

## Los Temerarios

### "Street Life"

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A baby has a baby and she's wonderin how and  
Gotta take care of a newborn child and  
All alone because the fathers out whilin  
No time for school, she dropped that lesson  
I guess you can say, the schools out of the question  
Moms flipped at her, put the girl on the street and  
Huntin the baby, aint got shit too eat and  
No one's around when the chips is down and  
Poor baby's father, nowhere too be found and  
Ran the game that all guys aint the same  
Left her with a baby for a bitch with no brain  
Can't take stress, so she picks up the pipe  
High in front of the kid.now that aint right  
Saying too herself, one day she'll quit  
But it's day after day, and hit after hit  
Met a crack-head who claimed that he loved her  
Just another trick-slick full of game-brother  
Pipe got her hyped, coke took her mind  
Had her on the corner, playing hooker at no time  
Another good sister straight down the train and  
Another poor child full of sorrow and pain

After Allah, after Jehovah, after the Guru, lies the truth  
And the truth is, god on a white horse  
Riding inside you, over you, under you  
Everything living is dying  
After the dying is a routing  
After the routing ?

Every black man wants money and fame and  
This black man gets in the drug game and  
Hustle with the muscle, collectin endz  
Drivin up town, in a kidded up Benz  
Crazy money, with the cash non-stoppin  
Too the hooker turns, and more "to needle poppin"  
Went through the vein, and up to the brain and  
Now he's a victim, caught in the game  
Used to weight, two fifty, man he was a threat  
Now he don't even weight forty pounds, wet  
Back in the days the kids were all on him  
Now they got big, sending pit bulls on him

The HIV gave him AID  
Now he's history, in the cemetery  
Rollin strong and had it going on and  
But now, the money and the girls is gone and  
He's buried in the dirt. Boy does that hurt

Reach out (Scratching). Reach out for me baby

A Kid named Peace on the block-in (Peace God)  
Wants to be a hard rock, starts hard rockin  
Doing crime, no one could ever stop him  
Even old friends on the block ?  
He was well known for his robbin and stickin  
Kept a fat 9 with the big fat clip in  
Thought he was fly-in, no one would ever try him  
'Till one day he robbed the wrong guy and  
Hot summer day-in, kids were out play-in  
Cars rolled by and the bullets started spray-in  
Went through the west and hit him in the chest and  
Rest in peace, cuz peace is now restin  
That's how it is when your living in the city and  
Everybody says it's just such a pity and  
Always wondered why, the man didn't learn his lesson  
I strive to survive and live life as a blessin

After Allah, after Jehovah, after the Guru, lies the truth  
And the truth is, god on a white horse  
Riding inside you, over you, under you  
Everything living is dying  
After the dying is a routing  
After the routing?  
But thou shall not now it, for thou shall be dead!

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