

Prodigal Sunn, In My Life

(Intro: Prodigal Sunn (Madame Dee))

Oooh... you are my life

You, are my wife

Throughout the hands of time

Oh darling please

Why do we end up like this...

Haha, nah, (my life, my life) nah son

I do what I wanna do, man (livin' my life)

Nah, I can laugh son, you know me?

I been through a lot in my life (my life)

Yeah, I remember that, the coming

Real things in my life, life, uh-huh (my life)

I seen so much in my lifetime (livin' my life)

But I stay in my right mind (my life)

(Prodigal Sunn)

It's been a twelve year stretch

Yet, more fans pay for the catch

Industry vet, digital tech, militant set

Sippin' old school Moet, gold diamonds begets

Cash a check, long live the king, respect

'88 rep', JVD double deck cassette

Winnin' all bets, put your money down on the Sunn

Let me tell you how the east was won

About the beast who shun

How we did it for them maximum funds

'87 on the tranpipe, traffic and Un

Platinum ones, a new lifestyle we begun

Livin' by the sword, watchin' others die by the gun

Scuffle for crumbs, and sortin' off the gum in the numb

Sellin' hot ones, certified drums, fiends and bums

Movin' fast, so they young peso, we sayin' my grace

Pardon myself, for every time that I sold base

Chemical waste, leap from the bed, tastin' your mouth

From the jungles of New York, through the hills of the South

My life, my life, my life

(Chorus 2X: Prodigal Sunn (Madame Dee))

I seen so much in my lifetime, lifetime (livin' my life)

But I stay in my right mind, right mind (my life)

And I'm livin' my li-e-life, livin' my lie-e-life

And I'm feelin' all right-e-ight, feelin' all right-e-right (my life)

(12 O'Clock)

What's up bro'? I smell coochie over there

And if you come over here, you get the ratchet to your ear

It's my life, you disrespect, you disappear

I'm from a place where it's piss in the project stairs

In the Puerto Rican stores, sellin' kids that beer

Had a bad thing happen, lost Dirt last year

But to me, it seems only family cared

See my heart pumps no fear, my eyes, them tears

(Chi-King)

Last time I seen my mother, I was two years old

Born and bread in the streets, from East New York to the O

Type of things, I seen dog, kind of hard to elope

Fall from my life five times, got shot with a 25

Now I keep three nines to stay alive

Raised from the struggle, lionheart king of the bubble

Quick on the hustle, where any second bullets'll touch you

City to city, Indiana, New York and Philly

(Chorus 2X)

(Madame Dee)

Life is a game that we play
Some die, others see another day
The strong survive, the real keep it live
Through the good and the bad, runnin' like you never have

(Prodigal Sunn)

Yo, I sizaline from a criminal scene, subliminal scenes
Triplin' CREAM, blazin' that, mystical gleem
Keep my eyes keen, cuz everythin ain't always what it seems
To be, G-O-D's we reps supreme, you'll see
On any degree, the best kept, machinery
Blowin' devils out the frame, don't mean a thing to me
Cuz the fitted made Mivato's, make it pop
From New York to Colorado, Cali, Vegas, Monte Carlo
Keep my shell rip, throat is the clip, tongue be the trigger
Voice be the river, deep in these streets like Barry White
Carry the light, married to the words I recite
Keep a shorty on the side, type steady for pipe
Stay committed heavily write, sweet melody price
Old soul with the seventy spikes, heavy on ice
Classic Chevy with the cherry read dice, pretty face
Apple bottom, princess cut, shade nice

(Chorus to fade)