

50 Cent, My Life (ft. Eminem & Adam Levine)

[Adam Levine:]

My life, my life
Makes me wanna run away
There's no place to go, no place to go
All the confusion
It's an illusion like a movie
Got nowhere to go
Nowhere to run and hide
No matter how hard I try

[50 Cent:]

Yeah, 03, I went from back filthy to filthy rich
Man, the emotions change so I can never trust a bitch
I tried to help niggas get on, they turned around and spit
Right in my face, so Game and Buck, both can suck a dick
Now when you hear 'em it may sound like it's some other shit
Cause I'm not writing anymore, they not making hits
I'm far from perfect, there's so many lessons I done learned
If money is evil look at all the evil I done earned
I'm doing what I'm supposed to, I'm a writer, I'm a fighter
Entrepreneur, fresh out the sewer, watch me maneuver
What's it to you? The track I lace it, it's better than basic
This is my recovery, my comeback, kid

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[Eminem:]

While you were sipping your own Kool-Aid getting your buzz heavy
I was in the fucking sheds sharpening my machete
Sipping on some of that revenge juice, getting my taste buds ready
To whoop down this spaghetti, or should I say this spaggett-even?
I think you fucking meatballs keep on just forgetting
Thought he was finished, motherfucker, it's only the beginning
He's bugging again, he's straight thugging, fuck who he's offending
He'll rip your vocal chords out and have them bitches plugged in me
Motherfucking wall with 3000 volts of electricity
Now take the other and dump them then pluck him, motherfuckers in each
One of your eyesockets cause I thought you might finally fucking see
That'll teach you to go voicing your cocksucking opinion to me
I done put my blood, my sweat and my tears in this shit
Fuck letting up, you're gonna end up regretting you ever betted against me
Feels like I'mma snap any minute, yeah
It's happening again, I'm thinking about the same
Mother fuck everybody that's up in this bitch, but 50
Cause this is all I know, this is why so hard I go
I swear to God I put my heart and soul into this more than anybody knows
I'm trapped, so all I do is rap, but everytime I rap I'm more trapped
And I rap myself right into this bubble, oh oh, I guess it's bubble wrap
This is like a vicious cycle, my life's in a crisis
Christ, how was I supposed to know shit would turn up like it did?
Feels like I'm going psycho again and I might just blow my lid
Shit, I almost wish that I would have never made Recovery, kid
Cause I'm running in circles with

[Adam Levine:]

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[50 Cent:]

I haven't been this fucking confused since I was a kid
Sold like 40 million records, people forgot what I did
Maybe this is for me, maybe, maybe I'm supposed to go crazy
Maybe I'll do it 3 a.m in the morning like Shady
Psycho killer, Michael Myers, I'm on fire like a lighter
Tryna say the same classic, get your ass kicked
Man crook, wrap your head up in plastic
Pussy, now pick the casket, dirt nap with the maggots
It's tragic, it's sad it's never gonna end, now we number one again
With that frown on your face, and your heart full of hate
Accept it, respect it, this a gift God gave me like the air in the lungs
And every fucking thing with it

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