

# Noreaga, I Love My Life

(Noreaga)

Can't stop thinkin of the game, y'know what'm mean? Can't get the game out my mind. Gotta get out the game tonight though, y'know what'm sayin? (Aw, word) It's damn time. This is real, y'know what'm sayin? Growin up, (yeah) I did my little work. (what, what what, what) Sold my little work. (What, what) Y'know what'm sayin?

(Verse One)

Yo, I grew up like the regular thug - sold drugs  
Wasn't proud about it, but this is what I gotta do  
I copped the Jordan's, and the Fi-la's, too  
Yo, I loved the Bo Jackson's, the orange and blue  
Used to snatch Lee patches, now I wear Cartier glasses  
Thinkin that the earth's axis,  
revolves around my waist.. and how the f\*\*k I feel  
Yo I played ball for Vince, yo I handled the pill  
Then it dawned on me, came strong on me  
I belonged with these, niggaz thuggin with me  
So I switched crews, started rollin with the older dudes  
Drinkin brews, did what they say, and paid dues  
My hands dirty, trying to keep little Lea  
And got jerked, the first time I tried to re-up  
People my age, tried to say slow my speed up  
Cause I smoked bogies, staked on weed up

Chorus: (Carl Thomas) (Noreaga)

I love my life (Love my life, yo)  
Sold drugs my life (Did it all in my time)  
Its my whole life (Live it up)  
I sacrificed (Sacrificed twice)  
This game we play (Play for keeps)  
I live and pray (Control the streets)  
Hear her say (Yo, just live your life, baby, live your life,baby)  
Ooo, yeah

(Verse Two)

These is the days of sparkin, I used to roll with Rob Profit  
Troy Outlaw, Freddie Bedrock, and Joe Wood

Runnin in Timbo's ???, shine shoes  
Section Two, part of Iraq I grew up at  
Had to learn how to slapbox, instead of a gat  
I never knew rap, all I knew was crack  
Yo there's rules to this game, and people to blame  
When you see another little brother doing the same  
As you used to  
Growing up like you  
Palyin skully, with his heat out, cellular phone  
Getting little drug money, but got the world sewn  
I recall, cause he gonna die  
Yo, I cry  
It's hard to, get tarred up with God jewel, part two  
Smily got shot up to (Rest in peace)  
Ayyo, you realize that you miss a nigga (miss him)  
When you realize (realize) that you never gonna see him again

Chorus

(Verse Three)

Aiyyo, its totally, up to the team, to me  
So don't, make a move if you don't ask me  
I'm, casually known, halfly blown  
In Miami, cause now Uncle Wise came home  
Jello, copped me a Role', copped them one, too  
You keep it real with a person, keep it real with you  
Use confidence, Thugged Out aimed for dominance  
Nostradam' in this, he slits wrists just like ?Glomerus?  
??, Grenad', iced out for Tito  
Puerto Rico, we live life now cause we know  
The other side of the fence stay friendly  
Its just war in there, done, there ain't no Henny  
I can't live that, dj vu, I did that  
I gained stats, rumblin cats over Kit Kats  
Now I spit raps, park my Benz where the chicks at  
And just live with a big stack

Chorus (without Noreaga) \*3X - third time acappella\*