

T-Pain

"Streets Saved Me"

Visit "[Streets Saved Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse: t-pain]

One day I woke up and everything around me was
broke up
Family couldn't handle me so I go smoke up
And go right back at sleeping dream about bringing my
folk up
Without the chocker, oh oh
Was I even ready for the hand I was dealt
Was I even ready to the man that I be felt
Tryin' to get on my grind let me tighten in my belt
Spit this shit from my heart make the microphone melt
I grew up in the area where ain't nobody scared of ya
But when you hit the club niggas watch and niggas
scared as fuck
Don't nobody wanna be here but they ain't got no
choice
And er'body wanna be heard without a voice
If you don't speak up I can't hear over these speakers
I did what I had to do and I'm rocking double rolls royce
But I wouldn't have it if it wasn't for the streets
And these motherfucking beats

[Hook]

Man I've been handling for too long I miss my city
And all the motherfuckers that used to be cool with me
I was born and raised
Made in pain, lost in the game, insane
In the streets dollar after dollar I'm spending
I never can forget out the beginning
'Cause nigga I was born and raised
Made in pain, lost in the game, insane
In the streets

[Verse: young cash]

I never worked a 9 to 5 what do it feel like
I run these streets getting money crutching that street
tight shit
So listen close 'cause all I tell is the ghetto stories
'Cause niggas die for nothing so that stick is
mandatory
'Cause in the projects is no love, no heat no rub

Ain't tryin' to be doctor and no lawyers just more thugs
And they ain't tryin' to buy the kids books just more
drugs
Tell them their future ain't right, they be like "so what?"
But who am I to try to point the finger
'Cause I done sold everything under the sun that y'all
niggers can think of
And no regret all because the streets saved me
But lord knows this ain't the road that my mama paved
me
You get tired of looking over your shoulder
You get tired of your mama crying over and over
You gotta take the bad with the good though
Yeah I made it out, but I'm still in the hood though

[Hook x2]

Man I've been handling for too long I miss my city
And all the motherfuckers that used to be cool with me
I was born and raised
Made in pain, lost in the game, insane
In the streets dollar after dollar I'm spending
I never can forget out the beginning
'Cause nigga I was born and raised
Made in pain, lost in the game, insane
In the streets

Visit [T-Pain](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.