

Murs, Live My Life

(33 second intro)

{*Troutman-esque sample says "Liivve my liife";*}

(Murs)

Born March '78, Feco and Carmone the Mid-City L.A.
Okay Liquor was on the corner
Basically raised on rap, found ways to adapt
to every new hood I moved to, so way before "Colors"; came out
We knew the differences between red and blue
Back then, my whole crew all, played Pop Warner football
From tiny mites to pee-wees, we'd be tight
Until we moved to the Valley, neighborhoods was all white
Only blacks on the block, can't count amounts of times
somebody got socked for callin me out my name
But I still came up on game where I first learned to slang herb
And arranged words into the form of rhymes
But, times got rough
Moms wasn't tryin to see me and my stepdad, throw fisticuffs
So we moved back, to the M-C, and that shit bent me
But it made my raps tighter, and so did my hustle
And after my first hustle I was brought back to reality
and reminded, respect didn't come, automatically
So I earned mine, learned my claim
Got some beadies for my stress and graffiti for my name
Ditchin school everyday just to kick it at the crib
Bein a bad-ass kid
But the older that you get the more you're watchin how you live

(26 second interlude)

{*Troutman-esque sample says "Liivve my liife";*}

(Murs)

Now I claim a Legend, that's a lot to be Living up to
I dedicate my every word, to my niggaz who know how I feel
when yo' momma say she givin up on you
My luck was like that twenty-two, CATCH
Cause what I wanted from life, and what I got didn't match
Lack of scratch got me itchin to hit licks
But now I watch the lil' homies and realize I'm too old for that shit
That be on my mind, when I'm on my way to the train
When you're livin in Oakland, with L.A. on the brain
Too much anger to be contained, so the rap's my only outlet
Feelin like the deck was stacked against me since the outset
Niggaz from my hood lookin at me like "Yo shit ain't out yet~!?"
But only if they knew how much patience it takes
When you got a book full of headline stories, just waitin to break
But when we do interrupt your normal schedule of events
The shit will be so bomb, a threat to national defense
Too late, to mount the counter-assault, but thus far
I've focused four years of my life on infiltration of the Walkman
for domination of the asphalt
Doin what the fuck I want, while these bitch niggaz talk
.. Y'know, run your mouth all you want
Doin what the fuck I want, but while you bitch niggaz talk I'll

(22 second interlude)

{*Troutman-esque sample says "Liivve my liife";*}

(Murs)

I mean shit it's a nice world if I was to actually believe
everything they tellin me, but I know better than that shit
So I'm out to get a little scratch and that Spice Girl, Melanie B
You see, no great expectations
Just out to enjoy this shit until my date of expiration

Hopin my ass will age like fine wine
Cause there's so much to do, and such little time
So I'll be damned if I waste my days, for minimum wage
As a slave, or have some professor that's overpaid
control the way that I behave
Afraid of commitment homey, I think not
Cause I'm committed to these beadies and this music
cause it's all that I got
Cancer and some answers to some questions posed to oneself
And recited in the hopes they felt by someone else
But this five dollar ring on my hand stamps out the reminder
You can't always have, everything that you want
Cause rejection hurt like a motherfucker nigga I won't front
Heart broke like my pockets and dreams
So now I'm on the hunt to see if it's possible
to fix three things at once, while I

(16 second interlude)

{*Troutman-esque sample says "Liivve my liife";*}

(beat by itself to the fade of the song)