

# Lil Wayne "Real Life"

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[Intro]

[breathing]

[dog barking]

[gun shot and glass break]

[The Game]

Punk ass mothafucka, get your ass up

What chu was goin do? kill me in my sleep you bitch  
ass nigga?

Tupac, Biggie! shut the fuck up! fucking dogs barking  
and shit

[Punk Ass Motherfucker]

Donâ€™t shoot!

Donâ€™t shoot!

[gun shot]

[The Game]

fuck You Nigga!

[Chorus: Lilâ€™ Wayne]

And Iâ€™m grindinâ€™ til Iâ€™m tired

They say "You ainâ€™t grindinâ€™ til you tired"

So Iâ€™m grindinâ€™ with my eyes wide

Looking to find

A way

Through the day

A light

For the night

Dear Lord, youâ€™ve done took so many of my people  
but Iâ€™m just wonderinâ€™ why

You havenâ€™t taken [my life? x3]

Like what the hell am I [doing right? x3]

[My Life x3]

[Verse 1: The Game]

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 cocaine  
Or take me away like a bullet from Kurt Cobain  
Suicide (Suicide. suicide.)  
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 fuckin' reason  
And you wonder why Kanye wears Jesus pieces? [My  
Life x3]  
'Cause that's Jesus people  
And The Game, he's the equal  
Hated on so much, "The 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 nigga feed off evil?  
Answer my question before this bullet leave this Desert  
Eagle

[Chorus: Lil' Wayne]  
And I'm grindin' til I'm tired  
They say "You ain't grindin' til you tired"  
So I'm grindin' with my eyes wide  
Looking to find  
A way  
Through the day  
A light  
For 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 hell am I [doing right? x3]  
[My Life x3]

[Verse 2: The Game]  
We are not the same, I am a Martian  
So approach my Phantom doors with caution (caution...  
caution)  
See these 24s spinnin'? I earned em,  
And all these pictures of me and I burned 'em  
So there aint no proof that i ever walked through 8 mile  
Since they aint no proof, I never walked through 8 mile  
So eat this black music, and tell me how it taste, now?  
And fuck Jesse Jackson cause it ain't about race, now  
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 niggas could drive it outta town  
Gotta Chris Paul mind state, I'm never outta bounds  
My life used to be empty like a Glock without a round  
Now my life full, like a chopper with a thousand rounds  
[Gunshots]

[Chorus: Lil' Wayne]

And I'm grindin' 'til I'm tired  
They say "You ain't grindin' 'til you tired"  
So I'm grindin' with my eyes wide  
Looking to find  
A way  
Through the day  
A light  
For 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 hell am I [doing right? x3]  
[My Life x3]

[Verse 3: The Game]

Walk through the gates of Hell, see my Impala parked  
in front  
The high beams on, me and the Devil share chronic  
blunts  
Listening to the "Chronic" album, playing backwards  
Shootin' at pictures of Don Imus for target practice  
My mind fucked up, so I cover it with a Raider hood  
I'm from the city that made you motherfuckers 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 niggas can't escape the hood  
They took so many of my niggas, that I should hate the  
hood  
But it's real niggas like me, that make the hood  
Ridin' slow in that Phantom just the way I should [My  
Life x3]  
With the top back  
In my Sox hat  
I'm paid in full, the nigga Alpo couldn't stop that  
Even if they brought the nigga 'Pac back

I'd still keep this motherfucker cocked back

[Chorus: Lil Wayne]

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You haven't taken [my life x3]

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[My Life x3]

[My Life x3]

[My Life x3]

[My Life x3]

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