

My Life

Memphis Bleek

yeah, MADE, no mob shit,
money additude direction and education,
on some real shit think about my hood one time,
my hood this is a trip,
Change and cross niggaz, where did we go wrong

I'm from that two bedroom apartment marcy, 534 middle building
yeah this here started me, i'm new to 'em, but
consider me young, seen it all happen and understand what was d
one, but all i wanted was fly kicks fly shit, little nigga
but still kept a fly bitch, and back then it was love in the ho
od, knuckle up with ya dogs but fuck it its all good, now i'm
in the crib rippin up to go to war with him, same little nigga
i used to steal from the store with him. I'll go and get him
from school, we used to take the same bus same train back then
we was koo, i broke bread at lunch with him, and if momz left
me with two singles then u know i'm splitting one with him. We
cut skoo in the building i lived in, one floor higher,
smoking and get high. Damm think of H, now he locked up north
it was like yesterday we was practicing sports, went from
flipping on mats and now he flipping in the box, locked 23 hour
s a day he in the max, ain't no looking back, cause this life
goes on, we was kids didn't think about the rights or wrongs. N
obody judged us the ghetto loved, streets the only thing that
eva took something from us. I lost a couple friends, but i prom
ised and prayed that when i make it i'ma see them again. I
admit i was wild as a child and my moms didnt like none of my f
riends we used to call her Ms. Vow. My brother stayed on
punishment, momma found out he hustling , found couple jacks he
r plan she thought of flushing them, me i'm in the streets i
swore i neva change my brother caught a case i came up to do th
e same

This is all about my days, this is all about my nights, this is
all about my pain, this is all about my life

yo, i got my first week about the age of 14, my brother fightin
g the case his bill was 14, me still hustling,
school not going, clothes started changing, money started showi
ng, my right hand was O, and every hoe we know she represent
us through the ghetto and every hood we know, yeah he put me on
to that traffic, though the money was average i ai'nt care i
learned to handle that package then a body dropped, O locked fo
r a minute tha squad it neva died i was left to represent it
took a nigga out his crib, his name i ainn't gon' mention it,
i know this hit home, i know this nigga listening, cuz we was
tighter than brothers, where did the love go, i called your mot
her my momz dawg i let tha love show, this is supposed to be

us, u was supposed to have the next verse dawg this is supposed
to be us and u know i taught u tha streets taught u tha
pitchens, i gave u that gear, got u all tha bitches, i neva thi
nk u would've crossed me dawg, u back me down in tha corner
get em off me dawg, now i see exactly where we went wrong, when
i spin through the hood, and i see him i keep it going, now
the ghetto looking at me like i changed, but i'm still that reg
ular nigga i'm stil tha same

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[repeat]