

Cornell Chris

"Streets Got Ya"

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(Shyna)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Streets got you, streets got you
Streets got you, yeah, yeah

[Chorus: Shyna - 2x]
Streets got ya, living life like a true soldier
Though it feels, like your time is over
Pray to God that you see another day

[Trae]
I know I gotta be strong, cause its my life man
I only got one to live, and I know I'm fin to make it man
I put that on my right hand, to the man I never let em
do me in
You fin to feel the rap, the young guerilla niggas
moving in like the wind
Got a big brother named Biggy in Penitentiary
No matter what happens till I die, you can depend on
me, my nigga
Screw passed away, and that's what got me through
my hard times
My sister went to the penn, so just for him its fin to go
down (I promise dat)
And I won't fall off, every nigga that hate I'ma haul on
And I know you don't wanna get knocked off, it'll be
best to back on up dog
All a nigga wanna do is get paid, hit the streets we
Guerilla Maab made
For the 2K2 I gotta live lade, and leaving em as if they
on raid
Bitches fiend get up out of my life, its all about me and
my family
Niggas united for cash, and South click without a doubt
M double A-B
No what I mean I'm gon survive, one of the hardest
underdogs
Straighten em up off of they feet for life, niggas I'm
hitting they ain't right
And I better get to the light, bitch

[Chorus - 2x]

[T.C.]

Now guerillas stay calm, feel my vibe
My enemies see me coming, they running from the 4-5
Random shots, so I duck cops
Play the back field, then its back to the block
I know this rap shit, don't last long
So I get my hustle on, trying to get mine before its
gone
I'm brick living, with a ki in my hand
I make my own decisions, I'm struggling
I'm playing the cards I was given, I get it how I live
But I don't wanna end up, dead or in a prison
But regardless, I'ma get mine, you can catch me
On the block, on Vannas and Nolia trying to shine
With my dog, a two man click
We get it how we live, with halves and bricks
Ice and whips, glocks and chips
We caught up in the street life dog, trying to get rich

[Chorus - 2x]

[Trae]

I been in the streets made bitches, and fake memories
How many more dudes, do I gotta pay till they feeling
me
Everybody that turned on us, its like that they don't
know no better
Thought it was love but I can't tell, cause it ain't getting
better
How the fuck, did niggas I love can't look me in my
eyes
These the same niggas that backed me up, when the
Maab was on the rise
Its safe to say, we all alone while living this life of tears
So ready to give up with the fear, what's gon happen
here
I lost everything that I had and gotta face that, niggas
can't even take that
Went from worse to the worst, all the crews I feel I'm
going right back
My days are getting shorter, God times are getting
harder
Too much weight up on my shoulders, have mercy
heavenly father
Why do I have to live like this, I'm forever known to be
real
Within my life and time, it'll stay that way even if I'm
dying
And only pray to see my happiness, even in the mist

I never knew that it would be like this, I hate it be like
this

[Chorus - 2x]

(Shyna)
Streets got ya, true soldier
Time is over, another day - 2x

Another day

Streets got ya, true soldier
Time is over
Streets got ya, true soldier
Time is over, another day

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