

Poison Clan "Livin' In The City"

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Intro:

Boy, it's some shady times out there goin' on right now.
Man, shit be out there, you got them real niggas and
them

Fake niggas, then you got them coochie-ass niggas
who say

They down when they ain't down. My nigga, you better
get

Yourself together, boy, 'cause this shit real!

Verse 1: JT Money

Where, I'm, from, the M-I-A-M-I

Young nigga got on, got strong, now he's too fly

'Cause of what he has in his possession

A few keys of coke and some pounds of that cest

And a flurry of hoes

Drop tops, flip-flops, ???????

Now he don't holler at the fellas

And the homies from 'round the way is gettin' jealous

So they sit back and scheme

Strapped with AK's, Mac10's and car beams

Now what you think they gon' do?

Sit in front of his crib, and wait for him to come through

So they can touch his ass

But if the nigga try to buck, they gon' bust his ass

gunshots And fill him up with holes

But that's just how shit goes, when you're ...

Chorus:

{Livin' in the ci-ty}

{Livin' in the ci-ty}

{Livin' in the ci-ty}

{Livin' in the ci-ty}

Verse 2: JT Money

Wake up to the sound of somebody screamin'

Look out my window, some niggas triple-teamin'

A nigga who ain't from 'round the way

And ass-whippin's the price you gotta pay

For tryin' to play bold

Walkin' through my neighborhood wearin' your gold

Talkin' 'bout goin' to a bitch' crib

Now you're fucked up and stuck with broken ribs

That's the way it's gotta be

If I was 'round y'all way, y'all gon' front on me!

So I look out for self-acap

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