

Sister2Sister

"Never Ending Saga"

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Yeah... ain't nuttin sweet in these streets...
Everyday it's a never-ending saga...

[Chorus: Guru] - 2X

It's a never-ending saga, the drama, the block's hotter
than lava

See the stress in the eyes of my mama
She don't wanna hear about me gettin put in a cage
Still I keep so much heat, have you shook and amazed

[Guru]

It's like this everyday hustle got me stifled
It's like all I think about is cocking pistols and rifles
All I do all day is smoke weed and drink
Look at my icy grill in the mirror and then I spit in the
sink

Got to flip more dough, got to pull another heist
May not have the biggest rep, but you could say this
brother's nice

Twice the cops came by my crib, askin questions
About some shit that happened, that nobody wants to
mention

I'd rather take my own life then live as a snitch
I pray to God but sometimes, he don't grant my wish
I wanna get out of here, and lace my chick with some
Prada gear

Push a fat whip and own a big house somewhere
I can't sleep, I'm thinkin about my next caper
I gotta figure out a way that I can make the best paper
I got a son, and yo I'm still mad young
Everyday I'm on the Ave. with my niggaz totin mad
guns

[Lae-D Trigga]

Everyday's a different struggle, different sets and tecs
Tryna make my dollars double, so who's next to flex
Hollow points wet like sets, got the III-X connect
Niggaz be hatin when you takin, tryna hold ya breath
They wanna mold ya death and lay you where the seas
rest

For a chain and ya watch, you bound to get yourself

popped
Have ya brains lookin "Sloppy" like "Joe"
Runnin and breathin like whoa
This game the illest if ya know when to fold
Dramatic incidence, keep the witnesses, bickerin
Chickens is sickenin, fuckin cats that own businesses
Voices and visions leave a stain in my mind
So I explain it in rhymes
Bullets and slums keep this dame in her prime
Undercovers wanna lock me up, niggaz wanna knock
me up
Spend my cheddar like they got me stuck
I change ya frame from weak to dust, after I heat ya up
Automatics, skee that meat and trucks
Livin is crazy if you got no luck, worse if you got no
bucks
You gotta take, all you can or get fucked
You gotta space all ya mans and get buck
The hood you live in is tough
Feels like the whole damn world gone corrupt
That's why I drink the veins, anything to ease the fuckin
pain
Let it reign in my heart on this dirt stain, it hurt mayne

[Guru] Ghetto dreams... callin mad schemes... that's
right

[Chorus] - 2X

[Bless]
I heard life was a test, learned life was a mess
Ya blaze cess, escape stress from one day to the next
Right or left, in this maze that ends in death
I'm alive but need rest, progress in three steps
With every step or breath, I seem to digest so much
shit
to get off my chest, born and restless
I, sit at my desk, 9 to 5 at best
The rest collect checks to waste on lotto bets
Forty bottles wet and cigarettes, adress to ad-ress
Places, faces with sadness, cats depressed
Through all the madness, I managed
To be blessed with a sense to know dough don't
measure success
Cuz even though money is power, it ain't always
respect
Live my life with no regrets, all these heads know the
deal
I re-fuse to move, unless I'm doin what I feel
the true meaning of real, not the gat that you conceal
Cracks ya sell, bitches ya mack, and caps ya peel

Try to match my skill, attack ya grill, perhaps I will
Sit back and chill, you shoulda known that I'm ill...

[Chorus] - 2X

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