

## Lil Wayne "Street Life"

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(I play the street life  
Because theres no place I can go  
street life  
its the only life I know)

Come home and your daddy go to work(go to work)  
Three phones  
and my pagers go beserk (go beserk)  
I'm talkin birds  
like dooney and bourke  
I'm talkin work  
enough to make you a clerk  
Rebel Bass,hard plate,big spoons  
that wiff like the block hotter than mid june  
Early july,I'm early like the bird that fly  
Even Martin got a piece of that pie  
I'm Eddie Murphy, laugh at \*\*\*\*\*, throw the piece in  
the sky  
Drop the top on the merchy and make streets with my  
top  
Make it dance like Percy,  
kids stay on the sidewalk,  
used to stash weed in my momma's Buic Skylark,  
I talk only 'bout prices,  
negotiation rule the nation ,  
\*\*\*\* the police station,  
And if you got any association,  
then,murder all close relations  
Street Life uh uh

Grocery bags on the counter  
no grocery store  
couldn't fit a half a meal in the Gucci tote  
Hit the lights  
watch the roaches say "Good Night"  
Spark twice, say "Good Bye" to the Mice  
Cook nice for the little bit of slice  
And watch them jokers put that fire to that ice  
Sure as that dog's tail wag, it will bite  
Man,I'm just tryna get my scratch on these lice

When I was younger,I had a flag on my bike

And then I went and got them mags on my bike  
Momma, don't wait up for me,  
I lost a bundle a money from the cops  
Gotta get that make-up money (Hey!)  
I say I gotta get into they lunch money  
I say I gotta get into they lunch money

Its Hollygrove, till the bury me cold  
Whos to say if they gon' bury me old?  
I live that street life.  
uh uh

Back to the struggle,  
Born trouble,  
Like tryin to find strength in a torn muscle  
Young as scum,  
Daddy gone,  
Boy young and running streets 'till he pull a gun  
Hoodlum of all black hoody on  
Talibon strap with a gat like a bomb  
Red storm, hankerchief hat on  
\*\*\*\* around and them bees swarm  
Bee Gone  
Better know which street you on  
Won't you come on Eagle,  
Are you Evil Kineval? (Ha Ha)  
Crackheads got bikes and pistols  
now run up on that crackhead and fight the pistol  
This is the street  
Nigguh eat  
where the bird don't tweet  
the birds grow cheap  
and niggus dont sleep  
You may have heard of MLK  
But I know a gang of \*\*\*\*\* with they own street  
The street life  
uh uh

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