My Life

Memphis Bleek

Yeah, I mean, M.A.D.E, no mob shit
Money, Attitude, Direction, and Education
Some real shit
Think about my hood one time, my hood, it's trippin'
Thinkin' I've changed, crossed niggaz
Where we go wrong
I'm from that two-bedroom apartment, Marcy
5-3-4, that middle building, yeah, they say it started me
I'm new to it but consider me young
Seen it all happen, ain't understand what was done
But, all I wanted was the fly kicks, fly shit
Little nigga but still kept a fly bitch
And back then it was love in the hood
Knuckle up with ya dog and fuck it, it's all good
Now, I'm in the crib rippin' up to go to war with 'em
Same little niggaz I used to steal from the store with 'em
I go and get 'em from school
Used to take the same bus, same train back then we was cool
I broke bread at lunch with 'em
And if mom's left me with two singles, then you know
I'm splittin' one with 'em, we cut school in the building I lived in
One floor higher, smokin' and gettin' higher
Damn, think of age, now we locked up north
It was like yesterday we was practicin' sports
Went from flippin' on mats now he flippin' in the box
Locked twenty-three hours up a day, he in the max
Ain't no lookin' back because this life goes on
We was kids didn't care about the rights and wrongs
But, nobody judged us the ghetto loved us
Streets, the only thing that ever took something from us
I lost a couple friends
But I promised and prayed that if I make it, Im'a see 'em again
I admit, I was wild as a child
And my mom's aint like none of my friends who use to call me Ismhael
My brother stayed on punishment, mama found out he hustle and
Found couple jacks, her plan she thought of flushin' it
Me, I'm in the streets I swore, never change
My brother caught a 'cause, I came up to do the same
It's all about my days

This is all about my nights
This is all about my pain
This is all about my life
This is all about my days
This is all about my nights
This is all about my pain
This is all about my life
I got my first work, about the age of fourteen
My brother fighting a case his bail was fourteen
Me, still hustlin', school not going
My clothes started changin', the money started showin'
My right hand was owing every hoe we know
She represent us through the ghetto every hood we know, yeah
He put me on on that traffic, though the money was average
I aint care I learned how to handle that package
Then, a body dropped, O locked for minute
The squad it never died, I was left to represent it
Took a nigga out his crib his name I aint gon' mention it
Know this hit home, I know this nigga listenin'
'Cause we was tighter than brothers where did the love go
I called your mother my mom's dog, I let the love show
This was supposed to be us
You was supposed to have the next verse dog
This was supposed to be us
And, you know I taught you the streets, taught you to pitch in
I gave you that gear got you all the bitches
I never thought you ever cross me dog
If they back me down in the corner, get 'em off me dog
Now I see exactly where we went wrong
When I spin through the hood and I see him, I keep it goin'
Now the ghetto lookin' at me like I changed
But, I'm still that regular nigga I'm still the same
It's all about my days
This is all about my nights
This is all about my pain
This is all about my life
This is all about my days
This is all about my nights
This is all about my pain
This is all about my life

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/