

It's My Life

Lil Rob

Never mind
What we do
Stick to you
Let me live
It's my life
It's my life
It's my life
It's what I go through everyday
I'm just an average man, tryin' to do the best I can
Never mind
What we do
Stick to you
Let me live
It's my life
It's my life
It's my life
It's what I go through everyday

Now, let me tell you the type of things we go through, you know

I rap about what's real and what I go through, on the daily
It's crazy
Like my neighborhood back in the 80's
I've seen shit
I lived it
I know it, so I give it
I can't stop, and I won't stop until I finish
In the 90's, you can find
Or Hernandez with the homeboys
Lookin' out for the chota
Livin' la vida loca
Within my pockets, someone always had a fusca
You know how it is, you rollin' through, you keep trucha
Bullets flyin', I ain't lyin', I got hit by one
Jefita cried, I almost died, and it was just for fun
We're never doin' what we oughta be
Rest in peace
To my homeboy, Pee Wee, by a cop
In a robbery
And honestly
That part of our lifestyle isn't suitable
Don't act like you don't know how it feels to go to a funeral (Silencio)
That's how we're livin' lo
And then we wonder why they look at us like we're some fuckin' criminals
You know, que no?

I never left the pad without
Shavin' my head
Gettin' cleaned up, creased up, takin' a joint to the head
Never been to juve hall
Never been to the pen
But to my homeboys, I'm someone you can depend on
I used to use crylon to write on
Fences and walls
Big block
Our own English standard, standin' ten feet tall
United we stand, divided we fall

Tighter than some 1218's
Two size is small
Smile now, cry later
Fuck it, why cry at all
And if we ever got busted, homeboy
Denied all
We didn't do shit, they can't prove shit, even if they could
We never pull rag
Or you're not welcomed back to the hood
You're known as no good
That's how it was
That's how it is
Fucked up predicament get your ass killed for shit
You don't believe me?
I don't care if you do
Or if you don't
I'm just sayin' what the fuck I been through
And it's no joke

I get the
Smallest wires, wrap 'em with the smallest tires
Blaze more trees than the San Diego wild fires
I get higher to inspire rhymes
Say some shit
To inquire minds
And make sure
They admire mine
Make 'em wonder what the fuck goes on
In this mind of mine
I'm a cool dude that could blow up, for the final time
It's all the same, ain't nothin' changed, it's still the style of mine
Neighborhood Music, talkin' about how we do shit
We cruise it
We sometimes lose it and act foolish
But who doesn't
Cause a raucous
Fuck it, that's what they're stuck with
Products of the barrio
Got nowhere to go
But we gotta go
They ask me where I'm goin', shit, I don't know
Around the town
See who's around
See who's down
To get a 12-pack in pound
I'm lookin' for the answer
At the bottom of a bottle
It's just my luck, I gots no luck, no California lotto

I'm just an average man