My Own Hell

Cautiva

I really don't have to tell you much about this one
Because the song is like the song is like self-explanatory
You know what I mean?
It's called My Own Hell
Story about me, and Midwest side, and Hog style Records
And people around me, and my wife, and stuff like that
Pretty personal
Real ruff copy
It's the only one we got
You know what I mean? I think y'all really love the story
People are nosy and want to know about my life so check this out
This is called, 'My own hell' produced by Don Juan
Nigga, my life is straight conflict
When all I want to do is kick it hard and make bomb shit
Every perimeter I enter is infested with a sinner
Seems like I'm losing and never coming out the winner
Shit, I'm the only one kicking it
Everyone else plotting and scheming
But yet they never listen when I say
I'm a little piece of love and a pit full of demons
Midwest side was record company comprised of all friends
Who grew up together and shared ends
Nobody stepped on nobody's toes
Don Juan was executive producer, Juan had beats I had flows
Scoob and Txx Will did promotion
Got it where Mitch Bade was the shit and got Kansas City open
Juan got that shit to Quincy Jones through a chick named Mona
Three days later Q called us back and it was on
Q told us to wait on putting the record out indy
The record company will make it to where we'll have plenty
So we waited, should we put this out? We debated
But working with Quincy we were elated
So now we on the road to L.A. and it was live
Till we got to Quincy's and Don Juan to Scooby and them to wait outside
That's when the tension started to build
Niggaz started feeling unappreciated and then shit got real
'97 Quincy called back for me and Juan
I told my Rogue Dog niggaz just to remain calm
I'm 'bout to make it so we can bling, get us nice things

And then Don Juan said, "Let's mash for our dreams"
Scooby didn't like the way he spent his money on promos
T-shirts and money to make room for logos
He thought he wasn't appreciated, Midwest side depreciated
Gone for the summer and everybody waited
Bakarii didn't like the fact he was down with Mitch Bade
He felt that he should be the next nigga to get paid
Txx Will got tired of being lectured
On distribution so the anted up and started Hog style Records
My niggaz wanted me to ride
Hell yeah I'm down, Tecca Nina's on both sides
Hog style's like fuck 'em, 'cuz they didn't believe in 57
Midwest side's the same, but the love, I'm trynna find my way to heaven
Yo
This is my own hell, nigga this is my own hell
Just trynna make my records sell

Off in my own hell, nigga this is my own hell
We want to Cali to hook with QD3
They wanted the superstar to be me
Kicked it with big Q off in the wild wild west they signed me to Quest
Didn't know I was in for some more perspective mess
Quest fighting Midwest side over a single
All the way from the love angel to Chris Cringle
CEO of Midwest side fighting QD over my budget
QD fighting quest 'cuz he never loved it
Warner Bros fighting back and forth with my artists
'Cuz the bitch who's handling money is retarded
Quest don't like Midwest side, QD3 don't like Quest
And I'm sitting in the middle depressed
Warner Bros send me four Gs a month
I'm kickin' it at parties, liquor, weed, and cunts
When everybody's fussing and fighting
I'm suffering peacefully like novacaine
That's because I didn't know the game
Midwest side, Juan, and QD3, Q W E S T fighting over me
Sway and Tech fighting Q over a check he didn't pay but I suffer
Yeah, I suffer at the end of the day
Yo
This is my own hell, nigga this is my own hell
Just trynna make my records sell
Off in my own hell, nigga this is my own hell
My female friends started not to like my woman
When they found my marriage was comin'
My wife didn't like my friends from the get go

She say them bitches ain't nothing
But fucking famous rapper niggaz for the grip hoes
Wifey don't like me hanging out with E and Beans
'Cuz when we be seeing E and Beans wifey be seeing things
Beans don't like Sheryl 'cuz Sheryl fine a hell
And Beans things Sheryl will take the dick to show and tell
Sheryl don't like Beans 'cuz Beans rude
She wish Beans would go back to Chicago with her dude
Sayin' he don't like Dr. Wick
But Dr. Wick don't give a shit
Zany got Nicky waiting for the hit
Wifey study entire 'cuz something look fishy
'Cuz all my relations iffy iffy
Wifey thinks Big [unverified] would try to fuck
Big [unverified] knew if he try wifey was down to buck
Now all these niggaz in my rhyme are my people
No one can save them not even a steeple could make the equal
You're all my sisters, my brothers, but I'm tired of mediating
I'mma sit back and watch y'all kill each motherfucking other
Yo
This is my own hell, nigga this is my own hell
Just trynna make my records sell
Off in my own hell, nigga this is my own hell
This is my own hell, nigga this is my own hell
Just trynna make my records sell
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