askin' ""Why"? Why did John Lennon leave The  
Beatles?"  
And why every hood niÂgÂga feed off evil?  
Answer my question before this bullet leave this Desert  
Eagle

[Lil' Wayne]

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You haven't taken my life (x3)

Like what the heâAll am I doing right? ( x3)

[Verse 2]

We are not the same, I am a Martian  
So approach my Phantom doors with caution (caution)  
You see them 24's spinnin'? I earned them  
And all the pictures of me and Em, I burned them  
So there ain't no proof that I ever walked through 8 Mile  
And since there ain't no Proof, I never walked through 8  
Mile  
Sometimes I think about my life with my face down  
Then I see my sons and put on that Kanye smile (My  
Life x3)  
Damn, I know his momma's proud  
And since you helped me sell my dream, we can share  
my momma now  
And like MJB, no more drama now

Livin' the good life, me and Common on common  
ground  
I spit crack and niâgâgâgâgâs could drive it outta  
town  
Gotta Chris Paul mind state, I'm never outta bounds  
My life used to be empty like a gloâck without a round  
Now my life full, like a chopper with a thousand rounds.  
(Gunshots)  
[Lil' Wayne]  
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[Verse 3]

(My Life x3) Walk through the gates of HeâAll, see my  
Impala parked in front  
The high beams on, me and Devil share chroânic  
bluânts  
Listening to the "Chroânic" album, playing backwards  
Shootin' at pictures of Don Imus for target practice  
My mind fucâked up, so I cover it with a Raider hood  
I'm from the city that made you motherfucâkers  
afraid of Suge (Compton.... Compton...)  
Made my grandmother pray for good  
And never made her happy, when I bet that new  
Mercedes Could (My Life x3)  
Ain't no bars, but niâgâgâgâgâs can't escape the

hood  
They took so many of my niâgââgââs that I  
should hate the hood  
But it's real niâgââgââs like me that made the  
hood  
Ridin' slow with that Phantom just the way I should (My  
Life x3)  
With the top back in my Sox hat  
I'm paid in full; the niâgââgââa Alpo couldn't stop  
that  
Even if they brought the niâgââgââa 'Pac back  
I'd still keep this motherfâucâker câoâckâed  
back  
[Lil' Wayne]  
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(My Life x 3)  
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(My Life x 3)

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