

## Bad Books

### "My Life"

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[Sara in background saying welcome]

[Fred/Miami]

This Crazy

I'm Thankful

Yea

Welcome Welcome

[Ness]

Life is what you make it

You gotta put in hard work

Yea can't let nobody hold you down baby

[Verse 1 (Ness)]

Hit tha bricks chicks like damn where you been lord

Locked up wit a bad case of hemorrhoids

Writtin n fightin trufflin rhymes

About tha life n tha times wit niggaz on tha grind

White collared criminals climb the corporate ladder

While niggaz like me gotta sell coke n crack

Riskin my freedom boxed up missin a season

Itz a setup hypothetically speakin

Even my pops was knocked ova tickets for speeding

Drinkin n drivin i aint forget he think i forgot him

My mom got grey hairs from worrying sick

And my sister got a house now pushing a stick

Just a lil something to get her from a to b

Ya'll got nowhere to go come and stay wit me

Wit a niece and a nephew dat love me to death

My little brother nick I guess he'z loving whatz left

[Chorus (Sara)]

Life is what u make it

Though it may sound basic

Going through some bad times

While were faithful for the goodtimes yea

Though we must build up tha strength to carry on

Welcome to my world

Welcome welcome

[Verse 2 (Fred)]

I remember 1 morning when i was cooking tha O out

tha blue i heard a knock @ tha door  
I looked through tha peep whole and itz a feen n he  
needed some coke  
And at tha time i really needed his dough  
But i know the rules  
You never sell crack where you rest at  
'cause haterz send shellz where ya chest at  
In my case them motherfuckers sent shellz where my  
vest at  
Found ou ti aint dead give dem a spot to rest at  
I found out bout there spot had to go and x that  
My eyes red against cyclops call me tha x man  
I think god just for every blessin though tha roads got  
tough thankz for every lesson  
I carry loads at times even though it get stressin  
I remember stickin tha clip in stopped and den second  
guessing  
I couldnt stand tha rain of tha new edition  
Tha fast lane had me layin in the cool whip business

[Chorus (Sara)]

Life is what u make it  
Though it may sound basic  
Going through some bad times  
While were faithful for the goodtimes yea  
Though we must build up tha strength to carry on  
Welcome to my world  
Welcome welcome

[Verse 3 (Babs)]

High heads and high school dropouts  
Little girlz wit there stomachs popped out  
I seen it all  
Niggaz stretched out by tha corner store  
Life nomore  
Don't think small im getting focused  
In tha crib writin rhymes while im smokin  
While niggaz on tha block totin i'll see them lata  
My moms make paper but cheat wit her cash  
Ask for a pair of kicks she tell me ask my dad  
So i'd rather hit tha ave n knock off roucka  
100 pack in tha pocket of my guess jean skirt  
Still tryna get a deal on tha side  
Battle bitches outside in front of kennedy fried  
Alot of niggaz wanna see me shine  
But i still got tha lanes laggin behind  
Hatin on mine itz nothin  
Imma get to tha top regardless  
Got love for female rappers but think im tha hardest

[Chorus (Sara)]

Life is what u make it  
Though it may sound basic  
Going through some bad times  
While were faithful for the goodtimes yea  
Though we must build up tha strength to carry on  
Welcome to my world  
Welcome welcome

[Repeat Chorus 2x]

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