

Lyfe Jennings

"Still Here - Lyfe Jennings, Project Pat, , Three 6 Mafia"

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(feat. Three 6 Mafia, Project Pat)

[Verse 1:]

Street life killed my daddy
Got my momma pregnant in the back of a caddy
Since i lost my first tooth i ain't been happy
Young wild nigga child why that boy is so nappy
He got that devil in 'im
Police wanna take him down
Used to be a player but the coochie cost money now
He ain't to bright but he know a trap when he see one
Got is conscious in his pants with his gun

[Chorus:]

Seventeen years of rain foggin up my windows (yeah)
It done been seventeen years of pain
But i'm still here though
Seventeen years of rain foggin up my window (yeah)
It done been seventeen years of pain but i'm still here
though

[Verse 2:]

Shoe box full of pictures
All that's left of good times i shared with my niggas
Some alive and some no longer with us
How da, how da, how da hell do you pray for
forgiveness
When you got devil in you
Rogain keeps the hair strong but Cocain keeps the
cable on
I can't wait till my nigga jb come home
Why do all the real niggas stay gone so long

[Chorus:]

Seventeen years of rain foggin up my window (yeah)
It done been seventeen years of pain
But i'm still here though
Seventeen years of rain foggin up my window
It done been seventeen years of pain but i'm still here
though

[Three 6 Mafia & Project Pat (rap)]
Even though a nigga still in the hood
Gettin drunk and smokin on wood
I'ma make it up out of this street life
On the corner is where i stood
Out there all by myself
Cuz a player gotta get this mil
Wearin fur ain't doin us no good
Flippin burgers ain't gonn make you filled
But i'm still ten toes in this Hustlin tryna make hood rich
And i still ain't trustin no bitch Cuz the mother fuckers
always snitch

Its hard in this ghetto man
Fifteen years old with coke and caine
Cheese don't come i'ma go insane Snatch me a purse
snatch me a chain
Out here on the block with the fiends and the moon
Squeeze on the glock tryna pop at a goon
He done stole my dough he took my food
Project wasn't born with a silver spoon
In my mouth in my grill wear six chain then niggas get
killed
One in the grave the other in jail
Nobody wins thats fo' real

Back way when i was a runny nose
runnin round
Up and down the town
Carrying a black glock and a gold frown
I kept that product on me
It wasn't no problem homie
You said it i had it and met you if you stole my money
Just tryna buy bologna but now i'm buying lobster
Still totin a glock but pusing a rolls rouce and winning
oscars

[Chorus 2x]

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