

## Dead Prez "Tallahassee Days"

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1993  
Southside  
Orange Ave  
Southcity  
Tallahassee Florida  
I'm take ya'll back to the yellow mustang with no license  
With that 38 under the seat

What you know?  
Yo  
Whoever said life is beautiful lied  
This shit is hell  
I've seen too many funerals  
Too many of my niggaz locked in cells  
Nobody ever put me on life was like this  
I'm 20 years old and my whole life's a crisis  
No way out  
And I mean that  
When I say that  
Runnin' round from place to place  
Like a stray cat  
I don't own nothing, don't hold nothing  
I'm growin up with nothing to show for all my hustlin'  
Still strugglin'  
And a job is a joke  
They ain't hirin'  
The only free ride I get is one with a siren  
So what other choice do I have?  
I got niggaz on the ave  
Pushin slabs that a break me off a Porche and a half  
So I can stand on my own two  
Be able to have what I need  
So I can do what I want to  
I wish I woulda had a career  
Cause through the years my momma stressed  
Takin care of self  
But I aint here  
I was caught up  
Sipin on Coors  
Smokin Newports  
Short

In and out of court  
Without a single thought  
These days I'm out bout to Loc  
Whether I make a record or serve dope  
I refuse to keep bein broke  
Cause times are getting rougher by the second  
As long as I come up  
Who give a fuck about the method  
It's a kill or be killed kind of a theory that's in me  
So when I die, at least I'm taking somebody with me  
If I'm wrong, than I rather be wrong than right  
45 calibre chrome and its on tonight  
Nigga  
That's how I'm livin  
Low life, runin licks  
Taking big risks  
Tryin to get my motherfuckin flow right  
Cause without loot it's useless  
My life as a youth was fruitless  
That's why nowadays I'm ruthless  
Plus I got a lady in my life  
That one day just may be my wife  
If I can deal with this crazy strife  
I put love in the air  
Show that I care for her  
Let her know I always be there for her  
But right now the type of life I live  
Can't afford no wife and kid  
I gotta fight for my right to live  
So I cock my hat low  
Snatchin up pocket books and float  
Cause I'm a thug and that's all I know  
Whatever it take to make the steps  
I'm ready to take the steps  
Whoever got paps better break theyself

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