

The Game

"My Life"

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(deep breathing
dogs barking
gasp)
Who da hell!!
what the f*ck
whatcha gonna do, kill me in my sleep b*tches?
Shut the f*ck up
what the f*ck
dont shoot me
dont shoot me
BAM!
f*ck you man
[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? 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 f**kin' 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]

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(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)
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 f**k 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]

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(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 f**ked up, so I cover it with a Raider hood
I'm from the city that made you motherf**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 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 motherf**ker cocked back

[Chorus: Lil' Wayne]

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(My Life x3)
(My Life x3)
(My Life x3)
(My Life x3)

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