

## Shyheim "On And On"

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Nowadays you gotsta walk the street and watch your back  
Cause brothers with the gats don't be knowin how to act  
They always pull the glock when somebody rocks at night  
And if they get shot they offer shit should the cops  
Now tell me this aint livin foul  
She just had a baby child and she's back to sellin cracks valve's  
On the Ave cause she's addicted to the fast cash  
How long will that last before the cops be up in that ass  
But honey-dip don't wanna listen cause she's in no position  
Now nobody gives a pot to piss in  
Her life is stuck and filled with bad luck  
So she fucks and fucks to earn another buck  
She don't really care about pride  
And she jumps into another ride then comitted suicide  
Chorus:  
Hey Yo, this goes on it don't stop  
Everybody's doin' their own thing  
From hooker in the drug slang (repeat 2)  
Times is gettin' hard, word is bond, I sware God  
I even got caught tryin' to steal from the junkyard  
A born tebba, A rebel without a pause  
Ain't nevah had a good Christmas so who is Santa Claus  
I walk the streets at night with my head down  
In this lil town you see clowns that wanna be down  
So they get a glock a lick shots to get props  
And win shit rocks so you can hear when the shells drop  
An old man got shot in the parkin' lot  
In front of my buildin' I hang with his grandchildren  
And for the nigga that pulled the trigga and tried to slide  
And hide, but he got knocked by da homicide  
And this happens everyday around my way  
So I pray that I can live anotha day  
Chorus  
Hey Yo, get a load of this guy you know the Mr. Hard  
He the one who talk about gats but aint' bustin nobody

He speaks the name game so he can just maintain  
I'd blow him out the frame but his mom said he gang  
bang  
But his rep was hi-tech in the projects  
Pulled his nuckle-jacks so he got mad respect  
The niggaz in hoodiez packed up their loaded gats  
Met up in the back so they could plan the attack  
Wasn't hard to tell that these kids was no joke  
They let the pistol smoke and at nine was dopin and  
coked  
I seen it happen everyday where I live  
I know a few brothers, drug dealers, most of them  
fugitives  
Chorus  
(repeat till fade

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