

This Can't Be Life

Jay-Z

[Jay-Z]

Geah.. whassup?
Where's all my street niggaz, project niggaz
Real niggaz, worldwide
Let's reflect.. e'rybody got a story
We all ghetto B - here's mine
Geah

See I was -- born in sewage, born to make bomb music
Flow tight like I was born Jewish
Used the streets as a conduit - I kept arms
38 longs inside my mom's Buick
At any given moment Shawn could lose it, be on the news
Iron cuffs - arms through it; or stuffed with embalmin fluid
Shit, I'm goin through it - mom dukes too
Tears streamin down her pretty face, she got her palms to it
My life is gettin too wild
I need to bring some sort kinda calm to it
Bout to lose it; voices screamin "Don't do it!"
It's like '93, '94, bout the year
that Big and Mag dropped; and "Illmatic" rocked
outta every rag drop, and the West had it locked
Everybody doin 'em, I'm still scratchin on the block
like "Damn; I'ma be a failure"
Surrounded by thugs, drugs, and drug - paraphenalia
Cops courts, and their thoughts is to derail us
Three time felons in shorts with jealous thoughts
Tryin figure where your mail is, guesstimate the weight you sellin
So they can send shots straight to your melon; wait!
It gets worse, baby momma water burst
Baby came out stillborn, still I gotta move on
Though my heart still torn, life gone from her womb
Don't worry, if it was meant to be, it'll be -- soon

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

This can't be life, this can't be love
This can't be right, there's gotta be more, this can't be us
This can't be life, this can't be love
This can't be right, there's gotta be more, this can't be us

[Beanie Sigel]

Chill dog
Second oldest born, from Michelle Brown my mother
Hell bound, grew with two sisters and one brother
Pop wasn't around, so many stories that's another
I'm thinkin damn; how my older sister gon' make me tougher
When steel sharpens steel, I'ma keep it real
I'm tired of tryin to hide my pain behind the syrups and pills
Dead to the world, stretched out like a corpse for real
Y'all niggaz thinkin what y'all readin in The Source is real
What my life like, you lookin at the source, it's real
What your life like? Mine dog, of course it's real
Passin judgment, you niggaz second-guessin Beans
Cause you don't eat swine don't make you Amin
Dog you know a couple suras, out the Qur'an
I guess you all on your din and I ain't on mine
Stop that Akki, 'fore I send shots though your body

Make 'em feel feel hell on earth before Allah drop thee
I feel the line's drawn here, nuttin more can stop me
Till them feds pick me up, or them boys pop me
There's only three things that make Mac not act like Beans
Amatullah Tisha, Po Aldin, Samir Amin
My seeds dog, gotta teach 'em that before I leave dog
Shit I know that I'ma see 'em when I leave dog
I come back in the afterlife
Like fuck it I done touched hell twice; what's the meanin'?

[Chorus]

[Scarface]

Yeah.. uhh..

Now as I walk into the studio, to do this with Jig'
I got a phone call from one of my nigs
Said my homeboy Reek, he just lost one of his kids
And when I heard that I just broke into tears
And see in the second hand; you don't really know how this is
But when it hits that close to home you feel the pain at the crib
So I called mine, and saddened my wife with the bad news
Now we both depressed, countin our blessings cause Brad's two
Prayin for young souls to laugh atlife through the stars
Lovin your kids just like you was ours
And I'm hurtin for you dog; but ain't nobody pain is like yours
I just know that heaven'll open these doors
And ain't no bright side to losin lifel; but you can view it like this
God's got open hands homey, he in the midst.. of good company
Who loves all and hates not one
And one day you gon' be wit your son
I could've rapped about my hard times on this song
But heaven knows I woulda been wrong
I wouldn'ta been right, it wouldn'ta been love
It wouldn'ta been life, it wouldn'ta been us
This can't be life

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z]

This can't be life..