

# My Life (Outro)

Talib Kweli & Hi-Tek

Yeah

Yes indeed, got 'em up to speed

We got what they need, yeah

Reflection Eternal

My life, my life, my life, my life

This is my life, my life, my life, my life

My life, my life, my life, my life

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Yo, what's the daily word?

You ever feel like giving everything up

And buying a boat so you can sail the world?

Aiyyo, what's really hood?

He got a gift with the lyrics

The beat is lifting your spirit when you ain't feeling good

Sometimes he feel like the whole world is turning on him

The people miserable and try to place they burdens on him

He revealing the truth like he a portal

A vampire sucked his blood, now he immortal

First he ignored then he worked the applause

He thirsty for more cause they loving how he perfectly flawed

Most of these rappers softer than the allure of Juicy Couture

And from the start he put his heart in every he record

Caused to perform for the corporation, he made a profit with Satan

Then got with the Beat Konducta for his Liberation

And for free at last till everybody started selling it

But him, he's like I need to see a piece of that

And get right with God, he knows his gift is a phenomenon

He catch it when it strike like a lightning rod

His rhymes are the spitting image he created us in

We getting paid in wages of sin

True, it's like death in a room

Every lie we ingest and consume

Is guaranteed to make us vegetables soon

Sometimes it's so hard, can't go on

Where did he lose his focus, where did he go wrong?

He should love his life, he got a loving wife at home

But still find himself roaming through the club at night

Kiss his children and they hug him tight

Gotta prove his love in family court tomorrow

'Cause he and they mother fight  
These other artists really don't know what to make of him  
So they afraid if him, they ain't breaking him  
It's been over ten years since he gave you the blast  
The ones that counted him out, they didn't do the math  
The fans tell him he under-appreciated  
Underrated and hated but he thankful they debated  
Thankful that he made it to glory while some faded  
Thankful that he keep it surreal while some fake it  
Thankful for the skills that's keeping the family stable  
Thankful for the meals he put on the family table  
He pay the bills when he able and spend for pleasure when he can  
This the true measure of a man  
Some things he'll never understand, that's okay though  
He know we're molded in the image of God like Play Doh  
But still he wax philosophical like Aristotle  
Maybe one day they'll come up with a better model  
But till then, he the best there is  
More than ten-thousand hours in  
So that make him the specialist  
Oh yeah, it's way more than relevance  
It's classic, original, you remember this  
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