

Street Military

"Dead in a Year"

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Artist: Street Military

Album: Don't Give a Damn

Title: Dead in a Year

[K.B.]

I'm your number one suspect cause I wear black 'locs
Took my head back and choked on weed smoke
Ya call me a ghetto thug but I say: 'Damn you!'
I'ma live my life just how I want to
I'm out there bad, like a mad man, the savage
You can't manage with that, I'm doing some kind of
damage
I'm in a ghetto street spotlight
I'm always loced down and always high as a kite
Now everyday is like somebody's watching me
Gotta get my 9-millimeter before they cap on me
They be be coming up good, this number one suspect
ain't no punk
Go pop ya trunk, go grab ya pump
I ain't about to be put to rest
Cause this young black ghetto thug ain't expired yet
I'm strong with no fear, they said I be dead in a year...

[Pharaoh]

I used to roll in them rental cars with a trunk full of oz's
Droppin'em thangs off, sometimes they were whole
keys
Me as my brother's parents, now he runs with the Killa
Klan
And my nigga K.B., now he's a family man
Solo solo chemistry, my mind started building
And if ya breath took off, that's when I started to
thinkin' millions
That's when I got agg, bought me an A.K. and bunching
bag
And gamed the squad game and a perfect aim in a
nigga's ass
See, my solution was to take every god damn thing I
wanted
Even if I had to break a nigga's mothafucking ass down
With these hard hitting hands or with them automatic

rounds
Shit, within no time I had a lot of people scared
Cause the whole damn city found out jacking weren't
dead
And a lot of jealous ass niggas and hoes
Said I would be dead in a year but that was two years
ago
And I'm still living...

[Icy Hott]

Everybody's living in a world of crooked thoughts

I've been criming for years, no fears of getting caught
I'm always labeled as a suspect, snatching gold
Stealing clothes outta stores before they open their
doors
I'm struggling, thinking crime gonna help
I brought a child in this world but I can barely feed my
damn self
Water and bread, who gonna keep the kid fed?
Jacking ain't dead because of my little Marchise
Me and Sho at your do' about fo' o'clock
Who ever answers the do' gonna get robbed and shot
Icy Hott wasn't made for the minimum wage
That for I grabbed my gauge and got my ass paid
I got popped by a chink at the corner store
Stairing at me from the time I walked through the door
He thought I ran out of his store with a beer
He shot me in my back and I was dead in a year...

[Flea]

Say I be dead in a year, I won't see twenty-one come
And at the way I'm going out, G Rapp gonna be my
mother's only son
Say I never be shit, just another nigga in a pen
But I get mo' money, spend it and get paid again
Left my books to be a crook, left my job just to rob
How ya gonna tell Flea how to live when times get
hard?
Be myself, so I did, I need help, I sold drugs
Cause all I ever knew were crooks and thugs
I was down from the heart, cracking cars until ya start
Take it to the back of my hood to undress the fucking
parts
Everytime I've seen a cop, I got a bad thought
Like breakin'em down the middle like a half ounce
And ya life for tomorrow wasn't garantied
Cause ain't a nigga got a life time warranty
And I know them hoes shit that we still here
And gonna be living to blow out our candles next year...

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