

## **Three 6 Mafia F/ Dayton Family**

### **"My Life"**

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DJ Screw

A mufucka wonder what I'll do  
Kill you bitch, pop-pop a lot  
Youth or ancient, whats the deal?  
Southside it's a new era, knoimsayin?  
Put you on your boy's mind, real shit  
Know what I'm talkin about?

[DJ Screw - Verse 1]

Nobody seems to understand that my brain ain't stable  
They got me out on a ledge, feel like I'm fallin off the  
edge  
It ain't no fable, it's re-ali-ty  
Feel like I'll move an your fizzin  
they're tryin to tackle me, thats why I keep up the  
business  
So relative or stranger, better keep yo' distance  
I can't determine friend from foe so you in danger  
Chemical inbalances of the weed and cocaine  
But it really don't matter to society  
A nigga that got no face an no name  
Deservin more, but I'ma move until I ain't got nothin left  
An the only thing thats promised to me is more povert  
and death  
Cuz theres some niggaz lookin for me an they might be  
near  
And if they kill me dont shed a tear, Remember I'm a  
heavy here  
Even still, gotta keep my eyes on the prize  
Although my vision is blurry I'm losing life in a hurry  
Even my girlfriend dont understand  
Don't want her to witness the wicked  
so please find yourself another man... haters feel me

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

This..is..my..liiiiife  
Forgotten in the struggllle  
Livin to shine

[Verse 1 - screwed and chopped]

[DJ Screw - Verse 2]

Opposition and proposition is schemin for cash  
And if you bitches is scandilous, I get mad at ya  
So I alleviate the pressure, don't try to run  
I guarantee the slugs'll catch ya (hahahaha)  
Oh yea, I keep some problem solvers  
I'll pistol-whip my automatic and revolver, check it  
An I'm a, "hello bab-ay", it's in my nature  
This a must it ain't a maybe p.k.  
The feds takin pictures and tappin my phones  
But if I catch you bitches snitchin best believe me it's on  
I analyze an visualize to open fire on bitches  
And if I catch you bastards asleep I'm leavin bodies in  
ditches (huh?)  
I'll bet they ask a bastard: "feel like spendin a long one  
in a casket?"  
check it  
Niggaz bustin your ass, all I'll give you's a ski mask  
Bustin shots from my Rolles, tryin to make your car  
crash (feel me)  
... This is MY LIFE

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - screwed and chopped]

[DJ Screw - Verse 3]

Everybody think I love keepin impulsive pride tappin  
But I know they wouldn't give a fuck about me if there  
wasn't no money in rappin  
See I know they wanna get rich off of me, understand  
Even if I was to die I would still rep talk, they'd still put a  
mic in my hand  
Quit tryin to cover my style of life, pretendin like they  
from my block  
But I survive from willin to live while they depend on  
war and talk  
Before you make your move, check yourself and give  
'er in front of me  
Even if lyrical strugglin, adjust your ticket cuz you know  
how dead your gonna be  
There's gon' be a dentist to see  
When a nigga be screamin and hollarin "I'm yo'  
Godfather"  
But I guess it's just the menace in me  
Plus, the only nigga that's keepin me from clickin is  
Herman Fisher  
We dont care cuz to kid us he'll get us a drink and  
infinite burnin swishers  
Why they wanna play with my life? they got families,  
nigga I don't

The only thing between me an them hoes is I'ma keep  
thuggin they timid ass home  
But they mind they own goddamn business, and keep  
theyself outta mine  
Because of a thin line between livin they business and  
boo-yah!  
Caught with the nine baby

[Chorus] - 2X

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