

## **Sick Symphonies "In This Lifetime"**

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I don't know much, about this thing called love,  
but I'm willing to try.

I don't know much about it either baby,  
but if you're willing,  
then so am I.

It all started in the mexican streets  
and ended up in east L.A. blocks  
that's where the love was released.  
me and doob, world products of those immigrant  
antique ways  
where men are men and the cowards stay back seat.  
and last thing, street education my dad teached.  
It aint the gangs in the hood but the cops that harassed  
me.  
He said, money wouldn't last me long,  
enjoy family before they get the passin on.  
I grew up on the 17th block of pico hood,  
a rough life, but good times kept us moving.  
I stayed down with mom and pop,  
my blood, big doob, richard, and lil j.  
that's one love

I never express my love with a hug and kiss  
more like a, fuck you and a diss.  
this life is a gift before I looked at it like it was a shit  
cuz of the way we grew up,  
mistreated as kids.  
Must've called it tough love,  
or called it being real with eachother.  
never cared about those enemies or undercover.  
West gate was the streets, where the kids felt like me,  
constantly got into beef.  
There's no one to blame, for all mistakes and pain we  
went through,  
and made our folks through too.  
So when ever I did something wrong,  
moms I blamed it on you.  
Though u had no idea of what your son would do.

[chorus]

There ain't no city like my city in this whole world.  
There ain't nobody like my sons and our baby girls.  
I thank god up above for this lifetime,  
and I got love for my women in the night time.  
Yeah, and it's still all good.  
I grew up in the ghetto but I love my hood.  
Now this is how it is and this is and how it's always  
gonna be.  
Me and my fam till we r-i-p.

I wake up, and I'm surprised that I'm still breathing.  
Believing, yes it's another day that I've cheated death.  
yeah, sometimes it feels like there's nothing left.  
Take care of your mother, wept giving you your first  
breath.  
I was blessed with this life that lived,  
could've died as a kid  
all the wild shit we did.  
Tagged my name up, then jumping from a bridge,  
smoking and drinking shit I don't know what I was  
thinking.  
Mom and Pops couldn't watch my whole life.  
all the stress, drugs, and fights, for all they thought  
wasn't right.  
But in life  
Everything comes full circle.  
Now we raising boys and girls that we brought into this  
world.  
We were them young boys out there pullin pistols.  
No one ever said that your loved ones might miss you.  
Life is crazy,  
thank the family that made me,  
cuz they raised me with the street smarts that saved  
me

I don't know much, about this thing called love,  
but I'm willing to try.

I don't know much about it either baby,  
but if you're willing,  
then so am I

Now that I've survived twenty something years of my  
life,  
I can see things much more clear.  
I can live in the dark,  
and give light to those in need.  
I remember Jack giving my first s.p.  
Everyday I was making beats through day and may,  
try to master these beats to see where it would lead.  
Like after 5 years they gave me my seed,

now I'm praying real hard for my family to live in peace.

We learned tough love on these streets.  
Sometimes seems we never had much,  
so we break the law to eat.  
now I owe my life to a beat,  
hey shit changed though.  
Thats the solid game though  
and I mean deep.  
thought if I stayed away from the guns and crime  
waves  
I'll be saved at the end of the day  
from the drama. But u find out this world just ain't  
nothing nice.  
All survival, what I learned early on in my life.

[chorus]

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