

My Life
50 Cent

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

Gm x02210 **Bb** x32010 **Eb** 133211
A x23332 **F** 320033 **G#5** x133xx

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

Cm - E-F - **Bb** - **G#** - **Bb**

Cm - E-F - **Bb** - **G#** - **C#**

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

[Intro]

Gm - B-C - **F** - **Eb** - **F**

Gm - B-C - **F** - **Eb** - **G#5**

	Gm	A	Bb	F	Eb	F	Gm	A	Bb	F	Eb	G#5
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]

Gm **Bb**

My life, my life

Eb

Makes me wanna run away

Gm Bb

Eb

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

Gm

All the confusion

Bb

Eb

It's an illusion like a movie

Gm

Got nowhere to go

Bb

Nowhere to run and hide

Eb

No matter how hard I try

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

Gm

Bb

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

Eb

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

Gm

Bb

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

Eb

Right in my face, so Game and Buck, both can suck a d!ck

Gm

Bb

Now when you hear em it may sound like it s some other sh!t

Eb

Cause I m not writing anymore, they not making hits

Gm

Bb

I m far from perfect, there s so many lessons I done learned

Eb

If money is evil look at all the evil I done earned

Gm

Bb

I m doing what I m supposed to, I m a writer, I m a fighter

Eb

Entrepreneur, fresh out the sewer, watch me maneuver

Gm

Bb

What s it to you? The track I lace it, it s better than basic

Eb

This is my recovery, my comeback, kid

[Chorus]

Gm **Bb**

My life, my life

Eb

Makes me wanna run away

Gm Bb

Eb

There s no place to go, no place to go

Gm

All the confusion

Bb

Eb

It s an illusion like a movie

Gm

Got nowhere to go

Bb

Nowhere to run and hide

Eb

No matter how hard I try

[Verse II]

Eb

F

Gm

While you were sipping your own Kool-Aid getting your buzz heavy

Bb

I was in the f!cking sheds sharpening my machete

Eb

F

Sipping on some of that revenge juice, getting my taste buds ready

D7

Eb

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

F

Gm

I think you f!cking meatballs keep on just forgetting

Bb

Thought he was finished, m!therf!cker, it s only the beginning

Eb

F

D7

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

Gm

Bb

Eb

M!therf!cking wall with 3000 volts of electricity

Eb

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

F

D7

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

Gm

Bb

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

Eb

Eb

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

Feels like I mma snap any minute, yeah

F

D7

It s happening again, I m thinking about the same

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

Eb

F

Cause this is all I know, this is why so hard I go

Gm

Bb

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

Eb

F

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

D7

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

Eb

F

It s like a vicious cycle, my life s in a crisis

Gm

Bb

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

Eb

F

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

D7

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

Cause I m running in circles with.

[Chorus]

Gm

Bb

My life, my life

Eb

Makes me wanna run away

Gm Bb

Eb

There s no place to go, no place to go

Gm

All the confusion

Bb

Eb

It s an illusion like a movie

Gm

Got nowhere to go

Bb

Nowhere to run and hide

Eb

No matter how hard I try

[Verse III]

Eb

F

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

Gm

Bb

Sold like 40 million records, people forgot what I did

Eb

F

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

D7

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

Eb

F

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

Gm

Bb

Tryna say the same classic, get your @ss kicked

Eb

Man crook, wrap your head up in plastic

F

D7

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

Gm

Bb

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

Eb

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

Eb

F

D7

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

And every f!cking thing with it

[Chorus]

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Eb

Makes me wanna run away

Gm Bb

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