

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 mamma 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...