My Life

Keith Murray

I'ma take you back to day one, livin' in this New York slum
It's deaf to the dumb, only break bread with some
Moms left at 15, had no American dreams
To this day, I'm sellin' to my cousin who's a fiendNo one to guide me but my older brother
Little did we know the dirt we did fell back on my mother
But didn't care back then, that's why she left like that
Now my parents became the street and it's best like thatSome nights I pray to God and ask Him to pull my cord
'Cuz times is hard like the [Incomprehensible] street'll leave you scarred
Street wise with no respect for authority and shit
A chronic hustler of crack, a typical bitchRaised by Madu, who strung out on a glass dick
But every now and then I blessed her with a hit
So she don't have to trick, it's prevalent amongst kids today
Hustle krills, stack dough and every thing's okayIt's the emancipation proclamation
Under the self devised guidelines of self preservation and starvation
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Under the self devised guidelines of self preservation and starvationMy life in this world wasn't about diamonds and pearls
It was rough growin' up around the boys and girls
After Daddy left, shit was a mess, Momma stressed
But I give her an award, 'cuz damn, she tried her bestHoldin' down the household, barely had money to fold
Christmas time, cherished our little shit like gold
I can't front, Daddy was still if, we cared for me
But him and Mommy breakin' up was like a nightmare to meYo, this is for the younger fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers
Success is nothin' if it ain't influential to others
We gotta make the best out of this terrible situation
If not for us, for the younger generationWe gotta break the chain and deal with the pain
For all our people that was slayed in vain
For all our peoples that was falsely framed
For all our peoples that's livin' the nameIt's the emancipation proclamation
Under the self devised guidelines of self preservation and starvation
It's the emancipation proclamation
Under the self devised guidelines of self preservation and starvationLet me show, I gotta love L.O.D., they put me under the wing
And then I teamed up with the most beautiful thing
In the world, 'cuz L.O.D. we all, we got
I'ma fans and my mans keep it like it or notI know it hurts, havin' to do everyday dirt
Police all over my back, feel like bustin' them jerks
When I'm on my road to the riches, I stay away from snitches

And them bitches and keep my mind on businessLife was tough so I became aggressive like a pit
The only time I felt relaxed was when the blunt was lit
Thinkin' me and my team can be tight like the Gambino
Muscle in the hustle scene, respected like NinoIt gets deeper than the words of Proverbs
New thoughts emerge as I cop the squat on the curb
Thinkin' the herb strengthen my brain like spinach
And heavy shine, flooded with ice might boost my self imageStick 'em, my life is so real, it hurts
Like when I saw my pops bein' driven off in a hearse
Like when I saw my mother bein' driven off in a hearse
Like in school when the roach crawl out my shirtLike on Thanksgiving when we got free food from the church
Back then it was DJ Red Alert and Kool Herc
Rockin' pinstripe Lee's and in Tigra shirts
Back then L.O.D. was puttin' in workFrom the cradle to the grave
We all in the struggle, we gon' struggle, we gon' strive to stay alive
All my real people know what I'm talkin' about
Watch each other backs
Word up, my life is nothin' without my niggas, word up

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