

Prodigy Blacck, All My Life

(Intro: Prodigy Blacck)

For my homie O. Juarrez who be shot dead..
Just keep repeatin it, I know dog it stuck in my head..
You right beside..
Now let me tell ya about my life..

(Verse 1: Prodigy Blacck)

All my life..
I've never had a choice..
Look to my dad, or look to my voice..
And scream..
Because I feel the pain of loneliness..
The devil's existence..
Is my only bliss..
As a child of four..
I've neva had anything wrong, just world war..
With all of these cat's who trying to take my life..
Murda ya motha, take ya kids, take ya wife..
It aint how it seem to be..
But in these street's, that's all it gon be..
You aint a G? Ya gonna die..
You can be a pansy, and start to cry..
But what good is that gonna do you in the long run..?
Like Ornando, ya gon get shot some..
In ya face, and in though ya back..
Feel the rush from the front, like a heart attack..
You gonna be wondering while you in heaven or hell..
How many nigga's you've popped, capped all my shells..
I live in the dark, neva open the closet..
Afriad of being mobbed or some sob shit..
I don't even like it..
How you can't peak out just a little bit..
Without having the tiniest f**kin fear..
Of bullet's in ya head, comin out ya ear..
But it will stop now because I rule all these dykes..
Been told lies all my f**kin life..
Now this is what I have to show for it..
A little bit of loose coins, and anotha lil bitch..

(Chorus: x2)

All my life..
(Been ready to die.)
All my life
(I've been ready to cry.)
All my life..

(I've been ready to die, been ready to die..)
Been ready for scribe..

(Verse 2: Prodigy Blacck)

Everyone to me anotha illusion..
Like a dream, feel the f**kin fusion..
I aint play around anymore..
Been shot twice, almost blew up by cee-four..
Ya know I keep my roc williers by the door..
To munch on these f**kas, who actin up like whores..
Always tryin to get ya pay checks..
I'll die by midnight, lil nigga wanna make a bet..?
So you can set..

How many faggots, be tryin get erect..
I am ready to eject from the game..
Switch to the mothaland and lose my name..
It's a shame, I am ready to do all of this..
You can be homeless..
Sippin on urin like lemonade, really dark piss..
It aint my fault that it was like this..
Sky so dark, just light this..
And take a puff, maybe yall drift back..
Die in ya sleep, from cardiac..
Because we nigga's like that..
Keep it Nigerian, kause it spelled with Blacck..
You wont really even give a f**k what happens..
Weather it's ya life a stake, or bleedin between two napkins..
I didn't know that you wanted to die..
Mothaf**ka get some help, amma bout to cry..
And you decided to leave me alone like this..?
Ya like ya house? Too bad, ya got ya benz smashed..
And ya f**kin house lit..
Now feel the pain of the game..
Prodigy Blacck's the name now know it..
Ya mothaf**kas got no respect and show it..

(Chorus: x2)

All my life..
(Been ready to die.)
All my life
(I've been ready to cry.)
All my life..
(I've been ready to die, been ready to die..)
Been ready for scribe..