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Game, The "My Life"

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Punk ass mothafucka, get your ass up What chu was goin do? kill me in my sleep you bitch ass nigga?

Tupac, Biggie! shut the fuck up! fucking dogs barking and shit

Don't shoot!

Don't shoot!

(My Life)

Fuck You Nigga!

And I'm grindin' til I'm tired
They say "You ain't grindin' til you die
So I'm grindin' with my eyes wide
Looking to find
A way through the day
A life For the night
Dear Lord, you've done took so many of my people
I'm just wonderin' why you haven't taken my life
Like what the hell am I doing right?

Take me away from the hood like a state penitentiary Take me away from the hood in the casket or a Bentley Take me away

Like I overdosed on cocaine

Or take me away like a bullet from Kurt Cobain Suicide (Suicide... suicide...)

I'm from a Windy City, like "Do or Die"

From a block close to where Biggie was crucified

That was Brooklyn's Jesus

Shot for no fuckin' reason

And you wonder why Kanye wears Jesus pieces? (My Life)

'Cause that's Jesus people

And The Game, he's the equal

Hated on so much, "The Passion of Christ" need a sequel

Yeah, like Roc-a-fella needed Sigel

Like I needed my father, but he needed a needle (My Life)

I need some meditation, so I can leave my people They askin' "Why? " Why did John Lennon leave The Beatles?

And why every hood nigga feed off evil? Answer my question before this bullet leave this Desert Eagle

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(My Life)

We are not the same, I am a Martian So approach my Phantom doors with caution (caution... caution)

You see them 24's spinnin'? I earned em
And all the pictures of me and Em, I burned em
So it aint no proof that I ever walked through 8 mile
And since it aint no proof I never walked through 8 mile
Sometimes I think about my life with my face down
Then I see my sons and put on that Kanye smile (My
Life)

Damn, I know his momma proud And since you helped me sell my dream, we can share

my momma now

And like MJB, "No More Drama" now Livin' the good life, me and Common on common ground

I spit crack and niggas could drive it outta town Gotta Chris Paul mind state, I'm never outta bounds My life used to be empty like a glock without a round Now my life full, like a chopper with a thousand rounds

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Like what the hell am I doing right?
(My Life)

Walk through the gates of Hell

See my Impala parked in front With the high beams on Me and the Devil share chronic blunts Listening to the "Chronic" album Playing backwards Shootin' at pictures of Don Imus for target practice My mind fucked up, so I cover it with a Raider hood I'm from the city that made you motherfuckers afraid of Suge (Compton...

Compton...)

Made my grandmother pray for good And never made her happy, and I bet that new Mercedes could (My Life)

Ain't no bars, but niggas can't escape the hood They took so many of my niggas, that I should hate the hood

But it's real niggas like me, that make the hood Ridin' slow in that Phantom just the way I should (My Life)

With the top back

In my Sox hat

I'm paid in full, the nigga Alpo couldn't stop that Even if they brought the nigga 'Pac back I'd still keep this motherfucker cocked back

And I'm grindin' til I'm tired They say "You ain't grindin' til you die So I'm grindin' with my eyes wide Looking to find A way through the day

A life For the night

Dear Lord, you've done took so many of my people I'm just wonderin' why you haven't taken my life

Like what the hell am I doing right?

(My Life)

(My Life)

(My Life)

(My Life)

(My Life)

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