

Styles P

"Alone In The Street"

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Alone in the street, fuckin' with my soul
Alone in the street, alone in the street

I don't really care, what I sell or what I sold
As long as I give my soul, whenever my story told
I don't know how you roll but I roll all alone
In a zone knowin' damn well, my little brother home

Still feel him in the passenger seat
I can't see him and I wish that he could chatter with me
In due time until then you would see I got more than a
few rhymes
Thought I'd be there to see him like more than a few
times

Tryin' to stay away from beef but shit is gettin' deep
My restin' right, it's like I'm on lay away from sleep
I think I should have been an author or somethin'
Disappear like hooper or somethin'
Come back when they offer me somethin'

My word eye gotta a little crust in my third eye
Headaches is why I've been meditating, thoughts is
devastating
Could this be my last life, maybe my past life
Is the future when I'm asleep? So what was last night?
I'm going in deep and you know the ghost

Alone in the street
1, 2, 3, 4, 5 o'clock in the morning
You know I'm trying to see more

Alone in the street
All day, all night, all by myself
You know that I'm alright

Alone in the street
7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 p.m.
You know I trying to get it in

Alone in the street

All day, all night

Mad live could learn to bounce out on a bad vibe
Or even keep a gun in your cab ride
Have I ever thought about my life as a bad guy?
Made a little money sellin' rocks that was cap sized

Robbed a lot of people like I never was baptized
Yeah, I was a very young teen when I took my shit
hotter
But got right off my dean when I could book the
ramatta
'Cause I rather be a robber or a midnight morata

There's a part of me that loves bein' gangsta
All of me, I couldn't help but get in the game
The shit was callin' me and I think that I was callin' it
back
But you can't help but trip when you fall in a trap

If the lord call who got the phone for callin' him back?
These are man made, why dont'cha tell man to do
that?
But he can't so I'm a stay on a spiritual flap
'Cause it's a up hill battle and I'm dealin' with that

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Alone in the street
All day, all night

Consider this the sermon, start the burnin'
Never said you was hard, I ain't give you the permit
I might think your vermette, better yet vomit
Alone in the streets with the gun by the armpit

Can't put the sharks with the pine fish, that's conflict
Sorta like mixin', boy scouts with the convicts
Somebody go and pay if somebody gonna play
'Cause the streets cold hearted than a hot summer day

If you gonna rap, please stop, run away
Go home, flush your crack then give your gun away
'Cause the rules is written down in invisible ink
Just consider what the critical think
Don't rat, do ya bid in the clink

Stand tall little boy
Get ya self a shank, if you feelin' paranoid
But real talk, fuck, jail talk, I know home sweet
Even locked down in a cage is where you don't be

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