

Stick to Your Guns

"Caught In Da Game"

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[Chorus]

In these streets, where we from

We all caught in the game

Tryna pull our life out of the drain
If you don't make it, you the one to blame

In this life, that we live
We only tryna survive

It's hard with the blind leading the blind
Everybody here stuck in the grind

[Sticky Fingaz]

They said I was crazy, nigga sick in the head

Who raised me? My mother was sick in the bed

How could you blame me? On the block gettin that
bread

They couldn't change me, too hot, dippin them feds

I made a promise, not to go back to jail

But regardless, this nigga here is out of the field
Under my garments, gun tuck, packin that steel

Now my partners is only money, that's real

I got my mind made up, my shine ain't up
Until I'm in that casket, my time ain't up

Tell you bout my lifestyle, I'll walk you through

First mix the Louie wit the Johnnie-Walker blue

Now peep the hooptie, I'm followed by my crew

Hundred thou' in jewelry when the God come through

I kept it thorough with my ear to the streets

Now we gettin Cash Money without the gold teeth

[Chorus]

[Sticky Fingaz]

I done seen pain, felt pain and lived pain nigga

Half my life in these streets down the drain
Analyze the game through the eyes of my father

That goes to tell you he ain't show me nothin
Had to feel my way through with the revolver

Mad at the world when they ain't owe me nothin
So I apply pressure, why not for more measure

And more cake, we turn hoods to whole states

For my real niggaz, dressed in greens is upstate
Trapped in that cold cell with no bail

We ain't mean to hurt nobody to get them dollars up

Half my niggaz goin dead'll push ya flowers up

I'm fresh out the county, with no shoe laces

They thought they could stop us with probation?

We just live on the run and switch up locations

Play the future by the air until it's time to face it

[Chorus]

(???)

Young niggaz stay hungry for war

Bred and raised by hustlers and whores

Born the struggle in this jungle, escape poor

While the White House got ten rooms with ten blind
doors

I was born to fight for what's right, by the day and night

Prayin for life cause shit ain't tight in these streets
That's why I stay squeezin my heat

And strippin life from mammals

A hungry young hustler ready to gamble

For a better way of livin so fuck sittin in prison

Cause every niggaz a ? victimized by the system
Cops and cellblocks, why hell rots

Young thugs from Queens to ?

Slugs give shellshocks in these streets where funeral
bells knock

[Chorus]

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