

N.E.R.D.**"Life on the Street"**

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Intro:

Mass hysteria illusion widespread across the world.
Riots are reported in
London and the United Nations is calling for an
emergency meeting.

Verse 1:

A-Yo back in the day I sold hand to hand crack
Escapin' jail all day to get my money back
Starving' so bad that my stomach touched my back
Anywhere that I went yo I didn't know how to act
Oh his chain is phat
Fuck that snatch that flash the gat
When all I really wanted to do was rap (1,2 y'all)
I've been preparing for this moment for years so step
back
Cla clack take that catch a heart attack
I am the illest MC on the streets today
But fans say wack rappers shouldn't come my way
But I say
I destroy crews like an AK
Well OK please explain why you talk this way
Cause you can sell a million records and be wack (word
up)
You can have mad skills and don't sell jack
It got my brain racin', heart pacin', fightin'
incarceration
On the Internet in front of the whole nation
In front of the judge with a grudge and no budge
And no love
That's how it is when you a thug
If push comes to shove I rise above
And stay dedicated to rap like ghetto love

Hook

"Ooh street life there's a thousand parts to play
Street Life. Until you play your life away ooow"

Verse 2:

Me and my peeps on the creep deep like sleep
Hip in heat in the seat of the jeep

The more I try to get out the more I realize I can't
So I roll with the beat and sing the war chant
The power and the struggle in the concrete jungle
And the troubles in the rubbles of the brothers on the
bubble
And yeah I heard your story your fuckin' niggas bore
me
On how you goin' out in the blaze of glory
You ask Joe you sad as John Doe
You can fool some heads but the real niggas know
(word up)
Niggas try to get on the mic with no skills
I got one question for you
How that shit feel?
You feel you keepin' it real but you fake as a three
dollar bill
My grandmother has more skill
My man A+ put the bug in my ear
But don't make me open that door and have to go there
Because...

Hook

Verse 3:

Truethfully I went from havin' nothing to eat
To eatin' a feast
I went from chillin' on the streets to livin' in phat suites
I went from a twenty four hour day crime wave
To workin' in the studio with E gettin' paid
And it ain't no mystery people know the history behind
me
And if you don't ask somebody on the street
But Murray never worry the girls love me very
Make a hit record quick fast in a hurry
Total captivation domination with conversation
That'll be talked about by the younger generation
Remedial MCs will always implement violence
That's because they ain't got no talent
So I suggest you rest and learn about the heart in your
chest
Never the less fuck who's bein' the best
More small rappers unite for world peace (word up)
And take back our streets yo

Hook

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