

Chingy F/ Snoop Dogg, Ludacris

"Street Life"

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(Intro)

Now how many degrees
Before you freeze, with a nomadic please
As we roam, Zion I trying to find a home
In the four-one-five-one o fo' sure
It's Martin Luther now you know it

(Verse One)

Don't ask me no questions partner, be the fire starter
Used to take Mata, nomadic places with the earths
daughter
Emerged from the waters straight raging, anger on the
street be amazing
Shit lingers, like the old soul senders
On the corner catching high stares like a sauna
You's in Ghana, Whitehouse in Ghana
Dark city with the face so pretty
Tried to stick me in the 60's but you missed me,
missed me
Escape break through the space of a break-beat
Like an athlete style be organic
Causing damage it's hard for folks to manage
Sometimes, players passing red wine, red thoughts on
Babylon's bedtime
Let me tuck you in, blankets full of sin
Chasing dollars down the street that you live in, so
grim
Here's some ground never learn to swim
Sun rising on the backstreets of Oakland
This is streetlife

(Chorus) x2

What?! You get stuck! Buck buck!! Shot to ring out
Turned down, life, a cheap Christ, streetlife
Mic's, my device in this street life

(Verse Two)

I see Darryl on the other side of the grill
Where there's paper-chasing in this land to make a meal
Also born fossils and bread that is stale
While people loote'n'kick it bodies drop, oh well..
It's a place where babies that having babies
Well who called the shots??!! (*wait a second) Hey man
it's crazy
Breaking all these barriers that claim so amazing
Making tunnels of sound, freeing the foundation
It's like Momega walking on probation
And fearing all the people that feel equal in this nation
Making wheat grass to everlast a stimulation
But I can't slow down this demonstration
And I gotta keep this sacred
Solid as a whole, 360 degrees, cipher as I role
Down to the avenue, it gets sold
I maintain for the revenue, forget gold

Chorus x2

This is streetlife (x2)
What you going to to with you life, when they turn out
the light
Streetlife...Streetlife...Streetlife...The Streetlife

(Verse Three)

Yo, and what the fuck goin' on?
Im'a gonna metamorph in the early morn
A walkin' timebomb, but I stay calm
Life like an animation flick from Hong Kong
Daily chores reaping what I sow, digito?
Cable ready got my Lakers ready so I let her flow
Guaranteed to survive so I proceed to cats under the
sea
In the land of milk and greed
With the heat in the street, bumpin' to the beat
Motivate the brains speak gains to the concrete
Eveready for the last day's battlin'
Rocking rhymes like this, suckers scattering
Tallying victories over seven sea's, rap degrees
vaporise over PhD's
Interlinked, breathe in sink
God's the foundation, boy you better think

Chorus x2

(fading)

What'ch you and your crew goin' to do about the

streetlife

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