

8 Ball "Intro"

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[Talking In The Background]

Uh

The streets of my city be gritty

Young niggaz pack plenty, and ain't never show no pity

Many die on streets of concrete, blasted from the heat

From under the seat, niggaz just tryin' to make ends
meat

Trying to eat, day to day livin' with no religion

Luxury cars, and this money got my full attention

School teachers and the preachers don't know what to
teach us

They don't get a second look without them ghetto
features

Created so the non pigmentated rated

Pornographic caught they children learn the words and
say it

Save the monsters, but don't nobody know the lord

Status depends on the baddest shit you can afford

And look at me I'm in the middle of the confusion

Crime in my blood and I need a transfusion

Take it how you wanna take it

I gotta twist and break it

Make it shine to distinguish from the ones who fake it

and if it comes out raw, and uncontrollable

Money's foldable, fuck a hip-hop quoteable

Nobody felt what I was feeling when I wrote this shit

Broke this shit, but that ain't new so I can cope with this

Hope it get better for those who don't get a chance

To advance, and dig the shit I be saying

You know what might make what I say a little clearer

If mothafuckers judge the one they see in the mirror

[Talking Till The End]

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