

Cocoa Brovaz "Still Standin Strong"

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[Steele]

Yea, yea back up in here smoked out
strickly trees, strickly trees
ain't tryin' to mix nothin' wit my leaves
swift wanna ball breakin' day wit us
for my dogs in a cut
doing what you gotta do to feed ya seeds
maintain stayin' strong.

[Steele] ((Tek))

[Day breaks sneaks upon my camp once more]
[get up get dressed and prepare for war]
((yo the wars wit everything outside your door))
[it's a rude awakening but it's more in store]

[Tek]

when I walk through Brooklyn people show me love
went over to GA people showed me love
went to North Carolina they showed us love
even went to California and got love from thugz
and it's all good big up to all the neiborhood
that came to see Tek and Steele when ever they could
but remember the struggle continues after the (?)
watch who ya fuck wit, watch what you bewitched
theres a war goin' on outside and in my mental
gettin' drunk and how wonderin' what this gettin' ment
to
last week my man put a pistol to his temple
I said nah son not that, thats to simple
one little niggie on the block sellin' crystal
next little niggie got shot up on Bristol
'nother little niggie lock, cause they blew the whistle
last little niggie did the same bitch shit his little sister
this little niggie be hard to find
mind don't makin' it in this day and time
do what we have to criminal Illegal
stayin' alive strivin' wit my people.

[Steele and Tek]

In days of our lives they try to make us hate
to search for tommorrow got us walkin' the streets
Yo I'm not sweatin' sleet, not really stressin' beef

I'm just tryin' to live, tryin' to eat

tryin' to stay strong, tryin' not to fall
tryin' to live to see my unborn get tall
cause the streets of New York ain't just a walk in the
park
you can get your life got in day the or the dark.

[Steele]

I give thanks when I rise up, open my eyes up
Calastetic get me right so I'll be nicer
cause when you feel fit ya feel nice
beware of the tricks and the full paradise
like the wicked mind in york with them gun pound
caught
who wish to ambush me when I leave the weed spot
when I get, what I got, roll the lah that I caught
rock the shines that I rock, make my life clock stop
wit def me fear not, cause them mores high guys I
bless me wit protection as the years pass by
conquerer, mighty rasta,
let no man steel from the pocket peel for ya
it's a meditate and demonstrate, verbal earthquakes
breakin' down like a junky with a case of shakes
to my dogs flippin' weight and behind gates
livin' street life, put the stash on Jakes
for ya need, do whateva the deed
watch shiesty ass bitches and the next man grieves
Mr. Ripper from the star to the hills its all real
gotta maintain cause the sun don't chill.

[Tek and Steele]

In days of our lives we strive to make ends meat
to search for tommorrow got us walkin' the streets
Yo I'm not sweatin' sleet, not really stressin' beef
I'm just tryin' to live, tryin' to eat
tryin' to stay strong, tryin' not to fall
tryin' to live to see my unborn get tall
cause the streets of New York ain't just a walk in the
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