My Life (feat. Eminem & Adam Levine)

50 Cent

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 tryYeah, 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 ya? The track I lace it, it's better than basic
This is my recovery, my comeback, kidMy life, my life
Makes me wanna run away
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No matter how hard I tryWhile 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 wolf 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 buginning
He's buggin' again, he's straight thuggin', fuck who he's offending
He'll rip your vocal chords out and have them bitches plu~gged in the
Motherfucking wall with three thousand volts of electrucity
Now take the other end of 'em, then plug them motherfuckers in each
One of your eye sockets cause I thought you might finally fucking see
That'll teach you to go voicing your cocksuckin' opinion to me

I done put my blood, my sweat and my tears in this shit
Fuck letting up, you're gonna end up rugretting you ever betted against me
Feels like I'mma snap any minute, yeah, it's happening again
I'm thinking about just saying
"Mother fuck everybody that's up in this bitch, but 50!"
'Cause 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 every time I rap I'm more trapped
And I rap myself right into this bubble, 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 withMy life, my life
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No matter how hard I tryI haven't been this fucking confused since I was a kid
Sold like forty 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 three A.M. in the morning like Shady
Psycho killer, Michael Myers, I'm on fire like a lighter
Try to say this ain't classic, get your ass kicked mad quick
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-given, like the air in the lungs
Of every fucking thing livin'My life, my life
Makes me wanna run away
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All the confusion
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No matter how hard I try

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