

Cypress Hill F/ MC Eiht

"Street Life"

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Players keep playin', haters keep hatin'
So much to say, so little time
For the hood that I pray
Haters I spit you die; slow; die; slow

Wash my hands in some in-scent smoke
Pull a leaf off a tree
Flip it over nothing innocent though
City split it over to me
Hennessey spilling over tenements of QB
It's real or more a day
Plenty of ways to die
Plenty of ways to survive
Plenty of ways gettin' high
Straight sip the innocent kind
And the rest unjustified with an alibi, normal racquets
Undercovers with heat in their slumber jackets
Government badges and colored stripe brackets
G's sittin' pretty like cash and (???)
Witty thugs play out; I obey the writer Ala
Swaying in and out, above and beyond
The humidity, really got me jittery
Cold like a barrel of ice
Dark shadows of life
I put my head on a pillow, di-do-do-ditto
What son say, you still know
I catch a chill flowing through my temple
It's real simple
Good faith, common sense, six-triple in the mix
Dippin' through quick aiming to get you; it's the click!

(Chorus)
For the thuns, each one to each one son
Street life is all I know
Ways to move I pay dues; I'm talking to all of you
Warfare is when you go
For the cash 'cuz I reach for them... reach for them
Street life is all I know
Full bellies and cellis, close enemies to siece memories
Warfare is when you go

[Hostyle]
Yo..It's Hostyle Â¿que pasa?
No masa; tu eres no problema
Â¿Cliente hah?
Drama with dada is dangerous
Bang with anguish; Flame with a touch
Deranged ain't enough
Gunpowder laying on my cuff
Call my bluff
The streets don't stop; it's like a marry-go-round
The beats don't stop; multiply various rounds
Of hard knock, bar locked gates
These are the brakes
Family ties without a trace
Old G's...??? With sheets of casper toke
Premeditated plans later dated
Haters waited with iron plated heat
Designed, made miraculously dated in deep memory
So...keep countin' dollars
Keep mine moving scholars of rap
With a lot of gats; holla' back!

(Chorus)

You'll win by all means
Struggle for the cream
Hustle by ways of being
Don't let prophecy end
Don't let the Po-Po knock me again
Don't let the 'nine' cock freely in sin
Missiles through your flesh tissue... military issue
Guess you understand the risk you take
Dissed you on your forehead snake
More dead weight
Pitch fork love; It's for coke thugs
Bitches huffin' & puffin'; huffin' & puffin' about nothin'
Watch you say I hold against you in the court of law
Gun firing; wall to wall
(???) closed from burn holes
Fires turned on my stone... Fuck That!
'Cuz I gotta eat; pockets so swolled
From reasons of livin'
The breath I'm givin'
All the checks I'm scribblin'; it's real baby!

(Chorus)

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