My Life

Juvenile

Who the fuck, nigga hittin' shots in the truck
Hope I'm able to make this right turn, my Neon fucked
The wodie that I'm with, bawlin' up like a bitch
Instead of tryin' to retaliate by bustin' his shit
My leg already fucked up, been playin' it bald
Now I gotta drive the car too, funny and all
Left arm on the steerin' wheel, right on the Mac
Them niggaz brought it to me raw so I'm bringin' it back
Out the window with it dumb sinnin', but I crashed
This boy went straight through window his stupid ass
And I'm noticin' I smell gas
Gotta bust a airbag, get out the car fast and haul ass
I still gotta duck bullets that cut through bricks
What the fuck I did to make niggaz want do me like this
Won't be long 'fore one of the bullets ignite the gas
They'll meet even the buildings gonna be ash
My life, my life, my life, my life
My life, my life, my life, my life
Ain't no sunshine 'til they gone
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My life, my life, my life, my life
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Ain't no sunshine 'til they gone
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I'ma go on to survive but the story returns
After bein' treated several months for 3rd degree burns
My lil' cousin Denaun flipped out, and murdered his children
I gotta go by my aunt now, he hurtin' her feelings
He's lookin' at a L, swearin' no need for a trial
Accept it like a man bitch or live in denial
Whatchu think the people gon' say, when they look at his file
Hear that little boy, snicker he in here for a while
I had a shit bag on me, I could barely walk
Everybody knew the story but was scared to talk
I read lips when I pull up, right after I park

I hear a nigga say whass happen wo' but not from the heart
Word gotta be out, a lot of tension's in the air black
Your everyday niggaz ain't even muchly makin' transac'

If I think about a gun, I'ma get ten
The people got they ears to the streets and they be listenin'
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Ain't no sunshine 'til they gone
Niggaz be knowin' them bitches, slippin' when I'm dishin'
I'd rather be locked down in prison, then come up missin'
But that goes to show you how fast the laws work
They was peepin' with somebody that punished them boys first
Don't they know the people still thinkin' I sent the hit
I'd accept it if I did it but they wrong for that shit
To the police I sounded like the boy cryin' wolf
'Cause they know I like slangin' rice shootin' dice with the crooks
Everythang in life I accumulated I took
It's a never ending episode, my life is a book
I'm hot, so I'm ridin' round up in Rock [unverified]
There's a funeral pass, two cops and five limos
Man that's one of them niggaz was tryin' to snipe me
I betcha everybody in that crowd don't like me
I should go up in the bitch bustin'
But they got innocent bystanders that never did the clique nothin'
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