

[Sonsee]

Growing up in Brooklyn, times was rough 'cause...
Poor as we was it couldn't get no tougher
On my ave. most of us was not blood
But as kids we shared that block love
But that faded, when my brother's got arrested
They thugged on the block to hard, we was ejected
To the creator - was it you that made moms pick
Queens?
So her baby son could race the world, when he created
things?
Why her elders always heard the sounds of sirens?
Plus they ignored the divine guidance
Why was the time I was born 9/16?
Turn it upside down it's the same thing
Why do I have a M-16, and the 9?
Will I have to go out, blazing one at a time?
When you took moms baby carriage, in the early stage
Was he too ill for this world, and you made a mistake?
Did he come back ask me, to do something great?
To keep the fam strong and straight, help my brother's
escape?
And have baby sis and us, living on an estate
Do it big, or die trying - is that my fate?

[Chorus]

[Sticky Fingaz]

Who really cares, what the world think about me?
If I die right now, is you coming with me?
When I'm broke, who the hell got money for me?
Can't even trust half the team running with me
I only know three people that'd kill for me
Break the sixth commandment, make blood spill for me
Life and death - the only thing that's real for me
'cause I was born into the world with a guilty plea
Now shit hit the fan, is you ridin with me?
When the whole world watching, all eyes on me
Swear on a stack of Bibles, testify for me
Look the judge dead in the face and lie for me
If I go to prison, who gon do my time for me?
Start the revolution, get the chair, fry with me
Go out in a blaze of glory, guns to the sky with me
I'm all alone in this world, all I got is me
[Chorus 3x]

Hope you can feel me...

