

My Life

50 Cent

My life, my life
Makes me wanna run away
But there's no place to go, no place to go
All the confusion, it's an illusion
Like a movie, got nowhere to go
Nowhere to run and hide,
No matter how hard I try

Yeah, '03 I went from quite filthy to filthy rich
Man their emotions change so I can never trust a bitch
I tried to help niggas get on, they turned around and spit
Right in my face, so Game and Buck, both can suck a dick
Now when you hear 'em it may sound like it's some other shit
Cause I'm not writing anymore, they not making hits
I'm far from perfect, there's so many lessons I done learned
If money's evil look at all the evil I done earned
I'm doing what I'm supposed to
I'm a writer, I'm a fighter, entrepreneur
Fresh out the sewer, watch me maneuver, what's it to you?
The track I lace it, it's better than basic
This is my recovery, my comeback kid

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While you were sipping your own kool-aid getting your buzz heavy
I was in the fucking shed sharpenin' my machete
Sipping on some of that revenge juice, getting my taste buds ready
To whoop down this spaghetti, or should I say this spa-get-even?
I think you fucking meatballs keep on just forgetting
Thought he was finished, motherfucker, it's only the beginning
He's buggin' again, he's straight thuggin', fuck who he's offending
He'll rip your vocal chords out and have them bitches plugged in the
Motherfucking wall with 3000 volts of electricity
Now take the other end of 'em then plug them, motherfuckers in each
One of your eye sockets cause I thought you might finally fucking see
That'll teach you to go voicing your cocksuckin' opinion to me
I done put my blood, my sweat and my tears in this shit
Fuck letting up, you're gonna end up regretting you ever betted against me
Feels like I'mma snap any minute, yeah, it's happening again
I'm thinking about the same
Motherfuck everybody that's up in this bitch, but 50!
Cause this is all I know, this is why so hard I go
I swear to God I put my heart and soul into this more than anybody knows
I'm trapped, so all I do is rap, but every time I rap I'm more trapped
And I rap myself right into this bubble, oh oh, I guess it's bubble wrap
It's like a vicious cycle, my life's in a crisis
Christ, how was I supposed to know shit would turn out like it did?
Feels like I'm going psycho again
And I might just blow my lid
Shit, I almost wish that I would have never made Recovery, kid

Cause I'm running in circles with

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I haven't been this fucking confused since I was a kid
Sold like 40 million records, people forgot what I did
Maybe this is for me, maybe
Maybe I'm supposed to go crazy
Maybe I'll do it 3 AM in the morning like Shady (hah)
Psycho killer, Michael Myers, I'm on fire like a lighter
Tryna say this ain't classic, get your ass kicked
Mad quick, wrap your head up in plastic
Pussy, now pick the casket, dirt nap with the maggots
It's tragic, it's sad it's
Never gonna end, now we number one again
With that frown on your face, and your heart full of hate
Accept it, respect it
This a gift God given like the air in the lungs
Of every fucking thing livin'

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