

# 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 fiend  
No 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 that  
Some 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 bitch  
Raised 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 okay  
It'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 starvation  
My 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 best  
Holdin' 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 me  
Yo, 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 generation  
We 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 name  
It'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 starvation  
Let 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 not  
I 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 business  
Life 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 Nino  
It 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 image  
Stick '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 shirt  
Like 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 work  
From 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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