

# My Life

## Da Band

[Sara]

In my life, in my life, in my life  
In my life, in my life, in my life  
In my life, in my life, in my life  
In my life, in my life, in my life  
Welcome, welcome

Life is what you make it

[VERSE 1] {Ness}

Hit the bricks chicks like, 'Damn where you been Lloyd'  
Locked up with a bad case of hemorrhoids  
Writin' and fightin' triffin' rhymes about the  
Life and the times of niggaz on the grind  
White collar criminals climb the corporate ladder  
While niggaz like me gotta sell coke and crack  
It's riskin' my freedom, boxed up missin' the season  
It's a setup'hypothetically speakin'  
Even my pop was knocked over tickets for speedin'  
Drinkin' and drivin' and I ain't forget, he think I forgot 'em  
Mom got gray hairs from worryin' sick  
And my sister got a house now, pushin' a stick  
Just a little somethin' to get 'em from A to be  
I got nowhere to go come and stay wit me  
Wit a niece and a nephew that love me to death  
My little brother Nick, I guess he lovin' what's left

[CHORUS] (Sara)

(In my life)

Life is what you make it  
Though it may sound basic (In my life)  
Goin' through some bad times  
But be thankful for the good times, yeah (In my life)  
Though we must build up  
The strength to carry on  
Welcome to my world (Welcome, welcome)

[VERSE 2] {Freddrick}

I remember one mornin' I was cookin' the O  
And out the blue I heard a knock at the do'

I looked through the peephole and it's a fiend and he needed some coke  
And at the time I really needed his dough, but I know the rules  
You never sell crack where ya rest at  
'cause haters send shells where ya chest at  
But in my case them muthafuckas sent shells where my vest at  
Found out I ain't dead, give them a place to rest at  
I found out 'bout they spot, had to go and X that  
My eyes redder than Cyclops, call me the X-Man  
I thank God just for every blessin'  
Though the roads got tough thanks for every lesson  
I carry loads at times even though it gets stressin'  
I remember stickin' the clip in, cockin' and second guessin'  
I couldn't stand the rain I'm the 'New Edition'  
The fast lane had me layin' in the coop wit pigeons in my life

[CHORUS] (Sara)

(In my life)

Life is what you make it  
Though it may sound basic (In my life)  
Goin' through some bad times  
But be thankful for the good times, yeah (In my life)  
Though we must build up  
The strength to carry on  
Welcome to my world (Welcome, welcome)

[VERSE 3] {Babs} (Sara)

Hotheads and high school dropouts  
Little girls wit they stomachs popped out, I seen it all  
Niggaz stretched out by the corner store  
Life no more, dough seem small--I'm gettin' focused  
In the crib writin' rhymes while I'm smokin'  
While niggaz on the block totin' I see 'em later  
My moms make paper but cheap wit her cash  
Ask for a pair of kicks she tell me ask my dad (Ask ya dad)  
So I'd rather hit the Ave and knock off work  
The 100 pack in the pocket of my Guess Jeans skirt  
Meanwhile still tryna get a deal on the side  
Battle bitches outside in front of Kennedy Drive  
A lotta niggaz want to see me shine  
But I still got the lames laggin' behind, hatin' on mine 'it's nothin'  
I'ma get to the top regardless  
Got love for female rappers but think I'm the hardest  
In my life

[CHORUS 2x] (Sara)

(In my life)  
Life is what you make it  
Though it may sound basic (In my life)  
Goin' through some bad times  
But be thankful for the good times, yeah (In my life)  
Though we must build up  
The strength to carry on  
Welcome to my world (Welcome, welcome)

[REPEAT TILL FADE] {Sara}  
(In my life, In my life, In my life)  
Welcome, welcome, welcome

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by LLOYD MATHIS / MARY BROWN / RICHARD DAVIES / TONY DOFAT / ROGER  
HODGSON / FREDDERICK WATSON / LYNESE WILEY / SARA ANN STOKES

Lyrics Â© Royalty Network, EMI Music Publishing, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing  
Group

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>