

Ex**"You All Alone"**Visit "[You All Alone](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* Previously entitled 'Surviving the Streets' *

[TMR Intro]

Yo, You better watch your back out here boy
You never know who's gonna get chu
It could be someone in your face everyday
You know what I'm Sayin'
Smilin' and Grinnin'
You know what I'm sayin'
Word Up

[TMR and Pikasoe Black]

You All Alone, You All Alone
You All Alone in these streets
You All Alone, You All Alone
You All Alone in these streets
You All Alone, You All Alone
Betta keep ya eyes open and ya hand on the chrome

[Pikasoe Black]

Nigga crazy cat about to blow dis, Get rich and stay
lowest
Laid in the cut but ya'll bitches still know this
When it comes to chips, you know my niggaz stay
focused
What I mean, We gotta eat, Ain't nuthin' sweat with that
broke shit
Gotta stack it all now, So we can creep
Blowin' smoke out the door now, Boat by the shore now
I'd rather use my mind first, Instead of slugs
Hittin' niggaz when the nine burst, Nine bodies and
nine hearse
Nine funerals all held in the same church
Thinkin' it's gonna get better but dog it only get worse
Never seen success in my life, son that shit hurt
Possessed by the demons at night, Shit I've been
cursed
For all my niggaz holdin' it down, Smokin' the pund
Keep ya gun close and keep low to the ground
There is a lotta unfamiliar faces roamin' around
And I won't be satisfied until they low underground

[TMR and Pikasoe Black]

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[TMR]

Everymorning I, Start my day off B, All Alone
Sometimes I feel like it's kust me and the weed, Me and
the seed
Can't even trust my Manz Lord, Whats the plans Lord
I'm in Need, Can't go back to makin' niggaz bleed
Or back up north, Or back and forth
No Time for slackin' off, I seen the Devil in my dreams
Gotta back him off
He makes me do things, Rude Things, Editorial Slangz,
like Wu-Tang
And wild mood swings like catchin' a stick, or slappin'
my bitch
Got me ready to flip on her, If I smell dick on her
Cause I'm broke she found the next cat to trick on her
Not to mention, I heard it through the great Vine
Niggaz is after me, Thinkin' of blastin' me
Haterz speakin' my name in Blasphemy
Gotta pack a gat now, Oh It's like that now
You copped P, You wanna strap now, Niggaz Bein'
Black now
You All Alone so whatcha Back Now

[TMR and Pikasoe Black]

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[Pikasoe Black]

Niggaz better pay attention cuz the street got eyes
I'll be flippin' on your fam, and defeatin' your guys
You can't see the enemy, They dun bleached ya eyes
Reached yo pies, Touched you when you creeped on by
Niggaz know around the corner is the seat that lies
Never go that route, why, cause we too wise
Brooklyn-I, 420 or 325, SLE, A-Class, What we tryin' to
drive

Niggaz strive for a mil, I want four point five
If you ride like I'm real than you walk them lines
New York Unkind, The fake niggaz go and tell the jake
niggaz
Hit you for your do, and leave you in the lake nigga
You all alone in the streets, Better keep ya eyes open
for these creeps
Thuggin', Sunk low in the Jeep Truck, and release slugs
Police Duckin', Lift you off your feet for frontin'
Jus peep streets is deep, End of Discussion

[TMR and Pikasoe Black]

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