

Vince Gill F/ Alison Krauss and Union Station

"Caught in Da Game"

Visit "[Caught in Da Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus]

In these streets, where we from
We all caught in the game
Tryna pull our life out of the drain
If you don't make it, you the one to blame
In this life, that we live
We only tryna survive
It's hard with the blind leading the blind
Everybody here stuck in the grind

[Sticky Fingaz]

They said I was crazy, nigga sick in the head
Who raised me? My mother was sick in the bed
How could you blame me? On the block gettin that bread
They couldn't change me, too hot, dippin them feds
I made a promise, not to go back to jail
Under my garments, gun tuck, packin that steel
But regardless, this nigga here is out of the field
Now my partners is only money, that's real
I got my mind made up, my shine ain't up
Until I'm in that casket, my time ain't up
Tell you bout my lifestyle, I'll walk you through
First mix the Louie wit the Johnnie-Walker blue
Now peep the hooptie, I'm followed by my crew
Hundred thou' in jewelry when the God come through
I kept it thorough with my ear to the streets
Now we gettin Cash Money without the gold teeth

[Chorus]

[Sticky Fingaz]

I done seen pain, felt pain and lived pain nigga
Half my life in these streets down the drain
Analyze the game through the eyes of my father
Had to feel my way through with the revolver
That goes to tell you he ain't show me nothin
Mad at the world when they ain't owe me nothin
So I apply pressure, why not for more measure
And more cake, we turn hoods to whole states
For my real niggaz, dressed in greens is upstate

Trapped in that cold cell with no bail
We ain't mean to hurt nobody to get them dollars up
Half my niggaz goin dead'll push ya flowers up
I'm fresh out the county, with no shoe laces
They thought they could stop us with probation?
We just live on the run and switch up locations
Play the future by the air until it's time to face it

[Chorus]

(???)

Young niggaz stay hungry for war
Bred and raised by hustlers and whores
Born the struggle in this jungle, escape poor
While the White House got ten rooms with ten blind
doors
I was born to fight for what's right, by the day and night
Prayin for life cause shit ain't tight in these streets
That's why I stay squeezin my heat
And strippin life from mammals
A hungry young hustler ready to gamble
For a better way of livin so fuck sittin in prison
Cause every niggaz a ? victimized by the system
Cops and cellblocks, why hell rots
Young thugs from Queens to ?
Slugs give shellshocks in these streets where funeral
bells knock

[Chorus]

Visit [Vince Gill F/ Alison Krauss and Union Station](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.