My 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
Cuz where I come from, so often
People you grew up with, layin in a coffin
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But I done made it through the pain in spite

It's my time now, my world, 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 cuz 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 ni
gga

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

Is a blunt to the head, a 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 b

So often we get merked in the head, instead of big money
They got big momma hurtin instead

Tell mom I don't go to the church - tell Haq I don't' go to Mosque I blow blunts, hold guns, and I'ma be right there when the soldiers'l l march

I play the part, and my heart seem colder than March
But on the flipside 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 w hat