

My Life

50 Cent

{ Adam Levine }

My life, my life

Makes me wanna run away

There's no place to go, no place to go

All the confusion

It's an illusion like a movie

Got nowhere to go

Nowhere to run and hide

No matter how hard I try { 50 Cent }

Yeah, 03, I went from plain filthy to filthy rich

Man, the emotions change so I can never trust a bitch

I tried to help niggas get on, they turned around and spit

Right in my face, so Game and Buck, both can suck a dick

Now when you hear 'em it may sound like it's some other shit

Cause I'm not writing anymore, they not making hits

I'm far from perfect, there's so many lessons I done learned

If money is evil look at all the evil I done earned

I'm doing what I'm supposed to, I'm a writer, I'm a fighter

Entrepreneur, fresh out the sewer, watch me maneuver

What's it to you? The track I lace it, it's better than basic

This is my recovery, my comeback, kid { Adam Levine }

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No matter how hard I try { Eminem }

While you were sipping your own Kool-Aid getting your buzz heavy

I was in the fucking sheds sharpening my machete

Sipping on some of that revenge juice, getting my taste buds ready

To whoop down this spaghetti, or should I say this spaghett-even?

I think you fucking meatballs keep on just forgetting

Thought he was finished, motherfucker, it's only the beginning

He's bugging again, he's straight thugging, fuck who he's offending

He'll rip your vocal chords out and have them bitches plugged in me

Motherfucking wall with 3000 volts of electricity

Now take the other and dump them then pluck him, motherfuckers in each

One of your eyesockets cause I thought you might finally fucking see
That'll teach you to go voicing your cocksucking opinion to me
I done put my blood, my sweat and my tears in this shit
Fuck letting up, you're gonna end up regretting you ever betted against me
Feels like I'mma snap any minute, yeah
It's happening again, I'm thinking about dissing every
mother fucker up in this bitch but 50Cause this is all I know, this is why so hard I go
I swear to God I put my heart and soul into this more than anybody knows
I'm trapped, so all I do is rap, but everytime I rap I'm more trapped
And I rap myself right into this bubble, oh oh, I guess it's bubble wrap
This is like a vicious cycle, my life's in a crisis
Christ, how was I supposed to know shit would turn up like it did?
Feels like I'm going psycho again and I might just blow my lid
Shit, I almost wish that I would have never made Recovery, kid
Cause I'm running in circles with{Adam Levine}
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No matter how hard I try{50 Cent}
I haven't been this fucking confused since I was a kid
Sold like 40 million records, people forgot what I did
Maybe this is for me, maybe, maybe I'm supposed to go crazy
Maybe I'll do it 3 a.m in the morning like Shady
Psycho killer, Michael Myers, I'm on fire like a lighter
Tryna say the same classic, get your ass kicked
Man crook, wrap your head up in plastic
Pussy, now pick the casket, dirt nap with the maggots
It's tragic, it's sad it's never gonna end, now we number one again
With that frown on your face, and your heart full of hate
Accept it, respect it, this a gift God gave me like the air in the lungs
And every fucking thing with it{Adam Levine}
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