

# Styles "The Life"

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My life, Pharoahe Monch, Ayatollah  
Holiday Styles, Double R, Rawkus Records  
Pharoahe talk to 'em, let 'em try to understand  
Let 'em try, let 'em try now

My life is all I have  
My rhymes, my pen, my pad  
And I done made it through the struggle, don't judge  
me  
What you say now, won't budge me

'Cause where I come from, so often  
People you grew up with, layin' in a coffin  
But I done made it through the pain in spite  
It's my time now, my world, my life, my life

Is based on, lightin' blunts, loadin' guns  
Tellin' my lawyers to get the case gone  
I need the bills that the presidents got they face on  
So I can switch my residence

Get a truck and a Lex  
Fuck a check, I no longer have to wait for 'em  
I made a couple ends, lost a couple friends  
I light a blunt 'cause never will the struggle end

So you can judge a nigga but you ain't got it, you ain't  
in the role  
So you really can't budge a nigga, you oughta love a  
nigga  
For the fact that it's my world and my life but still I'm a  
rugged nigga  
They say you buggin' nigga, fuck it, I'm a thuggin'  
nigga

You talkin' bullshit then kick it with another nigga  
I got a bigger bed and I need a cover nigga  
And I ain't got friends, I got enemies  
So if they with me then that means they my brother  
niggaz

My life is all I have

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me  
What you say now, won't budge me

'Cause where I come from, so often  
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It's my time now, my world, my life, my life

Is a blunt to the head, prayer for the dead  
Run around hustlin', scared of the feds  
They said death is eternal sleep but the only thing is  
You ain't really sure if you prepared for the bed

So often we get marked in the head, instead of big  
money  
They got big mamma hurtin' instead  
My life is makin' the verse but the handcuffs  
The bullpens, the jail cells is makin' it worse

Tell mommy I don't go to the church, tell Hac I don't go  
to mosque  
I blow blunts, hold guns and I'ma be right there  
When the soldiers'll march I play my part  
t, and my heart seem colder than March  
But on the flip side of things, it's still warmer than June

I have talks with the Lord  
And he'll be callin' me soon, what  
And my life is all I have  
My family, my niggaz, my flow, my grabs, what

My life is all I have  
My rhymes, my pen, my pad  
And I done made it through the struggle, don't judge  
me  
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'Cause where I come from, so often  
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My life  
My life  
My life

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