

## **Criminalz**

### **"My Life"**

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[ VERSE 1: Jayo Felony ]

Can't stop, won't stop, nigga, that's that Crip Hop  
Roll until I hit the top, find a bitch to break my crop  
Hit a switch and then a drop, if it's a club then she gon'  
hop  
From club to club and dick to dick, trick bitch, hush the  
shit  
Hit licks for big chips, get rich, retire quick  
Spit shit for convicts and hoes that's full of nonsense  
Fuck a guilty conscience, I kill shit regardless  
It's real shit, the hardest, the realest regardless  
Don't ever try to get shit started, that's retarded  
You ain't gotta ask how we got in, we bogarted  
Y'all gon' know how we lay shit down, it ain't no secret  
And it's gon' stay in the fam, nigga, that's how we gon'  
keep it  
It ain't no time for jokin, nigga, fuck the Dreamcast  
Busters be mad, see well on a misssion that means  
cash  
You better soak up some game and learn to be a rich  
roller  
Shots hit you through your window while you was holdin  
your controller  
Now it's over

[ CHORUS: Joi Patrice ]

All my life I played this game  
And my life is full of pain  
I don't know if I'll ever change  
Perkin on drink and smokin Mary Jane

[ VERSE 2: Spice 1 ]

My life is full of sin, too much drama in California  
Niggas runnin up on ya to dump and put you in a coma  
Or worse, six feet, get put as deep as you stand  
Get carried by five homies, your brother the sixth man  
Think about your life and what you got to live for  
You may not have a lot of money but you still find a way  
to glow  
Just keep pushin and strivin, livin one day at a time  
Have patience with life and one day your light'll shine  
And when you shine, watch them niggas that watch you

gleam  
Cause envy brings niggas to jack for bling-bling  
In my life it's hard to deal with the pain  
But it's part of bein a man, it's part of the game  
Accept the shit and move on, partner, and hope for the best  
Cause the best way to get some revenge is through success  
Cause they don't like to see you come from nothin to somethin  
Single in rotation on the radio bumpin

[ CHORUS: Joi Patrice ]

[ VERSE 3: Celly Cel ]

When I really think about it, life is fucked up  
All the shit I did and man, I'm still here, I lucked up  
I know it's people prayin for my soul every day  
Before I go to bed I get down on my knees and pray  
Niggas like me ain't gon' never be shit  
If you can't shoot a basketball or grab the mic and make a hit  
We set up to fail before we get a opportunity  
It's easy access to drugs in the black community  
So we choose it, we sell it and we use it  
We like to live our life fast and know we might even lose it  
Abuse it, with 40oz. Mad Dog and hard liquor  
Have you catchin cases, makin a nigga walk the yard quicker  
It ain't no love, mayne, mama didn't raise a thug  
But I got caught up in the streets, I like to taste the blood  
I like drug money, 211 thug money  
I ran the streets fascinated by that blood money

[ CHORUS: Joi Patrice (2X) ]

[ Joi Patrice ]

I don't know if I'll ever change  
And get out the game  
I've been hustlin for too long  
I've been strugglin and doin wrong

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