

Mobb Deep "Streets Raised Me"

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Yeah uh huh
That true shit
That shit that makes me feel shit
To all my niggas and my bitches
Yo, check it, uh huh

It's kinda bugged how I go sometimes
Know they staring, brain feels like a wheel lost with out
the ball bearing
Stuck, contemplating on who I can trust
But like Lleullo in a bill my feelings just get crushed
But thats why I stick with my duns, like I stick with the
guns
Don't get mad, rip your hun, concentrate on my funds
Lift heavy gats concealed by my waist
Never get patted down when I step in the place
Jiggied up, smoke the pot, confirm if it is real reefer or
not
Rally up, after this get followed straight to the crib

Gem star, double edge apply pressure
Shave 'em down, blow marks right through your mecca
Wanna be a thug, now you got the thug look
Stick 'em up, leave medicaid, with the real to push
God-Body, with a rubber grip black shotti
Pump one in his ass make that nigga switch hobbies
A dossage, hand delivered, without postage
Bring it to your door step quick on short notice
Niggas get sniped like, Klunker Bronckite
Show 'em how to rock right, when bitches hold the mic

Why'd you have to raise me this way
You showed me how to survive the concrete
But how long only time can say
Whatever, you are a part of me
Why'd you have to raise me this way
I'm surprised we alive today
But how long who am I to say
Whatever, you are a part of me

This is something you feel nigga
Like the theme song from Hill Street Blues

This is real, this is ill street news
How he gone, and left his moms mind struck
And now his brother ain't giving a fuck
Little sister giving up the butt now, dun' don't wet that
I want you to rest black

'Cause you better believe Noyd goin' handle that
'Cause when I get em, I'ma have 'em
Pull out the sweeper, and spray it at them
I'm no killer, you know me
But I'll be damned if I don't lie for my CO-D
And then this Old G, scold me, and told me, coldly
You keep it up and you will be dead like your homie

But I gotta redeem and get this cream by any means
I never been clean
Nigga, my whole click got dirty
From the battles, to the trials and bloody up
shirtsleeves
Nigga you heard me
It's gangsta, it's gangsta

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Vision the canvas I paint a picture
Similar to Ernie's Barnes nigga
But mines is more ghetto more guns
More drugs, mostly thugs
All my duns, their baby moms daughter and sons
Dark blocks, with streets lamps shot the fuck out
Park benches broke, a nigga stretched out
Jumped off the roof and fell to his death, it's real
Hand ball walls displayed with R I P murials

Those who sling, play the shadows by the building
Devils spring, kept em going while the snows blowing
Grams get dipped, 50's are moked, cookies are broke
And spliced in large pieces for the fiends to smoke
The sun sets looks beautiful over the projects
What a shame, its ain't the same where we stand at
If you look close, you can see the bricks chipped off
Sometimes niggas miss when they lick off, don't get
clipped off

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Whatever, you are a part of me

Why'd you have to raise me this way
I loved y'all till this day
But how long only time can say
Whatever, you are a part of me

It's real

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