

My Life

50 Cent

Capo: 5th Fret || Tuning: EADGBe (standard)

Am x02210 **C** x32010 **F** 133211
B x23332 **G** 320033 **Bb5** x133xx

*Trust me, you don't want to play this without a capo. But if you really want to..

Dm - E-F - **C** - **Bb** - **C**
Dm - E-F - **C** - **Bb** - **Eb**

I suggest you use power chords. To ease the pain.

[Intro]

Am - B-C - **G** - **F** - **G**
Am - B-C - **G** - **F** - **Bb5**

	Am	B	C	G	F	G	Am	B	C	G	F	Bb5	
e	-----												
B	-1	-1	-----					-1	-1	-----			
G	-2	-0	-0	-2	-0	-2	-0	-0	-2	-3			
D	-2	-2	-0	-3	-0	-2	-2	-0	-3	-3			
A	-0	-2	-3	-2	-3	-2	-0	-2	-3	-2	-3	-1	
E	-----3--1-----3-----3--1-----												

[Chorus]

Am **C**
My life, my life

F
Makes me wanna run away

Am C **F**
There s no place to go, no place to go

Am
All the confusion

C **F**
It s an illusion like a movie

Am
Got nowhere to go

C
Nowhere to run and hide

F
No matter how hard I try

[Verse I] (same strum and chord pattern as chorus)

Am **C**
Yeah, 03, I went from back filthy to filthy rich

F
Man, the emotions change so I can never trust a b!tch

Am **C**
I tried to help n!ggas get on, they turned around and spit

F
Right in my face, so Game and Buck, both can suck a d!ck
Am C
Now when you hear em it may sound like it s some other sh!t
F
Cause I m not writing anymore, they not making hits
Am C
I m far from perfect, there s so many lessons I done learned
F
If money is evil look at all the evil I done earned
Am C
I m doing what I m supposed to, I m a writer, I m a fighter
F
Entrepreneur, fresh out the sewer, watch me maneuver
Am C
What s it to you? The track I lace it, it s better than basic
F
This is my recovery, my comeback, kid

[Chorus]

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

[Verse II]

F G Am
While you were sipping your own Kool-Aid getting your buzz heavy
C
I was in the f!cking sheds sharpening my machete
F G
Sipping on some of that revenge juice, getting my taste buds ready
E7 F
To whoop down this spaghetti, or should I say this spaghatt-even?
G Am
I think you f!cking meatballs keep on just forgetting
C
Thought he was finished, m!therf!cker, it s only the beginning
F G E7
He s bugging again, he s straight thugging, f!ck who he s offending

He ll rip your vocal chords out and have them b!tches plugged in me

Am **C** **F**
M!therf!cking wall with 3000 volts of electricity

F
Now take the other and dump them then pluck him, motherf!ckers in each
G **E7**

One of your eyesockets cause I thought you might finally f!cking see

That ll teach you to go voicing your c!cksuck!ng opinion to me

Am **C**
I done put my blood, my sweat and my tears in this sh!t

F **F**
F!ck letting up, youâ€™re gonna end up regretting you ever betted against me

Feels like I mma snap any minute, yeah

G **E7**
It s happening again, I m thinking about the same

M!ther f!ck everybody that s up in this b!tch, but 50

F **G**
Cause this is all I know, this is why so hard I go

Am **C**
I swear to God I put my heart and soul into this more than anybody knows

F **G**
I m trapped, so all I do is rap, but everytime I rap I m more trapped

E7
And I rap myself right into this bubble, oh oh, I guess it s bubble wrap

F **G**
It s like a vicious cycle, my life s in a crisis

Am **C**
Christ, how was I supposed to know sh!t would turn up like it did?

F **G**
Feels like I m going psycho again and I might just blow my lid

E7
Sh!t, I almost wish that I would have never made Recovery, kid

Cause I m running in circles with.

[Chorus]

Am **C**
My life, my life

F
Makes me wanna run away

Am **C** **F**
There s no place to go, no place to go

Am
All the confusion

C **F**
It s an illusion like a movie

Am
Got nowhere to go

C
Nowhere to run and hide

F

No matter how hard I try

[Verse III]

F

G

I haven't been this f!cking confused since I was a kid

Am

C

Sold like 40 million records, people forgot what I did

F

G

Maybe this is for me, maybe, maybe I'm supposed to go crazy

E7

Maybe I'll do it 3 a.m in the morning like Shady

F

G

Psycho killer, Michael Myers, I'm on fire like a lighter

Am

C

Tryna say the same classic, get your @ss kicked

F

Man crook, wrap your head up in plastic

G

E7

P!ssy, now pick the casket, dirt nap with the maggots

Am

C

It's tragic, it's sad it's never gonna end, now we number one again

F

With that frown on your face, and your heart full of hate

F

G

E7

Accept it, respect it, this a gift God gave me like the air in the lungs

And every f!cking thing with it

[Chorus]

Am C

My life, my life

F

Makes me wanna run away

Am C

F

There's no place to go, no place to go

Am

All the confusion

C

F

It's an illusion like a movie

Am

Got nowhere to go

C

Nowhere to run and hide

F

No matter how hard I try