

Inner City

"Deadly Habitz"

Visit "[Deadly Habitz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Guru]

Yeah, bout to talk about some serious shit
Deadly habits, you know everybody's got 'em
Just that some niggaz try to front, try to cover shit up
But fuck that, I be wylin sometimes - you know why?
Cause suckers be thinkin that shit is sweet
Niggaz be thinkin that rap niggaz ain't real, haha
Yeah well that's aight, that's aight
Let 'em think what they want

[Verse One: Guru]

Yo I'm steady at it, them deadly habits
I pray for the best outcome son, but my dome's already
shattered
By the shit that's occurred
Drivin home tipsy from the club, puffin herb, vision
blurred
Thinkin bout them niggaz who caught the drop
Who I gotta stop, who he caught, and who still gotta get
popped
Stash box, feelin like Fish in "King of New York"
Wifey do her thing for the God, she don't be bringin me
pork
Cause there's enough deadly shit a brother be facin
Up in V.I.P., niggaz drinks they be lacin
Got a nigga sweatin pacin, not ready to fall the fuck up
But ready to pull out, and back 'em all the fuck out
And my guardian angel, is always there to protect
And my supreme nature, keeps all them savages in
check
How the hell did everything get so twisted
They say be careful what you pray for, so I guess now
it's this shit

[Chorus: Guru]

They will never know - what I do to get by
And them many times I almost died
They will never know - all the reasons why I flip
And now I gotta keep an extra clip
They will never know - what this stress is like
And why I'm on point, ready to fight

They will never know - all the pressure and pain
Don't give a fuck if they think less of me mayne

[Verse Two: Guru]

Deadly habits, they could be a number of things
Everybody got 'em, some people do ugly things
Excessive behaviour, it can get the best of you
Trust me, I'm a lot like the rest of you
I got issues, that haven't been resolved
You know like, money people owe me while they out
havin a ball
(Mmm) Guess they too got deadly habits
Got me on a mission, to go and merk, each and every
faggot
Manager's coked up, A&R's all doped up
Old school style, have 'em gagged up and roped up
Those deadly habits have me losin my cool
But yo the Son can't chill, so I'ma be abusin them fools
Pull the plug on 'em, pull the rug on 'em
Have 'em callin up, all their closest thug friends
Them niggaz can get it too
This GangStarr shit is too deep, to even get into
So fuck you!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Guru]

Fuck you wanna do, we way past 7:30
Be easy, too many brothers seem to go to heaven early
It's hell in these streets, but soon I'm on a hot streak
Who's in the hot seat, who had a felony beef
Yo I beat cases, with different attorneys
And I laughed at the racist DA's, who were wishin to
burn me
My mom caught a heart attack, around the same time
News articles were published, around the same time
This depressed me more, but I stayed in tact
And that last corny chick I was with, she got played in
fact
I know niggaz that did dumb time, and dumb crimes
I fuck with real niggaz, and never cowards with dumb
minds
This country's got us in a fix
America, your deadly habits, got us all up in the mix
War without, war within, holy war, mortal sin
Tell me - huh, what's the origin?

[Chorus]

