

Slaughterhouse, My Life (ft. Cee Lo Green)

[Cee Lo:]

This is my mothafuckin' life
My life, oh yeah!

/2x

Is this my motherfucking life?

[Crooked I:]

Ay, S-L-A, U-G-H, T-E-R, H-O-U-S-E

Yes we are, the best in the biz, the West in the bitch, this East side LB

Money over coochie man, 645 when dip through the burbs

I be on my Gucci Mane, smash on the gas, kick a bitch to the curb

House in the hills, thousands and mill's

Getting wild in the field with your spouse in Brazil

On ounces and pills, how does it feel?

To count dollar bills that I found off skills

Check it out, Jets fly private

Nigga S5 Hybrid, baby test drive my whip

I?m in Bed Stuy with my chick

On my West side fly shit

Pulling out minks when the weather get chilly

Left Eye side kick

Now don?t you niggas go chasing waterfalls

These bitches wall to wall and they love to floss y'all

This is my motherfucking life

My life, oh yeah!

(Jets fly private, Nigga S5 Hybrid, Baby test drive my whip)

/4x

Is this my motherfucking life?

[Joell Ortiz:]

Sometimes I look around and I just, I just can?t believe it

I?m on a high like a falsetto, maybe that?s why I feel like I?m dreaming

My eyes just quit, look what I?m seeing

My life just shifted, I feel like I?m breathing

Light that spliff

Nah, I don?t even smoke cause it burn my throat but tonight I?m steaming

Patron you my cup, holding mine up

Toasting with a slut, that I know I'm gon' fuck

In these five star sheets, put her right to sleep

Then kick the bitch out when I wake up

Even though baby girl got a large ol' ass

I remember praying that my car goes last

Now my car so fast, I don't think you understand in a Murcielago dash

When it hurts but you ride through the dirt

And you work till it hurt, and you end up on Marshall?s staff

Hoping that your granny get to see you at the Grammy?s

Get a call from your family that your grandma passed

Then you know what you promised her

So that you stay hot as a, thermometer, dipped in lava

So proud to be part of a, conglomerate, like this

This is my motherfucking life

My life, oh yeah!

(Jets fly private, Nigga S5 Hybrid, Baby test drive my whip)

/4x

Is this my motherfucking life?

[Cee Lo:]

Every time that they play this

Put your hands up high if

You're happy you made it

It's bittersweet when I say it

But since I'm alive, might as well celebrate

[Joe Budden:]

What a success story, when the film plays it gets less gory
My son didn't know who his pop was for years, now it's less Maury
God put it there as a test for me
Used to walk around with a vest at 40
Cops tryna mess hall me
Now babes with the 34F's adore me
I took the rock and a hard place and made the best orgy
Now the fans approach, I get paranoid
Where I'm from, they tell me never let your guard rest
But it's simple to disregard stress
Hoes run to the bone and they far fetched

[Royce Da 5'9":]

Now jets fly high shit
That Panamera Porsche that's Ryan's fly whip
As a kid I was poor, playing tag, now I'm it!
For those of yall that don't remember me
I'm a Detroit Oak Parker
Went from no office to offers
I told ya'll I would get my daddy out the post office
And so far I don't really need to own my city
Just as long as the D is on my fitted
My sons and my daughter and my wife is along for the ride
This is the motherfucking life