

Merry Clayton

"My Life"

Visit "[My Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

{talking}

Drop that shit

(yeah)....(my life)

It's a fucked up feelin to be fuckin discussed

(discussed)

Busted (busted)

I want you to look eye-to-eye with this baby

Gotta keep ya head up cuz it's droppin

? have some under the table (I am a soldier)

Check it (check it know what I mean)

(check it)

[Verse 1]

Take a look into my life it's messed up

My sister's on that dope man she stayed geeked up

My baby mamma screamin she don't want me to die

Got tears in her eye

But I just wonder why

Cuz if I gots to die I gots to go, I ain't scared

With one up in my chest but two to my head

But don't kill my son because my son is all I got

And there's a very reason why the brothers slang rocks

My mutha wants to know why our son sells crack

I tell her (?) to put clothes on my back

And I don't give a fuck because the thug is in my blood

A there's a reason why I give my neighbor so much luv

My sister always screamin "Real boy you needs to chill"

But she don't understand I gots to play my bill

My girl works a job that pays 5 a fuckin hour

We needed more a dollars so I started slangin powder

I used to see my homies on the block gettin money

It just start (?) and shit and I was lookin bummy

But hey I ain't no dumby nigga I knew somethin was

wrong

(?) my nigga to sit there, you couldn't pay (?)

He taught me to run this game and how to make a

quick cash

He gave me what I need shiiit four and a half

A (?) and a do' just to get the truck crunk

I started drinkin gin and started smokin blunts

A .9 millimeter was the gun that I packed

But For-ty years-old and now on the gat
I used to hit the school yard fightin for dem lays
Rid my cousin's Chevy ridin Daytna-days
Think I'm livin the life..

{Talking }

You see I can be (?).

(I wanna change)

But not by man.

(but how?)

Only by God.

(what you think of dis game?)

So all these niggas that's jealous man.

I'm takin the bitches myself.

(life is all fucked up man cuz

of the way they got us livin)

You can look and tell I'z if dey d'ere. (ain't nobody give
this shit)

(You gotta work for it)

(You gotta earn it)

The main nigga, the rebel

(You gotta arrent change)

Black Keano

(You gotta wanna feel)

(You gotta wanna be real)

The shits real.

[Verse 2]

There's nothin (?) ain'ta damn thang changed

I'm true to da game

So I'm still pushin 'caine

The lumps but nigga back to these wicked drug traves

The tears in my eyes, got slugs on my face

I just bought a house and move the fuck up out da
hood

My niggas, they ain't jealous, it's all fuckin good

Cuz even out da hood, I got the crazy contell

And when them hoes see me they be straight holla real

When I don't get ahigh-five I just throw up that peace
sign

And go bout my bizness tryin to stay down for mine

Cuz some of these hoes they be actin like they nice'n

Fool you take it back and quit your bitches turn triffin'

Try to set a nigga'up, death for his meals

And don't give a damn about a slayer gettin killed

And see you wit your Dallas so they figure that you're
on

And when they get their partnas quick to invate your
home

But not a thang to me I stay strapped with my heat

Adiquate, then tear a hoe, bitch gimme 10 feet

Cuz a the niggas in my hood be actin like da stars
From in red Beemers,(?) big cars
They can look at my life..

{talking}

Ha

Imagine this

No more tears for my momma
And no more pain from the drama
That's what I wanna give
That's the life I wanna live
I mean I'm just strought..
(damn this shit!)

You know what I'm sayin

(I wanna change)

..from the streets they hard

(I wanna get out the game)

My lil son got scars

(this shit hectic)

You know what I'm sayin

(I mean, everythang gotta be respected)

The homeboys ride big bars

I wanna change

I wanna do my thang

(check it! check it!)

But how?...

[Verse 3]

If I change my life tonight

Make it right

Hell naw, I got ta strike

If I wanna live tight

Plus ah..we takin over..this whole town

And if you happen to bump into me or my crew nigga
bown down

They ask me why I'm so heartless

Or even start this

I say these streets

and this heat

keeps my mind deep..thinkin

Of another plot (damn!)

Damn I (?) off the heel gotta wait for dem walks

I close shop

and earn 2 g's with this Mary Jane

The patty way is talkin bout closin dump me and Caine

It seems a niggas on the run

And when I'm clutchin my gun

If I ain't the one

Then why the Fedz

come touch my momz

I'm bout them AK guns and drugs

but she don't sho' her luv
If they ain't poppin out no slugs
Leave'm 'lone, God gon' judge
They know
just keep it real
And for your steel
We know this shit we do as (?)
But who gon' change the tone
And make a safe affect (?)
You see these streets at night
We told your block
and keep it cocked
and save your fuckin life
What about these niggas ridin Chevy chrome D's bank
roll
Lookin swoll
Get jacked if they sendin pair'a own
All though
I know it's hard to keep it to open your eyes
And take a look at how we live and how we fuckin
survive
Look at tha crock
I want to ball ten from the bank
You give em ten (?) sell em tons of dank
But you don't trust me and I know you don't like my
kind
You out there stealin
We killin n dealin and givin out all that time
Some that's trapped have no choice they got to fuckin
bust
If I only rob and only roll then my familys crushed
Gimme a job, 5 an hour sayin "this shit gon' work"
(?) she havin a baby I wanna why tha (?)
You ridin Lex
Doin your best and you play me soft
That's why my boys tote them glocks and break em off
So all ya'll thugs
Sho' no luv
And slang those drugs
And if a nigga try'ta bust slang those fuckin slugs
Cuz everybody got there own thang to try n make it
Foo, we let em hem you up, yeah your life to take it
They say the tommy (?) all this shit
I'm lookin good off in these hoodies and these Nike
kicks
Is it my destiny to make a chance to fuck it to fail
Or take a look all at my life, look at the way I go is hell

