

## Master "Maintain"

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Verse one: masta ase

I'm surrounded, by psychopathic, little fellas  
Ghetto dwellas  
With ammunition in their cellas  
And no remorse in their hearts  
When the shit starts it don't end  
Until somebody's gone with the wind  
And I'm tryin' to keep a level head so instead  
Of goin' out to die, I write rhymes on my bed  
And little kids at the playground  
Better stay down  
Keep duckin'  
Cause somebody else is buckin'  
Don't seem to be no relief from the beef  
Only nigga round my way without the gold teeth  
And the gold chain, with the whole name on my neck  
Jewelries your worse enemy without a tech  
I'm tryin' to maintain, but it ain't workin'  
Niggas keep lurkin'  
Through the darkness I see the grim reaper smirkin'  
Could it be that he's smilin' at me  
Not tryin' to see fatal injury, injury  
What must I do to avoid the pain  
It seems insane, but I gotta maintain  
I can feel the pressure on my brain  
Feel the strain  
But I gotta maintain

Chorus:

Workin' hard may help ya maintain  
Be able to maintain  
Be able to maintain  
Workin' hard may help ya maintain  
Be able to, be able to  
Be able to maintain  
Workin' hard may help ya maintain  
Be able to maintain  
Be able to maintain  
Workin' hard may help ya maintain  
Be able to, be able to

Be able to maintain

Verse two: lord digga

Back in the days I use to do a little dirt  
Now that's comin' back around, and man it hurts  
To see everbody gettin' on  
But I got to wait cause of the things I done wrong  
In my life, I regret it  
But the man upstairs won't let me forget it  
Everytime I think of doin' somethin' right  
Here comes a dark tunnel with no signs of a light  
I got to fight to keep my head above water  
Dollars are real tight, I be askin' bums for quarters  
I had enough of the quick cash  
So I got to find a way to make the shit last  
In the past I woulda just gave up  
But there's more days to come, I know they bring ya  
good luck  
So I'm a keep doin' what I'm doin'  
Sippin' on the brew and catchin' wreck wit my crewin'  
I feel stuck with a lot of aches and pains  
And it's stressin' me, but I gotta maintain  
(maintain, maintain)/ I gotta maintain  
(maintain, maintain)/ I gotta maintain

Chorus

Verse three:

There's too much pressure and stress on my chest  
Life's a mess  
And I feel depressed  
Seems so hard to survive and stay alive  
Jump in my ride and I drive, doin' 95  
With my system blastin'  
I'm passin' cars in the right lane, light change I'm  
gasin'  
No, destination  
But I'm racin'  
With my lights on, I got my brights on  
Play the right song  
And the sweat beads my five  
Drive past five-o and now they givin' chase  
They'll probably want to know where the fire's at  
Or where the drug buyers at  
Fuck, my tire's flat  
I guess I'm pullin' over, to take a loss  
But it won't be the loss of my life from drivin' off course  
God knows I need to be here to shap me son's brain  
So I gotta maintain

Chorus

Chorus (fades out)

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