

# 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

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