

My Life (feat. TQ)

Juvenile

[Juvenile]

Who the fuck - nigga hittin shots in the truck
Hope I'm able to make this right turn, my Neon fucked
The wodie that I'm with, bawlin up like a bitch
Instead of tryin to retaliate by bustin his shit
My leg already fucked up, been playin it bald
Now I gotta drive the car too, funny and all
Left arm on the steerin wheel, right on the Mac
Them niggas brought it to me raw so I'm bringin it back
Out the window with it dumb sinnin, but I crashed
This boy went straight through window his stupid ass
And I'm noticin I smell gas
Gotta bust a airbag, get out the car fast and haul ass
I still gotta duck bullets that cut through bricks
What the fuck I did to make niggas want do me like this
Won't be long 'fore one of the bullets ignite the gas
They'll meet - even the buildings gonna be ash

[Chorus 2X: TQ - over harmonizing]

My life my life my life my life
My life my life my life my life
Ain't no sunshine 'til they gone
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[Juvenile]

I'ma go on to survive but the story returns
After bein treated several months for 3rd degree burns
My lil cousin Denaun flipped out, and murdered his children
I gotta go by my aunt now, he hurtin her feelings
He's lookin at a L, swearin no need for a trial
Accept it like a man bitch or live in denial
Whatchu think the people gon' say, when they look at his file
Hear that little boy, snicker he in here for a while
I had a shit bag on me, I could barely walk
Everybody knew the story but was scared to talk
I read lips when I pull up, right after I park
I hear a nigga say whass happen wo' but not from the heart
Word gotta be out, a lot of tension's in the air black
Your everyday niggas ain't even muchly makin transac'
If I think about a gun, I'ma get ten
The people got they ears to the streets and they be listenin

[Chorus]

[Juvenile]

Niggas be knowin them bitches slippin when I'm dishin
I'd rather be locked down in prison than come up missin
But that goes to show you how fast the laws work
They was peepin with somebody that punished them boys first
Don't they know the people still thinkin I sent the hit
I'd accept it if I did it but they wrong for that shit
To the police, I sounded like the boy cryin wolf
Cause they know I like slangin rice shootin dice with the crooks
Everythang in life I accumulated I took
It's a neverending episode, my life is a book
I'm hot, so I'm ridin round up in Rock(?)
There's a funeral pass, two cops and five limos

Man that's one of them niggas was tryin to snipe me
I betcha everybody in that crowd don't like me
I should go up in the bitch bustin
But they got innocent bystanders that never did the clique nothin