

D-Block

"Survivor"

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{I told myself fuhgeddaboutit}
{Mario, take it easy!}

[Styles P]

Yo, my nigga Poobs on the track
I'm S.P. the Ghost
We'd like to welcome you, motherfucker
To this thing of ours
Our life is complex nigga
We the best in the worst position
(Yeah, figure that out, hahaha)
Get at me nigga

Yo; I'm from a place where your man'll shoot ya
Jails ganged out, but some niggaz is neutral
Coke price rise, watch shit get crucial
Niggaz think they Bishop and I don't mean Tutu
Cause even when it's sunny it's cloudy
They ain't gettin money so they bummy and rowdy
Wanna kill you, you come through in your Audi
Shit is like this from Yonkers to Mount V
Some niggaz'll count ki's, get knocked rat and bounce
free
What part of the game is a game without G's
Drive through New York with a few blunts
Tryin to get paid, they put a new car out every two
months
You can get popped if you want
Come through the venue, you on the menu cause we on
a food hunt
Still lettin off my two pumps
Dump reload, dump reload, fuck is it you want?

[Chorus: Tre Williams]

If you see what I see, or if you be where I'm from
Then you know how hard it is, just to survive out here
(it's so hard)
If you see what I see, or if you be where I'm from
Then you know how hard it is, just to survive out here

[Styles P]

Where I'm from ain't no fuckin pretending
Frontin like you rich, gettin hit for the pendant
Clip look small then you better extend it
I said you got money, now you gotta defend it
Niggaz sell drugs cause the fiends is dependant
Sittin on the blocks 'til the cops come and end it
Jungle is concrete and wild but I bow to Allah beat
Some don't get to they car keys
Hit from the P-2000 from them niggaz in Mark 3's
All I do is spark trees, bag and cart ki's
Press on the uzi, bullets longer than sharpeis
And I'm tryin to hit you where your head and your heart
be
What?

[Chorus] w/ ad libs

[Styles P]

I ain't got time to daydream (hell nah)
Reppin my home, hold to the chrome, you the away
team
Catch me pullin off in the Celine
Chick from Beijing, think about my niggaz that's caged
in
Light blunts everywhere, any occasion
Stash coke money in my checkings and savings
Five blunts, two drinks just for the cravings
I don't even duck when the weapons is waving
I don't give a fuck, I've accepted my way's end
Styles didn't do it, I just gave it to David
He don't give a fuck, he'll cock it and blaze it
You just came home you get touched with the razors
Bitch it was all so simple
Somethin real big pointed at yo' temple
Coke and the cash, give up that info (where's it at)
Be a smart man so, you can make it to yo' kinfolk

[Chorus] - 2X w/ ad libs

{Forget about it Mario}

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