Mari, My Life

And I'm grindin' til I'm tired
They say "You ain't grindin' til you're tired"
So I'm grindin' with my eyes wide
Looking to find
A way Through the day
A light For the night
Dear Lord, you've done took so many of my people but I'm just wonderin' why
You haven't taken my life
Like what the hell am I doing right?
[Verse 1:]
Take me away from the hood like a state penitentiary
Take me away from the hood in the casket or a Bentley
Take me away
Like I overdosed on cocaine
Or take me away like a bullet from Kurt Cobain
Suicide
I'm from a Windy City, like "Do or Die"
From a block close to where Biggie was crucified
That was Brooklyn's Jesus
Shot for no reason
And you wonder why Kanye wears Jesus pieces?
'Cause that's Jesus people
And The Game, he's the equal
Hated on so much, "The Passion of Christ" need a sequel
Yeah, like Roc-a-fella needed Sigel
Like I needed my father, but he needed a needle
[Chorus:]
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Dear Lord, you've done took so many of my people but I'm just wonderin' why
You haven't taken
Like what the hell am I doing right?
(My Life) [x3]