

Future the Artist

"Street Life"

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Intro (when song starts)

Make you feel good don't it,
make you wanna dance! Ha Lets go.
Future, Wick-it. The grind don't slow,
nu uh, said the grind don't slow naw.
Uh uh the grind don't slow. Street life baby

Chorus

I play the street life
Because there's no place I can go
Street life
It's the only life I know
Street life
And there's a thousand cards to play
Street life
Until you play your life away

Verse 1

I play this hard knock card I was given
Minimum living from the wages to the food in the
kitchen
Can't leave this social class once you born in it
Unless you above the percentage and the statistics
No suburbs for po Futuro
Instead Gary, Indiana streets what I was raised on
But no sad song, life goes on
Keep it moving, everyday grind don't slow, no
Ha Daddy said school teach everything
But it take a different classroom to learn hustling
Like dead broke, bank account negative
Do some shady things not to have em kick you out your
crib
I done done alot to get my paper up
Dime bags out the backpack, tapes out the trunk

Now its Louis bag, Gucci with my collar up
But street life apart of me forever no matter what
FyÃ¼tch!

Chorus

Verse 2

This whole rap game is a street thing
Alotta rappers on the charts used to gang bang
The come up just like slanging
The more product that you move more money, now
Say for instance an artist thats on his way
Shows, passing out demos, but nowhere near the fame
This aint a profession unless you getting paid
So he gets an investment from his man moving weight
Hey! Charge it to the game
Niggas don't take you serious unless you roll on blades
Hoes don't jock unless its diamonds in your chain
Stunting on stage, shake spray champagne
Rock, jazz, country music
Don't no other genre do it like rap do it
Street life embedded like a line of code
Hustling's all we know

Chorus

Outro

Wick-it scratching

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