

**Ricardo Arjona****"Street Life"**

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[T-Bone]

Yo picture me rollin like Pac in a drop gold double R  
Women, champagne, weed, cigars and caviar  
Livin tha life of a thug, movin em drugs, duckin em  
slugs

Dealin wit phones tapped wit bugs, plus  
Associated wit some hard hittas, cold killas  
Convicts, thugs and drug dealers  
Cop killas, and drug lords stackin 8 figures  
Quick to pull a trigga and leave a body floatin in the  
river

We gorillas in this jungle collectin mad skrilla  
Bankin on cheddar and cream, from dope fiends  
From a land where everybody gotta fend for  
themselves

Half of the mummies doin 25 to life in a cell  
Seems like we dwell in the pits of hell wit no bail  
Chained up, captive and tortured by the enemy's spell  
Who hears my cries from these lonely jail cell  
And what do I profit to lose my soul and gain from drug  
sales

[Chorus]

Livin the street life  
Crystal, drugs and crushed ice  
Hangin wit plays who plain hiest and roll dice  
In casinos like Bugsy Siegal  
We outlaws forever livin illegal  
Tha street life

[T-Bone]

A yo, the street life is the only life I know  
taught to hustle these streets and grind to make dough  
Cope the 4-4, jump in the 6-4  
Blast on my adversaries then end up on death row  
Yo, this was the life I seen raised as a youth  
Where everybody smokin chronic, sippin 98 proof  
Aint no happy days and sunshine  
In my hood is jus crime, cryin for one time  
Slugs flyin, and everybody tryin to come up in this evil  
drug game

Insane, vision of murder just increase the pain  
Cocaine and methamphetamine  
I want out, but gave an oath to the death of me  
So let it be, Ima ride on my enemy  
But when they bury me, I fear where my soul will be  
Eternally searchin for light patna, but I'm in the midst  
of the dark  
Its so hard, when you in this ghetto prison lookin for  
God

[Chorus]

[T-Bone]

Another homie dies, so I wipe the tears from my eyes  
And ask God how many lonely painful tears will I cry  
Seems like nobody even cares out here in the hood  
I tried to get a job, but they swear I'm up to no good  
Misunderstood from a young age, on a rampage  
From an adolescent carryin hollow points in a smith-n-  
wesson  
For anybody second guessin, if I'm scared to test em  
Aint nothin even worth livin for  
The richa gettin richa and the ghetto remains poor  
Liquor stores and gun shops  
And everybody wonder why thugs pack glocks and kill  
cops  
Full of hurt since birth, why was I placed on this earth  
Seems like everybody in this ghetto is cursed wit a  
curse  
And whats worse, is that my potnah dyin at a fast rate  
Dear God can you help me out, I'm lookin for an escape

[Chorus]

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