

# Styles, My Life

(Styles talking)

My life.. Pharoahe Monch.. Ayatollah..  
Holiday Styles.. Double R.. Rawkus Records..  
Pharoahe talk to 'em.. let 'em try to understand..  
Let 'em try.. let 'em try now...

(Chorus: Pharoahe)

My life is all I have  
My rhymes, my pen, my pad  
And I done made it through the struggle, don't judge me  
What you say now, won't budge me  
'cause where I come from, so often  
People you grew up with, layin in a coffin  
But I done made it through the pain in spite  
It's my time now, my world, my life  
My life...

(Styles)

Is based on, lightin blunts, loadin guns  
tellin my lawyers to get the case gone (uh-huh)  
I need the bills that the presidents got they face on  
so I can switch my residence - get a truck and a Lex  
F\*\*k a check, I no longer have to wait for 'em  
I made a couple ends, lost a couple friends  
I light a blunt 'cause never will the struggle end  
So you can judge a nigga, but you ain't got it, you ain't in the role  
so you really can't budge a nigga - you oughta love a nigga  
For the fact that it's my world and my life but still I'm a rugged nigga  
They say you buggin nigga, f\*\*k it, I'm a thuggin nigga  
You talkin bullshit then kick it with another nigga

I got a bigger bed and I need a cover nigga  
And I ain't got friends - I got enemies  
So if they with me, then that means they my brother niggaz

(Chorus: Pharoahe)

(Styles)

Is a blunt to the head, a prayer for the dead  
Run around hustlin, scared of the feds  
They said death is eternal sleep  
but the only thing is you ain't really sure if you prepared for the bed  
So often we get merked in the head, instead of big money  
They got big momma hurtin instead  
My life is makin the verse - but the handcuffs  
the bullpens, the jail cells is makin it worse  
Tell mom I don't go to the church - tell Oc' I dont' go to mas  
I blow blunts, hold guns, and I'ma be right there when the soldiers'll march  
I play the part, and my heart seem colder than March  
But on the flipside of things, it's still warmer than June  
I have talks with the Lord and he'll be callin me soon, what  
And my life is all I have - my family, my niggaz, my flow, my grabs what

(Chorus: Pharoahe) - 2X

My life...  
My life...  
My life...  
My life...