

## Los

# "Pour Out My Heart"

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[Verse:]

Nigga I don't sleep or wink, Sneeze or blink  
I pour my heart into this shit, Man I bleed through it  
I'm quick to leave the page bloody  
Momma had a handsome boy but I was raised ugly  
Though I stayed lucky, Roamed like a stray puppy  
Through these cold streets, Realized death was the  
consequence of most beef  
Los keep ya head up, Don't get sidetracked  
See niggas ride out and get a hospital ride back  
Besides that, I was born in the west  
Raised in the east, Man I stayed in the streets  
Played with the heat, That's a dangerous game  
Me and my cousin used to chase strangers with the  
banger  
Rages of my anger came, Fucked around played with  
cane  
I was helpin out, I ain't see it as a major thing  
But to him, It was all he had  
No father, The streets is what he called his dad  
Shit, Mad at the world now  
16 years old, This street life  
God damn, This thing here it's cold  
But fuck it, Throw on ya hoody and thug it  
Come out early and hug ya strip like you love it  
If you want it, Nigga please  
This shits addictive like nicotine  
Money clothes and hoes, The lifestyle that a nigga  
fiend  
The bigger dream was in me, Deeper than a demons  
envy  
No sleepin on these certain niggas, They just seemin  
friendly  
Niggas be schemin plenty, But dig my logic  
For some strange reason, I felt safe in the projects  
Had to wait for the process, Digest this life  
To much to take it all in in one bite

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