

Brandy F/ Shaunta % Da Brat

"Street Life"

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NYC, word up

Verse 1: Prodigy, A.C.D.

M-O-B-B D-E-E-P, A.C.D. burn sometin
Let's get lifted, Queens is you wit me
Niggas' shifty, I turn around, a kid tried to hit me
I back him down wit the 50-50
It had to been the thug in me, ya tunnel bang and come
and get me
The first five hundred bitches free
He kid with the god jewel and let all my gods come thru
Live niggas on this side of the bar, you get smacked,
boo
and fucked too, shit on me? Well then, fuck you
Gone wit your high class ass if you want to
Outta state you be suckin me off and breakin off
Weed bitch stinks of stallion but my dick went soft
My Mobb got in lock wit Masterlock, het getcha locks
picked
Run up in your spot, mask-n-glove shit
Queens niggas involved with thug shit, you get
lumped
Crank, we in the bathroom thumpin

To the three-time losers, alcohol abusers
Big money spenders and the Ebineezer Scroogers
Thugs holdin fort wit the sixteen shot Rugers
The CREAM that I redeem will bring a Lex and
Landcruiser
Dominant chapter, assassinin' the obsolete
and my Mobb comes Deep to put the wind beneath your
feet
My heart's harder than concrete, and nervous streets
be walked offbeat but still thugs carry heats
I get deeper than skin, paragraphs from within
Dear lord, my life is trife, please forgive for me sins
My kin stay my kin, ain't no room for extra friends
One love to my thugs up north in the pens
Be a prophet to raise, beat my speech on stage
Nemesis renegade, breakin down barricades

These days are gettin rough, 'nother brother
handcuffed
Fallen victim to the game is like style's corrupt

Chorus:

My crime niggas livin - street life
Them Queen niggas livin - street life
My drug niggas livin - street life
My street niggas livin - street life
You thug niggas livin - street life
NYC livin - street life
My Mobb niggas livin - street life
What?

Verse 2: Havoc, A.C.D.

For every rhyme I write, reality bites
My clique keeps shit rolled too tight
Regulate and know the rule
I gets some insight plus info, do stickers with my kickos
My .44 will burn that ass like goin raw with nymphos
So protect your lifestyle, rock your vest
or get your teflon put to the motherfuckin test
State pen put on points, son you know
Stay on the low, got the back, oh-no-no
When I'm on a dough blow, got ta guard you now
Kid, you wanna get foul, so now I gotta put that ass
back on profile
Change your character, you ain't got stamina
Nigga get that dough, I ain't mad at'cha
The Infamous handle business, gonna make mines
forever, son, kid you heard it thru the grapevine

To my royal thug commitees and outlaws that live the
life of Frank Nitty
The big city mobster, the C-to-D???? has made the
god unholy, skies forever watch me
The prophecy, another chapter, there's no stoppin me
Propagation, my life story is far from fiction
cos at one time, the .44 bullets took the world, bring
sparks and friction
I analyse this 'erb so I roll with trife characters
The hardest for the world to cap, and shiner like a
full carat diamond with perfect designin
Philly's and 9 mili's and Coupe De Villey's forever
reclinin
To the shoot, physicals in this paradox
The world is hot and my plot is to receive grands and
yachts
Until then I be a trife individual, dwellin in these days

Scorch from the deeez plus the sun's rays
Dead President dreams and million dollar schemes
Killer Queens, the land of CREAM fiends
A.C.D. the world terrorist
Stainless Rugers for the intruders and my cipher's
Infamous
Thru New York and worldwide, we penetrate your
inside
?Diamond did? drama, son, and 9 clips so prepare
fro heaven's ride

Chorus:

A.C.D. livin - street life
My ice niggas livin - street life
Them jewel rockin niggas livin - street life
Them crack niggas livin - street life
Them coke-sellin niggas livin - street life
Word, NYC livin - street life
My man L.E.S. livin - street life
The whole Queensbridge livin - street life
Word up son, we're livin - street life

Knowl'msayin? Word up, A.C.D., Mobb Deep in the
motherfuckin....
Yo yo, uh-huh
Hold me down, son (No doubt, son)
Back em down, son (I got'cha back, son)

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