My Life

The Game

[Chorus]
And I'm grindin' til I'm attacked
They say "You ain't grindin' til you tired"
So I'm grindin' with my eyes wide
Looking to find, a way through the day
A light, for the night
Dear Lord, you've done took so many of my people but I'm just wonderin' why
You haven't taken my life?
Like what the hell am I doing right?
My Life

Take me away from the hood like a state penitentiary
Take me away from the hood in the casket or a Bentley
Take me away
Like I overdosed on cocaine
Or take me away like a bullet from Kurt Cobain
Suicide (suicide, suicide)
I'm from a Windy City, like "Do or Die"
From a block close to where Biggie was crucified
That was Brooklyn's Jesus
Shot for no fuckin' reason
And you wonder why Kanye wears Jesus pieces?
Cause that's Jesus people
And The Game, he's the equal
Hated on so much, "The Passion of Christ" need a sequel
Yeah, like Roc-a-fella needed Sigel
Like I needed my father, but he needed a needle
I need some meditation, so I can leave my people
They askin' "Why?" Why did John Lennon leave The Beatles?
And why every hood nigga feed off evil?
Answer my question before this bullet leave this Desert Eagle

[Chorus]

We are not the same, I am a Martian
So approach my Phantom doors with caution
You see them 24's spinnin' I earned them
And I ain't no preacher but here's my Erick Sermon
So eat this black music and tell me how it taste now

And fuck Jesse Jackson cause it ain't about race now
Sometimes I think about my life, with my face down
Then I see my sons and put on that Kanye smile
Damn, I know his momma proud
And since you helped me sell my +Dream+ we can share my momma now
And like M.J.B.: "No More Drama" now
Living the "Good Life", me and Common on common ground
I spit crack, and niggas could drive it out of town
Got a Chris Paul mind state, I'm never out of bounds
My life used to be empty like a Glock without a round
Now my life full, like a chopper with a thousand rounds

[Chorus]

Walk through the gates of Hell, see my Impala parked in front
With the high beams on, me and the Devil share chronic blunts
Listening to the "Chronic" album, playing backwards
Shootin' at pictures of Don Imus for target practice
My mind fucked up, so I cover it with a Raider hood
I'm from the city that made you motherfuckers afraid of Suge
Made my grandmother pray for good
And never made her happy, when I bet that new Mercedes could
Ain't no bars, but niggas can't escape the hood
They took so many of my niggas, that I should hate the hood
But it's real niggas like me, that make the hood
Ridin' slow in that Phantom just the way I should
With the top back
In my Sox hat
I'm paid in full, the nigga Alpo couldn't stop that
Even if they brought the nigga 'Pac back
I'd still keep this motherfucker cocked back

[Chorus]

(My Life)

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