

# In My Life

## Memphis Bleek

In my life (echoes two times)  
In my life (echoes two times)(Chorus)  
In my life  
There's been heartache and pain  
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I'm still that regular, cetera cat, from the street  
Thuggin it, lovin my life as Memph Bleek  
But I'm stuck with, huggin that block, sellin that D  
Grew up with, nothin but killas and O.G.'s  
I'm the product of the ghetto 'til they bag me up  
With a bail stash in case they snatch me up  
I'm a soldier in this war and I resemble my pops  
I ain't nothin like him, that's where this criminal stop  
I provide for the fam, divide them grams  
Cook it, make flips, survival plans  
Bein successful, I had every intent  
But I went to the high school a playin the bench  
We live off wit, just like our switch-up strips  
I was raised by the gun so I switch up clips  
Gettin my hustle on, tryna switch up kicks  
I won't change bein thug, I won't switch up shit  
It's my life nigga  
(Chorus)I've put work in, for me to reach this level  
To let the world know that I speak for the ghetto  
I've been through the struggle, downfall and the hurt  
Puttin the close one, deep in the dirt  
I lost one a my road dogs in nine-eight  
I still see him everytime I look in his mom's face  
But don't cry (ma'), we gon' see the light  
I know he up in Heaven and he gon' lead us right  
I live by the street so I'm a die by the street  
As long as I'm alive his daughter'll never need  
We used to be this close  
But now it feel we this far apart, me and that nigga can't talk  
We can't bag and kick it, bag some bitches  
Only time I see 'em, is when I glance at pictures  
But I gotta face the fact, my nigga is gone  
But I'm a ride to the death, and still I mourn

In my life nigga(Chorus)In my life (echoes two times)  
In my life (echoes two times)Sometimes I just grab the car keys and ride  
With no music, I'm just ridin the vibe  
I done came a long way, from usin the plate  
Touchin the eight, who would've thought I'd make it today  
It was just yesterday, moms waitin on the stamps  
The spot got shot up, and Dre still locked up  
It's me against the world with no brother, just a revolver  
And I ain't thinkin about seein tomorrow  
I got sixty-two grams and a six-shot eight  
With plans to hit the block and get shit straight  
But my dog just got shot, spot just got rushed  
I lost all my weight when the crack pot bust  
I was left with zip, zero, nothin  
That's when I realized that my life ain't 'bout nothin  
The world wouldn't understand Bleek in the street  
So I took it to the booth and gave y'all the speech(Chorus) 2x

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