

# 50 Cent, My Life (ft. Eminem & Adam Levine)

[Adam Levine:]

My life, my life  
Makes me wanna run away  
There's no place to go, no place to go  
All the confusion  
It's an illusion like a movie  
Got nowhere to go  
Nowhere to run and hide  
No matter how hard I try

[50 Cent:]

Yeah, 03, I went from back filthy to filthy rich  
Man, the emotions change so I can never trust a bitch  
I tried to help niggas get on, they turned around and spit  
Right in my face, so Game and Buck, both can suck a dick  
Now when you hear 'em it may sound like it's some other shit  
Cause I'm not writing anymore, they not making hits  
I'm far from perfect, there's so many lessons I done learned  
If money is evil look at all the evil I done earned  
I'm doing what I'm supposed to, I'm a writer, I'm a fighter  
Entrepreneur, fresh out the sewer, watch me maneuver  
What's it to you? The track I lace it, it's better than basic  
This is my recovery, my comeback, kid

[Adam Levine:]

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[Eminem:]

While you were sipping your own Kool-Aid getting your buzz heavy  
I was in the fucking sheds sharpening my machete  
Sipping on some of that revenge juice, getting my taste buds ready  
To whoop down this spaghetti, or should I say this spaggett-even?  
I think you fucking meatballs keep on just forgetting  
Thought he was finished, motherfucker, it's only the beginning  
He's bugging again, he's straight thugging, fuck who he's offending  
He'll rip your vocal chords out and have them bitches plugged in me  
Motherfucking wall with 3000 volts of electricity  
Now take the other and dump them then pluck him, motherfuckers in each  
One of your eyesockets cause I thought you might finally fucking see  
That'll teach you to go voicing your cocksucking opinion to me  
I done put my blood, my sweat and my tears in this shit  
Fuck letting up, you're gonna end up regretting you ever betted against me  
Feels like I'mma snap any minute, yeah  
It's happening again, I'm thinking about the same  
Mother fuck everybody that's up in this bitch, but 50  
Cause this is all I know, this is why so hard I go  
I swear to God I put my heart and soul into this more than anybody knows  
I'm trapped, so all I do is rap, but everytime I rap I'm more trapped  
And I rap myself right into this bubble, oh oh, I guess it's bubble wrap  
This is like a vicious cycle, my life's in a crisis  
Christ, how was I supposed to know shit would turn up like it did?  
Feels like I'm going psycho again and I might just blow my lid  
Shit, I almost wish that I would have never made Recovery, kid  
Cause I'm running in circles with

[Adam Levine:]

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[50 Cent:]

I haven't been this fucking confused since I was a kid  
Sold like 40 million records, people forgot what I did  
Maybe this is for me, maybe, maybe I'm supposed to go crazy  
Maybe I'll do it 3 a.m in the morning like Shady  
Psycho killer, Michael Myers, I'm on fire like a lighter  
Tryna say the same classic, get your ass kicked  
Man crook, wrap your head up in plastic  
Pussy, now pick the casket, dirt nap with the maggots  
It's tragic, it's sad it's never gonna end, now we number one again  
With that frown on your face, and your heart full of hate  
Accept it, respect it, this a gift God gave me like the air in the lungs  
And every fucking thing with it

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