

Screw 32

"Streetlife"

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* send corrections to the typist

Players keep playin', haters keep hatin'
So much to say, so little time
For the hood that I pray
Haters I spit you die; slow; die; slow

Wash my hands in some in-scent smoke
Pull a leaf off a tree
Flip it over nothing innocent though
City split it over to me
Hennessey spilling over tenements of QB
It's real or more a day
Plenty of ways to die
Plenty of ways to survive
Plenty of ways gettin' high
Straight sip the innocent kind
And the rest unjustified with an alibi, normal racquets
Undercovers with heat in their slumber jackets
Government badges and colored stripe brackets
G's sittin' pretty like cash and (???)
Witty thugs play out; I obey the writer Ala
Swaying in and out, above and beyond
The humidity, really got me jittery
Cold like a barrel of ice
Dark shadows of life
I put my head on a pillow, di-do-do-ditto
What son say, you still know
I catch a chill flowing through my temple
It's real simple
Good faith, common sense, six-triple in the mix
Dippin' through quick aiming to get you; it's the click!

(Chorus)

For the thuns, each one to each one son
Street life is all I know
Ways to move I pay dues; I'm talking to all of you
Warfare is when you go
For the cash 'cuz I reach for them... reach for them
Street life is all I know
Full bellies and cellis, close enemies to siece memories

Warfare is when you go

[Hostyle]

Yo..It's Hostyle que pasa?

No masa; tu eres no problema

Cliente hah?

Drama with dada is dangerous

Bang with anguish; Flame with a touch

Deranged ain't enough

Gunpowder laying on my cuff

Call my bluff

The streets don't stop; it's like a marry-go-round

The beats don't stop; multiply various rounds

Of hard knock, bar locked gates

These are the brakes

Family ties without a trace

Old G's...??? With sheets of casper toke

Premeditated plans later dated

Haters waited with iron plated heat

Designed, made miraculously dated in deep memory

So...keep countin' dollars

Keep mine moving scholars of rap

With a lot of gats; holla' back!

(Chorus)

You'll win by all means

Struggle for the cream

Hustle by ways of being

Don't let prophecy end

Don't let the Po-Po knock me again

Don't let the 'nine' cock freely in sin

Missiles through your flesh tissue... military issue

Guess you understand the risk you take

Dissed you on your forehead snake

More dead weight

Pitch fork love; It's for coke thugs

Bitches huffin' & puffin'; huffin' & puffin' about nothin'

Watch you say I hold against you in the court of law

Gun firing; wall to wall

(???) closed from burn holes

Fires turned on my stone... Fuck That!

'Cuz I gotta eat; pockets so swolled

From reasons of livin'

The breath I'm givin'

All the checks I'm scribblin'; it's real baby!

(Chorus)

