

## Skee-Lo "Street Life"

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F/ Joe Love

[ Joe Love ]

Last year when I went home, got in my car and got gone

Hit the streets and shot on, 18 years since I'm gone  
Call my homie Jerome, spoke to his brother Tyrome  
Who seemed a little distant cause my calls were not persistent

He say Rome went to prison for resistin' arrest  
And mamma had a problem wit her chest, what,  
cardiac arrest

I was hurt and ain't even been here a week  
And after all that bad news I couldn't speak  
And my toes went weak and my legs went numb  
It gets crazy in the streets tryin' to live wit no funds  
Don't cheat you don't eat, your case you can't beat  
Public defenders is there to make the deals go sweet  
For the prosecution it's like an execution  
But you can mae it if you're patient and avoid  
confusion

It took a while for me to learn this and stay on my feet  
But if this rappin' don't happen for me I'm goin' back to  
the streets

[ chorus (2x) ]

Street life, street life, street life, street life

Street life, street life, street life, street life

[ Skee-Lo ]

Before the day that I blew up back when I grew up  
Back when I had a shag chewin' gum wearin' chucks  
Before I even thought about makin' the big bucks  
I was busy throwin' rocks at cars and dump trucks  
Even now I can hear her mamma callin' my full name  
Me and uncle Joe would be watchin' the Bulls game  
Before they had Jordan when all you needed was  
change

To get yourself some candy, some pickles and sugar  
canes

Even then I could feel the streets movin' all through  
My veins and everything I seen absorbed in my brain

I'm not afraid to tell it my brother I'm not ashamed  
You take a look at me now and look at where I came  
Robert Taylor, 4500 on State Street in Chicago  
Where most of the hoodsters and thugs be  
If it hadn't of been for all the people that loved me  
And for god's grace life get cruel and ugle in the  
streets

[ chorus (2x) ]

Street life, street life, street life, street life  
Street life, street life, street life, street life

[ Skee-Lo ]

It's all good  
But people don't, got it misunderstood, street code is  
Simply you stick to your own hood  
Stay in your own woods and chop your own tree  
And if something jumps off pretend you didn't see  
Keep your mouth shut up, for you get knocked up  
Ain't no since in tryin' to get somebody else locked up  
And that's the truth  
That's why I send messages to the youth  
Hope the lord makes a way out  
Forget the gang and stay out  
Cause everybody wants to live in the sunshine  
If not right now at least at one time  
Look back in your mind remember you was a kid  
Remember before you grew up how innocent you lived  
From big wheels to big thrills and big heights  
From innocent to killin' your brother for Air Nikes  
And I can't believe that none of these things don't  
Strike y'all brothers in the head like this ain't right

[ chorus (2x) ]

Street life, street life, street life, street life  
Street life, street life, street life, street life

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