My Life (ft. 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 try
Yeah '03, I went from quite filthy to filthy rich
Man their 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's 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, kid
My life, my life
Makes me wanna run away
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No matter how hard I tryWhile you were sippin' your own Kool-Aid, getting your buzz heavy
I was in the fucking shed 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 spa-get-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 the
Motherfucking wall with 3000 volts of electricity
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 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
And I'm thinkin' 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
In 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 to this bubble
Oh I guess it's bubble wrap
It's 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 (shh, shh, shh, shh)
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
Makes me wanna run away
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All the confusion
It's an illusion like a movie
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Nowhere to run and hide
No matter how hard I tryI 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 AM 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 livingMy life, my life
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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
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