

My Life
50 Cent

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

Bbm x02210 **C#** x32010 **F#** 133211
C x23332 **G#** 320033 **B5** x133xx

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

Ebm - E-F - **C#** - **B** - **C#**

Ebm - E-F - **C#** - **B** - **E**

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

[Intro]

Bbm - B-C - **G#** - **F#** - **G#**

Bbm - B-C - **G#** - **F#** - **B5**

	Bbm	C	C#	G#	F#	G#	Bbm	C	C#	G#	F#	B5
e	-----											
B	-1-----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]

Bbm **C#**

My life, my life

F#

Makes me wanna run away

Bbm C#

F#

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

Bbm

All the confusion

C#

F#

It's an illusion like a movie

Bbm

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)

Bbm

C#

Yeah, 03, I went from back filthy to filthy rich

F#

Man, the emotions change so I can never trust a bitch

Bbm

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

Bbm

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

Bbm

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

Bbm

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

Bbm

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]

Bbm

C#

My life, my life

F#

Makes me wanna run away

Bbm C#

F#

There s no place to go, no place to go

Bbm

All the confusion

C#

F#

It s an illusion like a movie

Bbm

Got nowhere to go

C#

Nowhere to run and hide

F#

No matter how hard I try

[Verse II]

F#

G#

Bbm

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

F7

F#

To whoop down this spaghetti, or should I say this spaghetti-even?

G#

Bbm

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#

F7

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

Bbm

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#

F7

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

Bbm

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#

F7

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

Bbm

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

F7

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

Bbm

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

F7

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

Cause I m running in circles with.

[Chorus]

Bbm

C#

My life, my life

F#

Makes me wanna run away

Bbm C#

F#

There s no place to go, no place to go

Bbm

All the confusion

C#

F#

It s an illusion like a movie

Bbm

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

Bbm

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

F7

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

Bbm

C#

Tryna say the same classic, get your @ss kicked

F#

Man crook, wrap your head up in plastic

G#

F7

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

Bbm

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#

F7

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

And every f!cking thing with it

[Chorus]

Bbm

C#

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F#

Makes me wanna run away

Bbm C#

F#

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