

## **Stick to Your Guns**

### **"I Love Da Streets"**

Visit "[I Love Da Streets](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(featuring Omar Epps)

This might sound crazy but  
I love suffering, I love struggle, I love pain  
Cause what don't kill you make you stronger nigga  
And I'm as strong as they come

[Chorus]

I love the streets  
Cause that's what made me me  
Without the streets baby I couldn't eat  
I love the streets  
And although we was po'  
Without struggle boy you can't grow  
I love the streets  
And even though we sold drugs  
And paid for it in blood  
I love the streets  
No matter what happend to me  
My hood or your hood, it's all good  
I love the streets

[Sticky Fingaz]

Right now my life don't mean an awful lot  
If I died today who think the world gon' stop?  
There's a million niggaz just like me on the block  
It's either entertainment or sports or sellin that rock  
Think the judge gon' take ya word over a cops?  
You be just another nigga that they stick in the box  
But we are the streets, what other choice we got?  
Then to go hard, give them niggaz all we got  
Fuck that, as long as I got breath in my lungs  
I'm livin my life, waitin for my death to come  
If you made it out the hood then God blessed you son  
But if your fam there you ain't out lesson one  
Gotta spread around nigga that's what's real to me  
Turn on the news, swear the shit be killin me  
Yall from the streets probly ain't feelin me  
You could take me out the hood but it's still in me

[Chorus]

[Omar Epps]

Fools is fake, I come through with the ghoulish face  
Take small step, big moves I make  
I could put it to your face then choose your fate  
Everyday Thanksgivin, for me two plates  
Yeah we do grace, God bless it all  
From the mess hall to the boulevard with the dead  
dogs  
When we cough and spit, guns they speak  
The same language is the bullets, who talkin shit?  
Yo Pac if ya listenin they got the game twisted  
Talkin bout the hate you gave little infants  
Fuck everybody here today, place ya ways  
And ya fade away like the memory of Gotti  
Take it back to '90, last year highschool  
Didn't graduate though, still had to make dough  
That's my word, word for word I understood it all  
Had big dreams though the hood is small

[Chorus]

Visit [Stick to Your Guns](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.