

## **Brownside**

# **"Life On The Streets"**

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Brownside - Life on the Streets Lyrics

It's an everyday thing on the east of town  
Times ain't good, but they won't hold me down  
I'm out to get mine and won't get left back  
I can't get me a job, but I can get a dope sack  
In my hood everyday, gettin off my slangs  
I'm not really trippin off money, cuz I'd rather gang  
bang  
And kick back with my homeboys who are down for me  
From the evil side representing one-three  
And the ways in my neighborhood ain't nothin nice  
You gotta be down or else your payin the price  
Cuz for me to do good others must do bad  
What makes me happy might make you sad  
I need to straight come up so I can earn my way out  
Broke motherf\*\*kers don't carry no clout  
The hood that I'm from is where I proved my name  
And the streets where I live is where I got my fame  
[Chorus]  
Don't push me cuz I'm losing my head  
The way I live I might end up dead  
I can't ever forget the crazy things that I've done  
A young gang-banger livin life by a gun  
Doin down ass things to make you learn quick  
The kind of crazy things that make people sick  
Some might not agree, but I have to survive  
And by me doing wrong is gonna keep me alive  
So I try everyday to learn the tricks of the trade  
Savin up my money cuz I don't get paid  
I know I do bad but I do it real good  
Cuz that's the way I learned in my crazy ass hood  
Growin up in the streets of SB and LA  
Where a youngster couldn't even hang around and  
play  
Drive bys, drug deals, bases everywhere  
Crack babies being born and their moms don't even  
care  
Don't think for a minute that this shit ain't real  
Cuz life on the streets might get you killed  
[Chorus x2]  
Times are bad and everything is hard  
Got no money, don't own no car

With some old ass clothes, no food to eat  
And some burnt out Nikes coverin up my feet  
You get your first impression by the way I look  
He's a gangster, a killer, and a no good crook  
Just cuz I'm broke don't mean I'm a punk  
Lemme explain myself in five minutes of funk  
Everything I've done that has been wrong  
I just kick back and write it here in my song  
Cuz life on the streets is rough as f\*\*k  
Vatos tryin to hit licks so they can come up real tough  
Rapping is my hustle, alls I need is a beat  
So I can tell my little story about life on the street  
And I'ma do what it takes, so I can survive  
This is mad ass Danger from the Brownside  
[Chorus x2]

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