

## Condemned 84

### "Trying to Make It"

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[Spade]

I'm a soldier tryin to make it on these streets

Chorus

[Dolliolie]

I'm tryin to make it

[Spade]

I'm a soldier tryin to make it on these streets x4

[Mr. Serv-On]

It seems like I've been tryin to make it out for years  
Niggas always asking me to spell something well today  
I'ma spill tears

Because it seems lately thats all I know; and as for my  
cousin,

I don't know whether to call her a dopehead or a hoe  
Cause she fuckin for needles, but Lord I love my  
peoples

I look at my tank in the mirror and hope I see  
something better

But since i was nine i've been writing dear God letters  
Asking him to heal me and my block a bunch of sins  
committed

But if a nigga call me in the middle of the night  
this street life shit I'm still wit it

I try to accept it they tell me you are where you from  
So i guess i from dope, murder, and depression  
I still haven't learned my lesson

Cause it seem like I'm a walk this mothafucka bad as  
fuck

Until the bags on my feet

Mr. S-E-R uh V duckin from these streets

Chorus 4X

[Halloway]

I never had a role model

Because my pappy hit the bottle

And when on that nigga

He fucked wit a nigga so my love for him was  
shadowed

My momma constantly told me "Darling keep yo head up"  
But momma you bets ta call him cause I'm gettin fed up  
I was only sixteen wit the responsibility of a grown man  
Any situation I encountered in school  
won't that coo so I broke the rules  
I got tired of being teased for wearing Wranglers  
instead of Lee's  
And I put that ha ha shit for free and I gained some enemies  
????, half of my neighborhood was on drugs  
But my momma showed me love, she had to accept that I was a thug  
Imagin dealers not bein busted, police force not bein curropted  
No more pistol play in public and only God doin the judgin

Chorus 4X

[Valerio]

I grew up in poverty, eatin commodity, tried to carry myself modestly  
When the first and the fifteenth came around,  
felt like we hit the lottery  
I was too young to understand but old enough to remember  
We ate leftovers all the time, Santa Clause didn't come on Christmas  
The streets made us vicious,  
surrounded by killers throughout my childhood  
Hustlers hustle, and they showed me that it was good in my neighborhood  
You stand mighty, they flash thier cars when they get excited  
Momma got fired, no pention plan when she retired  
More wood to the fire, a bad situation got worse  
Stopped goin to church, started puttin in work,  
the man of the house ?????  
But imagine if I wasn't filled with hatred  
If I wasn't trapped in the game, I probably would make it

[Spade]

Imagin life without illegal drug transactions  
That's some shit I can't see when I'm tryin to make it on these streets  
I'm a soldier on the path that I ride is the path that I die  
I'm gonna make a case cause I'm not satisfied with just gettin by

I'm a score me two chickens and hit my boulevard  
within my ward  
Like a man if I get caught up I can't do nothin but  
accept my charge  
Fuck rap, that's not where it's at, dawg I'm keepin it real  
It's all about the scrill, that's the shit the niggas could  
feel

Chorus 4X

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