

## Helen Schneider

### "The Gutter"

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(Pooh-Man)

Let's do this ya'll

(Robin Smith)

This is how we live each day  
Growing up the gangster way  
This is how we live in the gutter  
This is how we live each day  
Growing up the gangster way  
This is how we live in the gutter

(Pooh-Man)

Straight player oakland mack  
It's all about never leaving home unstrapped  
I tell these tales and tell them well  
Get in the game punk  
And watch your trick ass fail  
Can't stand the heat of the eastside streets  
One pull of a trigger knocks you off your feet  
The fast lane the dope game so much pain  
Clocking cash like a champ  
Won't a damn thang change  
I come from O-O-O still down with the dudes  
But I still got love for my 6 9 roots  
Little girl black rammy on  
The story goes on but real players know  
It's the town of the dank point  
of fat 20 sacks  
the town where the motherfuckers made the mack  
Cuz it's the Eastside  
Cuz only real gutter motherfuckers understand me  
Standing on the block  
Riding the strip  
Never been loose without my glock and two clips  
Cuz I am yelling out the windows  
Riding the hoes  
Summer time and I am gonna bring back the gold and  
vogues  
It ain't the dope fiend beat my name is Pooh-Man bitch  
Get mad all you want but you can't do shit  
To the real players put your hand in the air

They can't fuck with gutter players

(Robin Smith)

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(Pooh-Man)

Eight o'clock on the block  
With four five glock  
Got's to be saved cuz this fiends won't what I got  
They spend ten, 50-50 two or one  
You want my pot then fool come and get some  
The life of a hustler, living like a G  
Look up player in the dictionary  
And you will find me  
80 G's a day puts a brother on relax  
Have more hoes then Frank Ward  
So call me the fat cat  
And don't mind putting the fool in dirt  
Run up to me and my family and watch me put in work  
Big Ken plays muscle Kitty Wing plays keys  
Yelling rest in peace to a click that want some beef  
Where ya from  
Does the baron know where ya heading  
Run up on my family and watch your ass regret it  
I am calling 187 shots  
Having fools dropped  
Used to be your spot but now it's my spot  
Taking' what's' yours is the best way to get ahead  
I ain't with that color shit but I'll paint your ass red  
To put it bluntly I am a cold hearted brother  
Top of Ol' G's how to survive in the gutter

(Robin Smith)

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(Pooh-Man)

The moves I mack the chances I take  
No time for mistakes because these brothers be  
snakes  
A fool a snitch on your ass fast  
Scared as hell trying to save his own ass

And I ain't got time to trust nobody  
Stab while where I rest my head, it ain't that type of  
party  
You see I can always say I ain't stupid  
But when the feds are at my door I gots to prove it  
Search warrants about 15 deep  
Swearing up and down that they are going to find some  
keys  
All though my closet  
Searching through my kitchen  
What cha looking for old man some fucking chicken  
Trying to find some drug pearfunalim  
Your out of luck law man, what I tell ya  
And they be pissed when they don't find nothing  
But they be happy as hell when they do find something  
But I ain't giving them bastards nothing to gloat about  
You did'nt find shit, so get the FUCK OUT!  
So hear is a message to the A.T.F.D.A. and F.B.I.  
Eat shit and die  
From the gutter

(Robin Smith)

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