

Love My Life (feat. Nicole Wray)

Cam'ron

Ayo, I never claim to hard, tough, no homo, gangsta, none of the above
Just a kid from 140th and Lenox Ave, Harlem USA
Trying to make his way in the world, ya heard?
You know in the trials and tribulations that life brings
I lost some friends, incarcerated, some are gone forever
You know you can't expect everything from everybody
So get up, get out and get something
That's what I did Before I had the hammer cocked or Santana rocked
Little Jerv, Grandpa Terry, Grandma Dot
Uncle Carl, Uncle Ted, Uncle Steve, Uncle Bill
Cousin Steve, Cousin Bill up on the hill, now
My Aunt Normy, I don't speak to my Aunt Dida
Or my Cousin Bathsheba; love my mother, Frederica
Neighbor Freda, daughter Raven and Nicka
Down another doorbell was that nigga Wardnell
He gave birth to the best MC you never heard
Leather after leather and was clever with whatever words
Derek Armstead, Bloodshed from C.O.C
He did damage, road managed by G-O-D
A.k.a. DukeDaGod, he was stupid hard
Sixteen, a bitch dream, had stupid cars
Cutlass 68', hooptie 75'
Still drive some bullshit, I don't know why
I love the nigga though, for him put Cris' in the air
First one dis 'em in here, I swear I'll risk my career
That's a fact, dick; ain't talking no rap shit
I'm talking that Mac clip, niggas will back-flip
Act sick; my dude studied the Sabbath
No beef, veggie nigga, maybe some catfish
He could have my house, he could keep my Mauri's
He could drive my cars, this a Eastside Story
That's why my dudes love me, I let them do them
You either gon' be rich or famous fucking with me...probably both
If you happen to brush shoulders with me by accident, play Lotto
9 out of 10 times you gonna win, nigga
Play the game, sure to win
They all up on me, know they wants my ends
I sacrifice, I roll the dice
See, a boss I'm prepared to be
When I walk away from a confrontation
I ain't scared of you, I'm scared of me
I got a gun - you don't, so if flares you'll see

After that, a five-thousand volt chair for me
So I move carefully; niggas don't care for me
Who care? I don't; you share, I won't
Calm down, breathe again
I don't do extortion unless I'm on the receiving end
Talk to my money, first time I heard her speak
That's word to me, told me I deserved to eat
Moved to a killer Ave, right from a murder street
Rocked Adidas Forums, even though they hurt my feet (that's fucked up)
I don't look in the sky, never mind stars
Know some fine stars right behind bars
Snags, Black, Doe on house arrest
Zeek, Sheek, won't even throw out the rest
They wanted my ass, right along side Zeek
Turn myself in? Nope, play hide and go seek
I'm gone, put the clip in the chrome
Yeah, I'm just like a fly, see the shit that I'm on?
And hour after hour, I would chill at the after hours
Where they flash the powder, no bath or shower
In that same spot, realized math is power
So I point at the mansion that is ours

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>