

## Guru

### "Never Ending Saga"

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F/ Lae-D Trigga, Bless

Yeah... ain't nuttin sweet in these streets...  
Everyday it's a never-ending saga...

[Chorus: Guru] - 2X

It's a never-ending saga, the drama, the block's hotter  
than lava  
See the stress in the eyes of my mama  
She don't wanna hear about me gettin put in a cage  
Still I keep so much heat, have you shook and amazed

[Guru]

It's like this everyday hustle got me stifled  
It's like all I think about is cocking pistols and rifles  
All I do all day is smoke weed and drink  
Look at my icy grill in the mirror and then I spit in the  
sink  
Got to flip more dough, got to pull another heist  
May not have the biggest rep, but you could say this  
brother's nice  
Twice the cops came by my crib, askin questions  
About some shit that happened, that nobody wants to  
mention  
I'd rather take my own life then live as a snitch  
I pray to God but sometimes, he don't grant my wish  
I wanna get out of here, and lace my chick with some  
Prada gear  
Push a fat whip and own a big house somewhere  
I can't sleep, I'm thinkin about my next caper  
I gotta figure out a way that I can make the best paper  
I got a son, and yo I'm still mad young  
Everyday I'm on the Ave. with my niggaz totin mad  
guns

[Lae-D Trigga]

Everyday's a different struggle, different sets and tecs  
Tryna make my dollars double, so who's next to flex  
Hollow points wet like sets, got the Ill-X connect  
Niggaz be hatin when you takin, tryna hold ya breath  
They wanna mold ya death and lay you where the seas

rest

For a chain and ya watch, you bound to get yourself  
popped

Have ya brains lookin "Sloppy" like "Joe"

Runnin and breathin like whoa

This game the illest if ya know when to fold

Dramatic incidence, keep the witnesses, bickerin

Chickens is sickenin, fuckin cats that own businesses

Voices and visions leave a stain in my mind

So I explain it in rhymes

Bullets and slums keep this dame in her prime

Undercovers wanna lock me up, niggaz wanna knock  
me up

Spend my cheddar like they got me stuck

I change ya frame from weak to dust, after I heat ya up

Automatics, skee that meat and trucks

Livin is crazy if you got no luck, worse if you got no  
bucks

You gotta take, all you can or get fucked

You gotta space all ya mans and get buck

The hood you live in is tough

Feels like the whole damn world gone corrupt

That's why I drink the veins, anything to ease the fuckin  
pain

Let it reign in my heart on this dirt stain, it hurt mayne

[Guru] Ghetto dreams... callin mad schemes... that's  
right

[Chorus] - 2X

[Bless]

I heard life was a test, learned life was a mess

Ya blaze cess, escape stress from one day to the next

Right or left, in this maze that ends in death

I'm alive but need rest, progress in three steps

With every step or breath, I seem to digest so much  
shit

To get off my chest, born and restless

I, sit at my desk, 9 to 5 at best

The rest collect checks to waste on lotto bets

Forty bottles wet and cigarettes, adress to ad-ress

Places, faces with sadness, cats depressed

Through all the madness, I managed

To be blessed with a sense to know dough don't  
measure success

Cuz even though money is power, it ain't always  
respect

Live my life with no regrets, all these heads know the  
deal

I re-fuse to move, unless I'm doin what I feel

The true meaning of real, not the gat that you conceal  
Cracks ya sell, bitches ya mack, and caps ya peel  
Try to match my skill, attack ya grill, perhaps I will  
Sit back and chill, you shoulda known that I'm ill...

[Chorus] - 2X

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