Geto Boys "Street Life"

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Up early in the morning lacin up my british knights Throwin up my deuce sign, fuckin with the street life Never knew no better cause my mommy never taught me

Going out to get the shit that mommy never bought me Only ten years old and I can't stay away from trouble But you don't give a fuck cause you ain't never had to struggle

And everybody's tellin me it's get greater later I need to get my shit right now, cause it ain't shit in my refrigerator

And I done struggled for my whole life Seeing my moma layed up with a different nigga everynight

And when you see me you can spot a crook Cause I'm going through her motherfuckin pocket book I'm going out to get my papes

Cause she don't give a fuck about me anyway And my daddy's doing two terms

And all she ever does is sit around and get served My mommy never hugs me

I'm callin deuce my family, cause these niggas say they love me

I'm steady dustin chumps off

And ready for the battle if the shit would ever jump off So send my ass to hell

Its eithr being covered up with some dirt, or boxed in a cell

Anyway that's what it looks like

If I don't hurry up and get my ass up out the street life

Chorus: (spoken)

You know the streets is all I know
This is my way of survival
You know I've been dealt some bad cards
But I gots to play them
What else am I to do, look for a job?
But until them my family will starve and be broke
So I resort to the streets
As a source of income
I'm stuck here

I step out on my own block

And everyone's throwin up the deuce to little j-rock

And all my little homies that I hang with

Are either jackin, or mixed up with this gang shit

See it through reality

Never leavin the gang cause it's the street life mentality

My homies got a proposition

Pulled the nigga off some change and said he'd help in my position

So now I'm rollin with the ogs

Puttin in work for the jack, for some overseas

And maybe in a year or two

I'll be able to roll in a benz like the gangsta's do

Makin hoes ride dick

Cause that poor, broke???

Ain't hittin???shit

I gotta lock my crew down

And sew this whole motherfucker up like the jews town

Develop us a strong click

Break my pops off some dope while he rot

Pops would like that shit

Seeing his little nigga on his own two

Doing shit I heard my pops used to do

A real nigga to this crime thang

And had it going on before his time came

I gots to get my shit right

Until my shit gets right

I'm rollin with the street life

Chorus:

You know what upsets me

Is when whitey sits back in they lavish homes and bmws

And tell me the streets ain't the place to be

See it from my prospective

Poverty strickin, livin on welfare

And the government cuttin that shorter every week

I'm shortin on education cause I'm black

The corner doesn't promise me a good life

But at least it shows me promise

Finally after shit got right

I'm wanting out of the gang cause I'm searchin for a new life

But I remember what was said

You come in alive the only way you leave out is dead

So I'm kinda fucked on both ends

I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin frinds

Cause if they were my friends they'd let me break Outie five thousand fuck this shit, I'm packin my 38 But first I gotta stay down Until it's time for me to punch it out and just lay it down And that's a motherfuckin shame Tonight I gotta spill another ride with my little gang So slowly I walked up to it With no hesitation I broke the window and jumped into Unhooked his shit and was headed off I opened up the door that's what set it off A nigga came out with a glock jack And put a slug in my motherfuckin back And my so called friends Want me out of the gang cause they don't know if I'll walk again Now tell me what's that deuce life Fucked up myself for good cause I was wrapped up in the

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