

Streetlife f/ Why

"The O.G. & Young Hustler"

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[Intro: Streetlife]

Young Hustler, O.G., show me nigga

[Streetlife] (Why)

Y'all can suffer loses, trynna double cross us
(Wanna be God, you get your potrait on crosses)
Still trynna figure out who the underboss is
(Impregnate the brain) With Verbal Intercourses
Gave birth to a army of crime bosses
(Move through your town, like a herd of Trojan horses)
Loose Linx, fuck what you think, call me a shrink
Spit on your mink, piss in your pass, shit in your sink
(We rock) jeans and rags (we smoke) Dust and hash
(We slang) Rap for cash (we don't) flap you, black
(We play street tag) With techs and macks
(For all my fallen soldiers) Wave ya flags
(There's a war outside) That's why I stay mad
High off of mushroom, acid, speed and hash
(I drink Hennessey, Vodka, gin in long glass)
Roll a fat blunt, smoke it for delf, and won't pass
(You got a little money and jewels) You wanna flash?
(Ride around the hood) Like I won't (shoot through the glass)
Loose Linx, (I'mma give it to these clowns real fast)
Show 'em what my name stand for (throw on the mask)
Throw on the mask----

[Interlude: Streetlife]

Street, Street, yeah

O.G., Young Hustler

[Streetlife] (Why)

It's Why from the graveshift
(Walk talk, spit on the grittiest pavements)
Bang bang bang bang, we don't gang bang (we bang gangs)
Post up, every day, the same thing
(Glock in the same jeans) Rocking the same fiend
From '88, God, label me great (I'm a hustler hustler nigga)
Fuck you mean, you on my team (you exit your dream)

Infered at your bean (beam) Left niggaz dead at the scene
My only fetish is CREAM, fuck y'all niggaz in the world
for whatever it means
Got y'all rap niggaz tuckin' your bling, huggin' your dream
Invadin' your cipher, buffin' your green
Watch how I steam (fuck you mean) fuck you mean

[Interlude: Why]
Get your pockets dugged.. you ain't thug, no
Hah, S.I. 7!

[Why] (Streetlife)
Don't give me young hustler
(If we don't know you) We don't trust you
(If she don't blow ya) She don't love ya
(The niggaz you know)'ll slow ya
(Never put the streets above) only God can judge ya

[Outro: Streetlife (Why)]
Yeah, the Earth gave me life
I thought the streets were coming
(It's hell where we come from)
Yeah, I zone with, grind a nigga, grind a nigga
That'll dutch one... yeah, yeah
(And leave the glove in the gutter, gutter
Sixteen hot wax, sixteen hot wax)
O.G., the Young hustler (huh, what?)
Young Hustler

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