# In My Life

## Memphis Bleek

In my life, in my life there's been heartache and pain
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I'm still that regular, cetera cat, from the street
Thuggin' it, lovin' my life as memph bleek
But I'm stuck with, huggin' that block, sellin' that D
Grew up with, nothin' but killas and O.G.'s
I'm the product of the ghetto 'til they bag me up
With a bail stash in case they snatch me up
I'm a soldier in this war and I resemble my pops
I ain't nothin' like him, that's where this criminal stop
I provide for the fam, divide them grams
Cook it, make flips, survival plans
Bein' successful, I had every intent
But I went to the high school a playin' the bench
We live off with, just like our switch-up strips
I was raised by the gun so I switch up clips
Gettin' my hustle on, tryin' switch up kicks
I won't change bein thug, I won't switch up shit it's my life nigga
In my life there's been heartache and pain
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I've put work in, for me to reach this level
To let the world know that I speak for the ghetto
I've been through the struggle, downfall and the hurt
Puttin' the close one, deep in the dirt
I lost one a my road dogs in nine-eight
I still see him everytime I look in his mom's face
But don't cry ma', we gon' see the light
I know he up in Heaven and he gon' lead us right
I live by the street so I'm a die by the street
As long as I'm alive his daughter'll never need
We used to be this close
But now it feel we this far apart, me and that nigga can't talk
We can't bag and kick it, bag some bitches
Only time I see 'em, is when I glance at pictures
But I gotta face the fact, my nigga is gone

But I'm a ride to the death, and still I mourn In my life nigga
In my life there's been heartache and pain
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In my life there's been heartache and pain
In my life, in my life
Sometimes I just grab the car keys and ride
With no music, I'm just ridin the vibe
I done came a long way, from usin' the plate
Touchin' the eight, who would've thought I'd make it today
It was just yesterday, moms waitin' on the stamps
The spot got shot up, and Dre still locked up
It's me against the world with no brother, just a revolver
And I ain't thinkin' about seein' tomorrow
I got sixty-two grams and a six-shot eight
With plans to hit the block and get shit straight
But my dog just got shot, spot just got rushed
I lost all my weight when the crack pot bust
I was left with zip, zero, nothin'
That's when I realized that my life ain't 'bout nothin'
The world wouldn't understand bleek in the street
So I took it to the booth and gave y'all the speech
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