

# Lil Wayne

## "The Game My Life"

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Punk ass mothafuckah, 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...

Fuck you nigga!

(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 life  
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  
Like what the hell am I doing right?  
My life...

(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 Cobaine  
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?  
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  
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

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(The Game)  
We are not the same, I am a Martian  
So approach my Phantom doors with caution  
You see them 24's spinnin', I earned them  
And I ain't no preacher, but here's my Erick Sermon  
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  
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

(Chorus) (Lil Wayne)  
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(The Game)

Walk through the gates of Hell, see my Impala parked  
in front  
With 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  
Made my grandmother pray for good  
And never made her happy, when I bet that new  
Mercedes could  
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  
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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