A Charmed Life

J-Live

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Africa, Port-of-Prince, Knoxville, Anvan
Manhattan, South Bend, Albany, Brooklyn
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Manhattan, South Bend, Albany, Brooklyn
Africa, Port-of-Prince, Knoxville, Anvan
Manhattan, South Bend, Albany, BrooklynBrooklyn, New York to wherever you at
This is autobiographical taking you back
I live a charmed life, we going back in the years
Imagining if my whole world what
Brooklyn, New York to wherever you at
This is autobiographical taking you back
I live a charmed life, we going back in the years
Imagining if my whole world whatI been around the sun twenty-five times
And I still find new ways to recognize shine
It's like light gets better with age
The way a song sounds better on stage
And rhyme books get better with each page
What before the first bar was written
A first verse was spittin', before label execs was bullshittin'
Way back when aunty Leann aunt Mimi
And aunt Jackie was babysittingBefore food was bitten, consumed through a nipple
I'm talking about when times were simple
To make a long story short it goes
Port-Au-Prince Knoxville Anvan love and the city that never sleeps
From thought to finish I was born just a couple of weeks late
Stayed home longer just to make sure everything was on straight
All systems go cut the umbilical cord
From old earth to new earth Manhattan to turf
For what it's worth my mum held me down one deep
Pops was absentee but minds you don't sleepIt took her feelings to raise me lean taught me how to read
By the time I went to school I was in high speed

Ready willing and able Jackie taught me how to add with
Dried up black eyed peas on the kitchen table
And coming home to a mothers love and good care
Never wanted it was always enough
But when it came to education it's like she had one rule
There's no such thing as too much schoolNot to mention lean taught me how to play the piano and then
Every summer I was out in South Ben
Grand pops a bartender at a country club
Me and my cousins from grand rapid was living it up
Me and granny watching [Incomprehensible] football golden blue
She said you can't beat the team and them B's too
Some say I got my sense of humor from her
And I learned patience from making models in the basementBrooklyn, New York to wherever you at
This is autobiographical taking you back
With no time for refrains I barely got enough time to explain
How hip hop captivated my brain
My mama raised me on soul and Beethoven
Sports clubs from private school put me up on soft rock
That was cool but I left Z100 and WGLJ
To find bliss with real S and kissVideo music rocks showed my what time it is
Wrote my first rhymes as Corey but J-Live was sparked
Making pause mix demos with my main man mark
Playing ball in the park, there was other heads too
I was the herb of the crew, then I learned what to do
Got my way from school started battling foolsG nice my friendly rival at the lunch table
He started spark at a dark with Damian and I date
I was down for a bit but that was just a DJ
Starting spinning in the PJs with satcho and them
Back and forth from the tables to the pad and the pen
Then I had to do a bit upstate but wait
I wasn't incarcerated but college educated
As soon the Albany I was a full time student part time emceeAt the time raw shack was the place to be
Living on judge Clark
Started building with Gods
16 man squad
By the time knowledge was 120 we was just 5 deep
I went from mekka to Albany a student
And landed in Medina as a teacher
I had this rhyme reacher
We recognized what what's happening
I'm making records and I'm winning
But that's another story and it's only the beginningBrooklyn, New York to wherever you at
This is autobiographical taking you back
Not my whole entire life but just a slice of the pie
A few pieces of the who what when wheres and whys

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