

Dom Pachino f/ JoJo Pellegrino**"My Life"**

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[Chorus: JoJo Pellegrino] Everybody wanna pop some type of slick shit about me But they don't know no nothing about my life If I had a nickel for everytime one of these people doubt me I'd be rich and probably set for my life I'd rather talk, that's what's up, ain't no choice, but put it down, see Cuz muthafucka, this is my life Say what? It's my life, say what? it's my life And I ain't never gonna fall back [JoJo Pellegrino] Aiyo, my hunger, I'll apply it to rap, be thankful Cuz last thing you need is me in your crib with a gat, where it's at? Fuck a job, I got bigger plans than that I'm try'nna put this grain shit on the map, you heard that? Industry playing games, crabs got 'em in a choke I'm Cancer, they tried to cut me out, threw a bat in my spokes But it's too late, I spread, we catch it through mixtapes And word of mouth, cuz something is hard erasing And bopping of the head, life's real Here for my family being watched by feds My childhood man Joey Pizangrillo, they shot him dead Fucked me up to see him in his coffin and stuffed My tears on the sleeve, his mouth sown shut, couldn't even say what's up My mother told me hard times I go through I had no clue, now I'm twenty five, the fuck I'mma do? Get a part-time gig til I sell records? I'm out here sticking gas station attendents, like you got five seconds To put the money in the bag, or feel the wrath Don't play with me, my sister was in them buildings, ain't feeling Arabs Call me cold hearted, I'm growing distant from my friends Smoking I's by myself, on the subway bench And I don't trust nobody, everyone one of you suspect Threw my two-way off the Ferry deck, from getting death threats Stomach upset, you can hear it growl on the beat I'm starving, chasing my tail like what I gotta do to eat, damn [Chorus] [JoJo Pellegrino] Yeah, imagine me falling off; never; ain't got the luxury of playing games Aiyo it's crunch time, I'm in too deep, oh how this life is strange When one day you're on top, and the next your not One day you're confy, and the next day you're back on your grots That's my sob story, somebody threw me a curve ball I smashed it out the park, and the shit went foul, that sums it up, ya'll The psychic told my mother

back in the day I'd be a rich star Some psychic told her
now, I'm bad luck and going far Maybe it's karma, you
know what goes around, comes around I did dirt on
rainy days, so it's muddy waters now My dreams turn
to nightmares, time to wake up So stressed, I caught
myself cursing in my prayers Like how the fuck I'm
down and out, when I'm seen this type I'm banging
different women for a place to sleep at night I spend
my last two dollars to hop the train, hit the city And
have meetings and record exec's is lame, ignorant the
game And caught a shame, but from Def Jam and
Interscope It's student slang, my loud say it, rasta and
slam And you know this man, they well aware the kid's
on the come up Enjoy it while it lasts, summer gave you
a ganja I've been training for years, I wanted my shot
at the title And Simon says Pellegrino's the American
Idol, for real I ain't joking, I'm toking, your big mouths
can keep on talking Good or bad, it don't matter, it's all
promotion, what? [Chorus 2X]

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