

# Only Life I Know

## Brother Ali

[Hook:]

(It's my life)

Yeah, the only one that I'll ever know

Feeling extra low

Please let me go

Hold on, no

(It's my life)

Yeah, the only that I'll ever know

And it stressed me so

Oh God, bless me soul

Hold on

[Verse 1:]

Wether it's the projects or a trailer park mess

Raggedy the apartment complex

With a stressed out single mom sitting on the steps

Waiting on the mailman, looking for a check

Boys on the corner, pushing out the chest

Questing for anything that resembles respect

Young girls swinging their hair with every step

Looking for affection, settling for sex

Bodies decorated with tattoos and chains

Trying to put armor between you and pain

Wood grain steering wheel, the bass bang

But not enough to drown out the hatred in your brain

The only out is smoking out

Get lean, get wet, get meth, get tore down

Cause who the hell would want to stick around?

Put me in a haze, I ain't never coming out

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

They just wanna get you in the system, stick you into prison

List you in the military ship you to the desert

Pigs don't exist for you to make a decent living

But we got three illegal wars to shoot the pigs from

Keep stressing marvels and personal decisions

Tell me what's marvel about these conditions

Who decided you don't got enough to teach children?

Stay spending billions, on stadiums and prisons

How many roles can folks really choose?

When you're oppressed only three lead to you

First one is follow the rules and stay in school

Be the square dude, that society approves

Get a little job or a shitty apartment  
Sub-prime mortgage in a failing house market  
The after your life dedication and hardship  
You died just as poor as you was when you started  
Fuck that, what's up with the second option?  
You could always hit the corner and try to get it popping  
Get fast guap when you're out dropping and clocking  
But, chances are that you'll probably die violent  
The best hope that you got is getting knocked  
And end up with a job in a prison metal shop  
They ain't paying nothing but three hots and a cotch  
Don't you know that's the biggest hustle they got?  
Or door three you can get on that welfare  
But they ain't trying to help, they'll put you in hell there  
Give you just enough so you're not gonna starve  
And constantly harass you while you're looking for a job  
Do lock up and someone that got you to punch a clock  
And they found about it and your check is getting docked  
Can't win for losing, dehumanizing  
You'll never get caught up, you caught up in a cycle  
[Hook]

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