

# This Life Aint Mine

## Kero One

### Verse 1

Once upon a time there was a kid named Michael  
he'd write about his life, but with so many typos  
like when he wrote live, it should have said love  
and when he wrote hit, he really meant hug  
but he couldn't dig a hole that's already been dug  
like you couldn't smoke a bowl, and not call it a drug  
his story so imperfect but that's what made it beautiful  
at times like a circus but that's what made it suitable  
at a school, where kids used words like "dudacle"  
awesome, and radical with care-free attitudes  
but as life went on, he put trust in songs  
like when he heard BAD, he put gloves on his palms  
when Biv sang Poison, he new jack swung  
and when he heard BDP, yo his brain went num  
that's when he got struck by that hiphop bug  
and those that had it, were the only ones that new what's up  
the beginning of a story he'd write in bed  
which developed into tears and an ending that read..Chorus

Check the rhyme

and check the rhyme one time

now check the rhythm

its the life of mine

Check the rhyme..

and check the rhyme one time..

I feel delivered..

when this life aint mine

Verse 2  
As the story unfolded, the plot did thicken  
when michael played with dirt that soap couldn't rid him  
hanging with a crowd, that clouded his decisions..  
they doubted he was Christian by the way that he was living  
but not a misfit, to most your average Joe blow  
minus a bit of lying or a run in with Po-Po (police).  
and time to time put his mind in slow-mo  
puffin marijuana till motivation was no-show  
then took his mental photos and wrote em in a notepad.  
utilizing metaphors and rhyming his vocab.  
unsigned, hella broke, and still at his folks pad  
he crawled back to church home turf since dads gonads

Mike knew life meant more than getting by  
living for fame, money, girls or getting high  
he heard good deeds could never get him to heaven  
but only through grace .and the son that God sent in  
and that's when, he felt shivers set in  
palms sweating, off his feet it swept him  
a concept so deep he couldn't sleep  
he fell to his knees, as tears hit the concrete..  
and it wasn't concrete where mike was headed next  
but in faith he stepped as he developed this text..Chorus

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