

My Life

The Game

Punk ass motherfucker!
Bitch ass nigga!
What were you gonna do?
Kill me in my sleep u bitch ass nigga?
Tupac, Biggie shut the fuck up!
Fucking dogs, they barking shit...
Don't shoot me! Don't shoot me!
Fuck you nigga!

And I'm grindin' until I'm tired
And you ain't grindin' until you tired
So I'm grinding with my eyes wide
Looking to find,
A way through the day
The life of the night
Dear lord you've take so many of my people
I'm just wondering 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 a casket or a Bentley.
Take me away...
Like I overdosed on cocaine,
or take me away
like a bullet from Kurt Cobain.
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 fucking reason.
And you wonder why Kanye
wear his Jesus pieces.
(My life!)
Cause that's Jesus people,
and Game he's the equal.
Hated on so much
Passion Of The Christ need a sequel.
Yeah, like Rockefeller need a Segal.
Like I needed my father,
(My life!)
but he needed a needle.
I need some meditation
so I can lead my people.
They askin' why?
Why did John Lennon leave the Beetles?
And Why every hood nigga
feed off evil?
Answer my question before this
bullet leave this Desert Eagle.

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We are not the same,
I am a martian.
So approach my Phantom doors with caution.
You see them 24's spinnin'
I earned them.
And all the pictures of me and M I burned them
So it ain't no proof that I ever walked through 8 Mile
So they ain't no proof I ever walked through 8 mile
and since their ain't 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.
Damn I know his mama proud,
and since you helped me sell my dream,
we can share my mama 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.
Got a Chris Paul mind state,
I'm never out of bounds.
My life use to be empty
like a Glock without a round.
Now my life full
like a chopper with a thousand rounds.

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Walked through the gates of hell,
see my Impala parked in front,
with the high beams on.
Me and the devil
sharing chronic blunts.
Listening to The Chronic album,
playin' 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
Made my Grandmother pray for good
and never made her happy,
but I bet that new Mercedes could.
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.
With the top back
and my Sox hat.
I'm Paid in Full,
the nigga Alvo couldn't stop that.
Even if they brought the nigga Pac back,
I'd still keep this motherfucker cocked back.

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