

Beyonce F/ Wyclef Jean, Rah Digga

"Street Life"

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[Silkk Talking]

Silkk, Slim, P

It's like, we out the game

(What's up Soulja Slim?)

Keep from callin' us

It's like we're never gonna be

(Master P in there, boy)

Chorus:

Street life, is the only life we know

(That's all I know) (Huh, nigga, what?)

Street life, gotta hustle for our dough

(I'm just tryin' to get it 'fore I go) (Huh, nigga, what?)

Street life, is the only life we know

(That's all I know) (Huh, nigga, what?)

Street life, gotta get mine 'fore I go

(I'm just tryin' to get it 'fore I go) (Huh, nigga, what?)

[Soulja Slim]

Always live the street life,

Never knew how to treat life

Knew once I get my shit right, it was gonna be right

I see life, and I'm livin' up to my dreams

It was a hard struggle

But that was only just for a nigga to bubble

Some of my people made it, and some of my people
didn't

But I'm gonna ball for y'all, big baby

And ball actin' crazy

And watch my back, for the shady nigga tryin' to do me
somethin'

I'm ballin' cause my rhyme done threw me something

Hard labor, and hard times

After hard rhymes

Glad I ain't got the glock no more

Takin' what's yours and call it mine

I called my moms' today,

She asked me did I pray?

I told her, I got to, cause the streets I'm roamin' on is
one way

Chorus

[Silkk]

See the street life be shady
I wonder, if my parents knew before they made me?
That shit's crazy
Will I survive this shit?
Maybe
But see, I've been strugglin' and hustlin'
Ever since my, grandmother was a baby
You think I'd be sayin' to myself
How many more days you leave jail?
When I can be on the street with my peep nigga
Countin' some mill
Hypnotized by fast thangs, fast cars and fast bitches
I'm tryin' to have fast things, can you dig it?
(What's up?)
Hopin' outta 4 doors
(What you mean?)
Sittin' low in low-low's
Never fuck with, no I don't know hoes
For sho' hoes
Come from the South and no doubt I wear jibo's and
polo's
Everything I ride is chrome and mo-mo's
Cant' trust a few, cause that's a no no
You gotta watch your back, cause niggaz will jack
That's why I stay strapped with 4-4's
See, I'm tryin' to have enough money to turn every
project into a condo
Every nigga I don't like, to wino's
and every girl that alright, to fine hoes
And my next contract
Negotiate for 89 O's
Now see, the street life be hard, but I still drop the top
And niggaz be lookin' at me all mad, so I cock the glock
Street Life

Chorus

[Master P]

Uh!

These eyes, they see killas and fiends,
From the Calliope To Magnol, to the, meant for me
Nigga, times done changed
I mean its crazy
Dear mama, won't you pray for your baby?
I'm tired of bein' broke
So I'ma keep mines out here with this weed and coke
Young nigga, rollin' with the ballers
Live my life for the day, cause there ain't nothin'

promised for tommorow
But, I'ma ball till I fall
And represent No Limit till they put my name on the
wall
To my niggaz in the penn, stay strong
And real niggaz, Uh!!
Ride till we make it home
[Talking]
Niggaz ride till they make it home nigga
Street Life nigga
Real street niggaz
Street Life
Mothafuckin' street life
Got us caught up
Soulja Slim
Only life we know
Silkk The Shocker
Ya heard me?
Master P
This for all the real niggaz out there
From the North to the South, to the East, to the West
Calliope, Magnolia
To the mothafuckin' world nigga
To the world
Real niggaz unite
Huh, nigga, what?
Ain't no mothafuckin' playa hatin'
We all about the mothafuckin' green nigga
Paper chasin'
All that fake shit
We gon' ride out like the Lone Ranger, and Tonto
Ha-Ha
Whats up Big Bob?
Big Swole
Jimmy, huh
Dj Daryl
Beats By The Pound nigga
'Maine
Big Mo
All my mothafuckin' No Limit Soldiers
Y'all don't hear me nigga, whats happenin'?
For Life
C-Murder
Cut the mothafuckin' lights out nigga
Ya heard me?
Shhhh

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