Cypress Hill "Street Wars"

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As a kid, I was known, son of a thug

Snub-nosed, thirty eight in the glove, who can relate with us?

Never had an easy life, shit's way out

Clips spray out, fools pay out or play out

Any scenario, been there, done that

Gone where some of y'all niggaz, couldn't come back

Been through the hottest parts of hell

Came back with a hard shell and hard as nails

I went through it all, do it all, screw it all
Small, you recall, the hard times as a juvenile
Often misunderstood
Some joined the military, others just joined the hood
Street corner combat, part of the dark streets
Your heart beats pump when my slugs release
And there ain't no tellin', don't be the one yellin'
These birds are deadly, they can shatter your melon

When the street wars jump off, only one thing to do Grab your gat, squeeze one off
This ain't the life of the soft ones who run off
You got one shot to get you a knot
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At the crossroads, sick of holdin' the badlands
Where street wars, kick off quicker than Van Dam
Mistakes of mad man, I remember the old ways
The old days where fools clapped yo' close ring
No quarter, you feel me?
Life expectancy's just a little bit shorter
G's gave the order, you carried 'em out
Quick fast, you the last nigga I'm worried about

Get that street lead, that was one step over the edge Much closer to death, every step I kept on Learnin' about the dark paths, made a hard left Prayed to God, death is swift and painless This life ain't for everyone, stay out my shoes You can't trade your fate, I hate to break the news The young won't respect the fences these days You a marked man if you get caught up in these ways

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