

Sammy Davis Jr.

"Mistakes"

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[Leem]

I'm sick of bein nobody so I pull a jack move in a hurry
Got my name on the board, now these niggaz know me
as the one who can get the job done
Anyone that'll step will regret that's a bet I'm a threat
to little wannageez and they families
Liftin weight with them cooked up 'caine keys
I see my niggaz on the streets runnin backwards
Tryin to get what we cain't, cause we captured
Late night deals goin down, watch it pop
I couldn't see myself gettin dropped for a rock
So I'm forced to choose another hobby
I keep on searchin for employment, cause slingin ain't
for everybody
I got dogs that can make thangs happen
We roll slow, lookin for niggaz who nappin
I'm strapped and we cappin and ready to blast
on the first slippin nigga cause I'm sick of bein last

Chorus: repeat 2X

It ain't no room for mistakes in the streets, watch yo'
back

[Mad Doc]

The good old days, vanished right before my eyes,
check my new disguise
in a WORLD of psychopaths and compromise
Learned to shut my fuckin mouth while I'm watchin
scenes
and let that fool weigh himself on them triple beams
That blind rage got my back fade
But maybe this whole new world of jackin, will introduce
a grave
I don't know but all I see is struggle
Every road that a nigga crossin, seems he's causin
trouble
I keep a hard frame, but never losin my game
in these streets, a nigga broke with a cracked frame
For my brothers sellin them sacks, keep sellin on
Cause I know, all you want is livin better homes

[Leem]

It ain't no room for mistakes in the streets, watch yo'
back
Cause niggaz are gettin served with the backstreet gat
It's a fact that I lack qualities of your insecurities
Niggaz how you figure you could fuck wit deez?
It's the G's that I stack that I wish that I could
It's why I keep strivin and strayin from the good
So should, you have, to hustle for your shit
Remember there's another nigga strugglin to get
higher than you, he's flyer than you, he's tryin your
crew
So whatcha gonna do? Thangs done caught up witchu
Now you're faced with a cocked back twenty-two
Can't escape, so the slug penetrates you
Slowly fell into the devil all you hear is screams
Niggaz dyin for they backstreet fuckin dreams

Chorus

[Mad Doc]

They got me stressin, got my lungs filled full of smoke
Smoke sailin through my body like a sailboat
Captain of the ship so let it float
And on the backstreets a nine is what we tote
Like monkey in the middle got me squiggin on them
weak vibes
And time, keeps on tickin in my head, bout to pop my
mind
Gotta get with slower jobs cause we lower class
Still they broke nast' fearsome niggaz, fuck they ass
Fool move on, just float on, just move on slow
We buildin with the fuckin GODS, I thought they knowed
Hate to break the black thing while I'm slangin 'caine
So I remain cold in my mind and watch my aim
Fiends gettin blowed out they frame, slain
And watchin em fall like a tragedy, it's sad
But I can't stop the fuckin mad in me, it's bad
I'm raisin gotta have my money flowin like a river
So if you a victim better float like a bobbin nigga
It's ninety-fo', hope you struts from them green tips
And I done blasted on a nigga, let the blood drip
Trapped in this fuckin game amazin puzzles
I got a ten and a NIM with a fuckin muzzle
My mind's flickin to the silent rage
of the backstreets I pray for the grave
for the luxury of a suite

