

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)