

Kelly Rowland**"Street Life"**

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[Intro]

Uh, leggo my baby daddy
Pullin up like leggo leggo
Uh, see I ain't pushin that Caddy
We never leavin this place

Um, it's all go (it's all go)
It's all go (it's all go)
So go go

Uh, the hood ain't ready
It's the mentality of hate

[Chorus]

Coming from the street life we know it's letting go
We like to go to school for education
But the street life we know don't write no notes
It's like parole with the time we're facing

[Bridge]

Ain't nobody gon help
It's a bottom feel
Easy pops me the pill
Think of the game, his mammy

[Hook]

Tell a bum about the street life
No exception, he be alive
Tryna get where the breeze is nice
So I can breathe

Everybody round me tryna get to the money
We couldn't leave

[Verse]

Uh, my best friend ain't happy

We up and leave like waiter XO
Uh, and she be rollin that paddy
And put the longest snakes

Yea 'cause love is so cold (so cold)
So cold (so cold)
And he's foes go

You're the truth so mine ain't ready
But what she got the next day

[Chorus]

Coming from the street life we know it's letting go
We like to go to school for education
But the street life we know don't write no notes
It's like parole with the time we're facing

[Bridge]

Ain't nobody gon help
It's a bottom feel
Easy pops me the pill
Mama didn't waste no timing

[Hook]

Tell a bum about the street life
No exception, he be alive
Tryna get where the breeze is nice
So I can breathe

Everybody round me tryna get to the money
(We just tryna get to the money)

[Verse: Pusha T]

This for my niggas with them full baby mamas
Ceiling full of commas
Saving your receipts because she never keep a promise
This presidential Rollie don't make me Obama
So don't judge me by my jewelry please your honor
The persona of this dope dealin summertime
Top dropper wintertime
Fool ain't fox rocker
Wooh! What it be like?
It's king pushin Kelly roll, giving you the street life
Brap!

[Chorus]

Coming from the street life we know it's letting go
We like to go to school for education
But the street life we know don't write no notes
It's like parole with the time we're facing

[Bridge]

Ain't nobody gon help
It's a bottom feel
Easy pops me the pill
Now the big shit fell here, funny

[Hook]

Tell a bum about the street life
No exception, he be alive
Tryna get where the breeze is nice
So I can breathe

Everybody round me tryna get to the money
Including me
Yea yea yea

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