

Cormega

"'62 Pick Up"

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Yo, I live the life of '62 pick-ups
Pumpin' on corners, beat downs to stick-ups
Seein' events, of which I had to stay silent
Murder, extortion, and all types of violence
Kids, livin' the life of ghetto heavens
Sellin' cracks, ready to attack with knives and mac-11's
Havin' dreams of being big bosses
Driving porsches, by the time, they get rich, they
corpses
Son, it's a shame, but in this game
The strong survive, either get live or get slain
Cuz in the ghetto, respect is mandatory
Drug wars ignitin', mad fightin' for territory
My niggaz, steppin' with automatic weapons
Stick up kids, with .357's
Yo, it's violence, I know old timers move silent
But nowadays, niggaz be wildin'
Drug dealers stylin', with 5-series Beamers
It deep the way, sunny day, don't seem to reach us
Forty-five under the seat of a Lexus
Thugs rollin' with bulletproof hats and vestes
Earnin' ya props off big dime rocks
Your man shorty rock is on the block with a glock
He just got knocked, now he's out on bail
For semi automatic, and a undercover sale
Trained mercenary, with a heart that's cold
Pushin' an Acura, at 17 years old
In the passenger seat, and he's smokin' a blunt
With some shine on, any live nigga would want
Somebody wasn't up on and you know what they want
Tellin' shorty, run the jewels and don't try to front
Shorty reaches for the nine, but before he could shoot
Blood scattered in the '92 Acura coupe
Another victim of modern day stick-ups
This is the life of '62 pick-ups

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